

THE Atlantic

THE LAST BEARS OF YELLOWSTONE / MILTON FRIEDMAN ON THE BALANCED-BUDGET AMENDMENT



WATCHING THE RUSSIANS

*The American
effort to understand
Soviet society*

BY CULLEN MURPHY

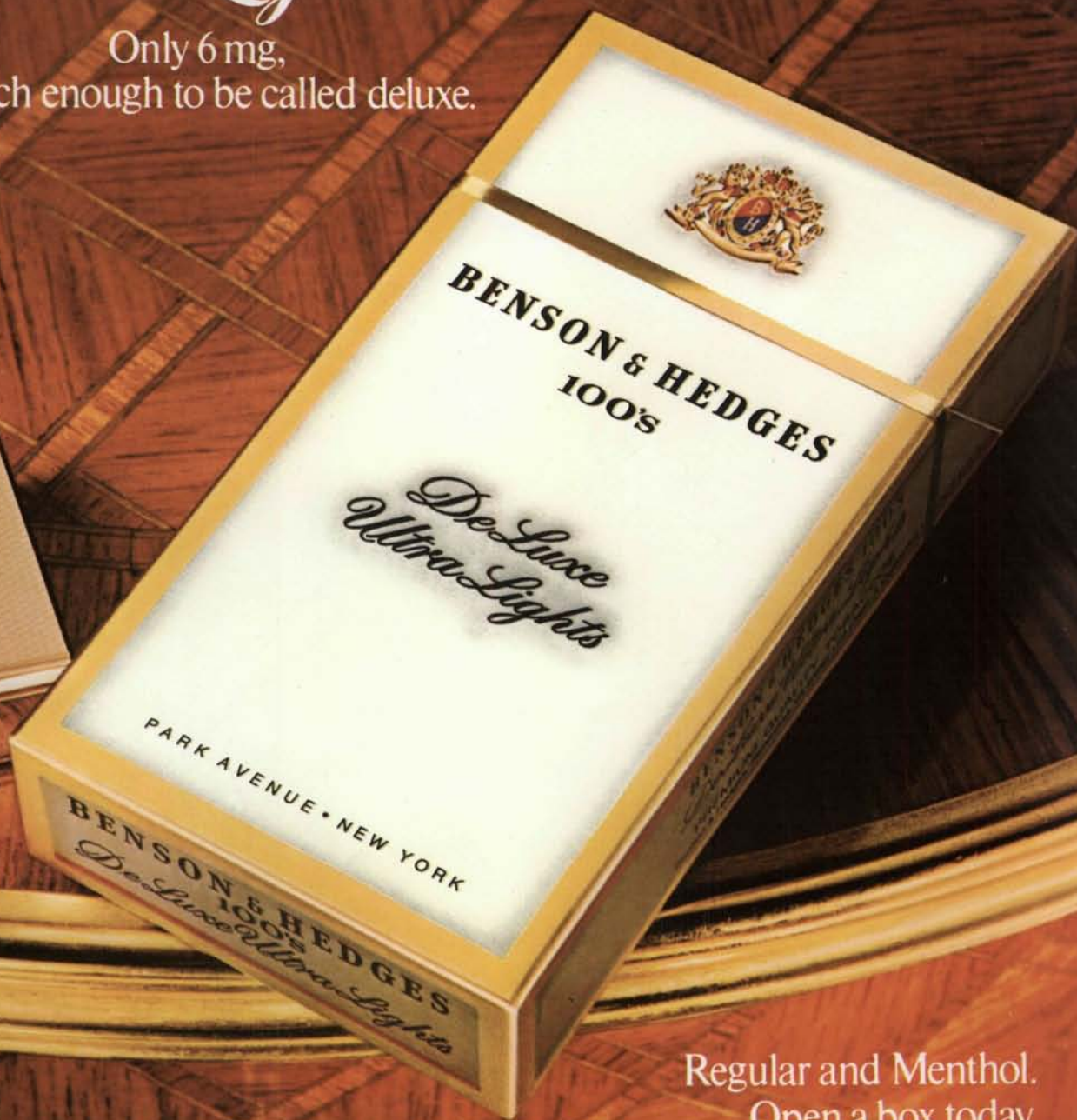
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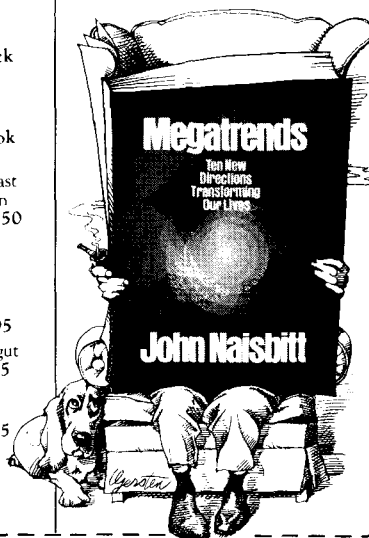
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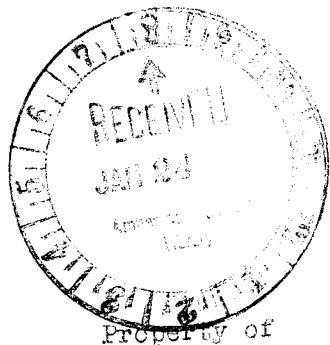
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SOVIET INTENTIONS

George Kennan's article in the November issue ("America's Unstable Soviet Policy") is both well reasoned and well constructed. Nonetheless, I find it most difficult to make the fine distinction Mr. Kennan advances between "promotion of world revolution" and Soviet foreign policy, a distinction Mr. Kennan would have us believe began after 1923. Apart from examination of motives (a most difficult if not esoteric exercise), we are left with factual results. Simply put, are not more countries and peoples now subject to and under the influence of Soviet Russia than was the case in 1923?

Notwithstanding America's essential role in the Soviet-American relationship, is Mr. Kennan really certain that the sober and objective analysis he urges will result in his desired conclusion? In the extreme, and I do not disagree that we may well be at or near the extreme, the apparently opposite attributes of American society, practicality and idealism, will manifest with great vigor. What blend or accommodation will result is essentially unknowable. What is certain is that both are real ingredients of our national presence and policy and will continue to shape in a most fundamental way our approach to the Soviets. Mr. Kennan's message in large part seems to be that the governments of both countries often obscure or prevent opportunities for productive intersocietal exchange, especially when those governments are not acting in concert with what may be cited as the "will of the people."

MICHAEL C. MATTICE
Arlington, Va.

George F. Kennan goes on at great length to make the point that Soviet behavior has not changed so why should the U.S. alter its policies? I'm surprised at the number of people, including Kennan, who cannot see we must take a new tack just because the USSR refuses to modify its programs and its intentions.

The United States unilaterally froze its nuclear weaponry in 1967, while the Soviet Union continued to build. Now it enjoys at least a 2-to-1 margin over us, rings Western Europe with 300 SS-20

blackmail missiles, and keeps on building.

Moreover, those unchanged Soviet policies still call for communist world domination, while our restraint has emboldened more aggressive Kremlin military and diplomatic activities around the globe.

We must beef up our security apparatus until it at least equals that of the USSR and block Soviet expansionism wherever we can. That may not alter Soviet aspirations, but it certainly will limit their fulfillment.

H. F. WALTERHOUSE
Indianapolis, Fla.

DIVAD

Re "Divad," by Gregg Easterbrook, in your October issue: the U.S. Army had an "ultra" air-defense-gun system in 1959, the 37mm Vigilante, which featured radar lock-on and a 3000 SPM Gatling gun. The system was highly reliable, performed well in tests, and was developed as a joint venture of government and industry (Watervliet, Springfield, and Frankford arsenals and Sperry Corp.). The program was killed by the powerful missile lobby, which pushed the Mauler as the preferred system. The Mauler eventually proved to be a disaster. This missile lobby has consistently taken the cream of Army funding for their "ultra" systems, leaving gun systems, the infantryman's lifeblood, sadly lacking. The missile lobby apparently is at work again.

Divad is shown as costing \$6.8 million each. This is the total life-cycle cost (all gasoline, ammunition, spare parts, maintenance actions, training, crew salaries, etc.) for twenty years. Also included are sunken costs for tooling, manuals, brick and mortar, etc. The real cost per unit is about \$1.5 million.

The British experience in the Falklands reinforces the value and need of air-defense-gun systems, of which Divad will exemplify the best. But no "weapons designer involved in the planning" ever referred to Divad as "bells and whistles."

Mr. Easterbrook relates all future battle scenarios to our experience in Vietnam, in which many helicopters were



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lost to small-arms fire. This is because in Vietnam most of our encounters involved helicopters landing in a hostile zone where the Viet Cong lay waiting in the brush. In the future, Soviet helicopters will not be landing in our laps; they will stand off at four "clicks," dropping in their guided rockets.

In Mr. Easterbrook's carefully orchestrated scenario of how Ford won out over General Dynamics for the Divad production contract, he uses the story concocted by G.D. for the benefit of their board of directors and stockholders: that it was a political trade-off. (As though the Navy would let G.D. off the hook because of an Army decision on another program.) A group of about eighty career government employees labored about four months in a Source Selection Evaluation Board to cull out the differences between the two contenders and recommend a choice. The "shootoff" was only part of the criteria. Cost and producibility also counted heavily. (In the shootoff, G.D.'s radar, fire control, and gun feed system fared badly.) The final selection followed *all* the recommendations of the board. A group of eighty civil servants working hard and long through the holiday season of 1980 would not be swayed by any array of retired generals. Mr. Easterbrook's advisers were merely name-dropping in listing Ford's affiliations.

ALBERT J. HARVEY
Dover, N.J.

I realize that Britain's armed forces may not be up to the technological level of the U.S. military, but I can assure Gregg Easterbrook that Her Majesty's Royal Marines have graduated beyond the point depicted by him in the statement that "BBC-TV beamed back footage of British marines setting up their machine guns on every free spot of deck space on the carrier *Hermes*, trying to compensate for the fleet's unrealistic high-tech battle plan."

The BBC-TV scenes he mentions were, in fact, shots of the marines during a weapons-training drill, given daily during the long voyage to the Falklands to keep the troops on their toes, using the deck of the *Hermes* merely in simulation of ground conditions, and taken somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic, miles away from the scene of the battle.

A. R. TURNER
Toronto, Ontario

I want to point out that Ford's profit under the contract for the Army's new and apparently trouble-ridden Sergeant York air-defense system cannot increase concurrently with a cost overrun, as Gregg Easterbrook stated in the October issue. If he were correct, that particular contract would be a "cost plus percentage of cost" type of contract, a type which Congress has outlawed for use by any government agency, under pain of criminal penalty.

I'm reasonably certain that the contract in question is actually a "cost plus incentive fee" (CPIF) type contract. CPIF contracts are pretty much reserved for the purchase of the first production lot of complex products or systems, which exactly fits the bill for the situation Mr. Easterbrook described.

MICHAEL R. WILLIAMS
St. Louis, Mo.

The article on the Army Division Air Defense (Divad) system that appeared in the October, 1982, issue of your magazine contains several unsubstantiated assertions and misleading statements. It also improperly interprets the results of our rigorous tests of an important weapon that was designed to protect U.S. ground troops from air attack.

To obtain the best design and the most reasonable price, the Army emphasized competition throughout the development of the Divad. Both Ford and General Dynamics developed designs and constructed prototypes for our evaluation. They had great latitude to consider trade-offs between cost and performance in order to ensure design of the most cost-effective system. I believe that the Army's competitive approach to developing the Divad contributed to keeping the program *within* original cost estimates.

Because Ford's proposal provided the best value, they have been selected to build the Divad. The first production contract is a fixed-priced contract with incentives for reliability and cost. As the article correctly states, the contract sets a target price for the Divad, and a ceiling price 25 percent above the target price. If Ford meets the target price, Ford will incur no penalty. If Ford exceeds the target but remains within the 25 percent ceiling price, their profit will be decreased—not increased, as the article contends. Therefore it is improper to conclude, as the article does, that "The

contract provides for a 25 percent overrun." Any costs above the contract ceiling will be borne entirely by Ford. Thus it is also incorrect to state: "Further overruns are permitted but beyond 25 percent Ford will not be paid any extra profit."

I would also like to assure you that the Divad was carefully designed to counter a specific Soviet threat and to meet defined tactical requirements. Contrary to the assertions of the author, no changes in requirements were made during its production. Nor is the complexity of the system any greater than necessary to defend against the threat of sophisticated Soviet aircraft.

The acquisition of a weapon system by the Department of Defense is a process of weighing and selecting among many alternatives—from the initial statement of requirements, through the myriad of trade-offs that take place between capabilities and cost, to operational testing, and finally production. Defense issues warrant serious inquiry and deserve no less. It would be useful to find a national publication that could synthesize, without serious distortion, the complexity of these important issues, and articulate them for the American public clearly. And, having read your article on the Divad, I, like Diogenes, still search.

CASPAR WEINBERGER
Secretary of Defense

Gregg Easterbrook replies:

Mr. Harvey is correct in saying that the Army's internal missile lobby pushed for Mauler over Vigilante, and for missiles over guns in general. But my article took pains to explain the role of the Army's missile lobby, and to make clear that the need for some kind of anti-aircraft gun is real and reasonable.

As for Mr. Harvey's cost estimates, not even the Army claims such low numbers. The present phase of Ford's production contract calls for fifty Divad vehicles at \$290 million. Ford has already been paid its development costs, and not a penny of that \$290 million will go toward gasoline, crew salaries, or similar long-term expenses.

Mr. Harvey says my quote attributed to a "weapons designer" is a fabrication. Has he confirmed this by giving a lie-detector test to every person involved in the Divad project? That's the only way he could know.

As for changing helicopter tactics, my article gave evidence from the Army's



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own test that although missile helicopters in theory can linger four kilometers away, in practice they must come much closer, hovering in view long enough to become vulnerable targets.

Did General Dynamics "concoct" the political side of the Divad story "for the benefit of its directors and stockholders," as Mr. Harvey claims? If so, General Dynamics has neglected ever to mention its story to those stockholders. Furthermore, it may be true that civil-service evaluators are less prone to be influenced by retired generals than are active Army personnel. But civil servants did not make the Divad production decisions. These were made by active Army officers and Department of Defense political appointees.

Mr. Turner is right. British marines did train on the carrier decks during transit, and the BBC did film that training. But the British marines were also prepared to fire their small arms at Argentine aircraft, as the article stated.

Both Mr. Williams and Secretary Weinberger are correct in their objections to my description of Ford's contract. I regret the error.

As an engineer who spent several years in the aerospace industry, I found Gregg Easterbrook's article on Divad an insightful, if somewhat pessimistic, view of defense contracting. He would be less outraged if he realized that defense is only a peripheral goal of weapons-procurement policy; its primary purpose is to make captains into admirals, colonels into generals, and defense contractors into profitable concerns.

JOHN OLLINGER
University City, Mo.

Divad is perhaps an extreme example of a general lack of discipline in the process by which we spend money to equip, train, and pay our forces. The holy writ of the defense budget is not infallible. Unfortunately, we now have more bishops peddling indulgences, and too few Martin Luthers asking uncomfortable questions.

DAVID EVANS
Lt. Colonel, U.S. Marine Corps

LANGUAGE PROBLEMS

William (Least Heat Moon) Trogdon's article "Blue Highways" (September *Atlantic*) was well written

and enjoyable, for the most part. However, being a native Georgian, a former resident of Athens, and an occasional patron of the Swamp Guinea Fish Lodge, which Mr. Trogdon mentions, I have one small, peevish comment: Despite what Mr. Trogdon (as well as Richard Hooker) may think, southerners do not address one person as "y'all."

KENT TANKERSLEY
Helsinki, Finland

William Least Heat Moon replies:

H. L. Mencken, in the second supplement to his *The American Language*, summarizes the many pickings of this particular nit. He writes:

Like any other patriotic Southerner, [C. Alonso] Smith devoted a part of his paper ["You All as Used in the South," Uncle Remus Magazine, July, 1907] to arguing that you-all is never used in the singular, and to that end he summoned Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page as witnesses. This is a cardinal article of faith in the South, and questioning it is almost as serious a faux pas as hinting that General Lee was an octoroon. Nevertheless, it has been questioned very often, and with a considerable showing of evidence.

I have lived in the Land of It Don'ts long enough to know that people who say "she don't" ("A New Wave Format," November *Atlantic*) don't (because they can't) use the word "arbitrary" the way Sabrina does.

ESTHER LAKRITZ
Beloit, Wisc.

Bobbie Ann Mason replies:

That ain't true where my characters come from. If they've been to college, as Sabrina has, or if they watch Phil Donahue, then they're likely to have bigger vocabularies, but they're still in the habit of saying "he don't." Sometimes, it's a matter of stubbornness.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Robert Caro is to be commended for the enterprise, energy, and diligence of his research into Lyndon Johnson's early career. His legwork and ingenuity in seeking out friends, colleagues, and enemies of LBJ's from the 1930s and 1940s are positively monumental. So is his tracing of Johnson's relation-

ships with those who influenced him.

As the work-in-progress emerged in your pages, however, Mr. Caro's efforts appeared to be in the service of a single conclusion. In his portrayal, the twin rivers of greed for money and for power join in Johnson to produce a roaring, amoral young Mississippi of a man who wanted it all, and couldn't be stopped. Any good works or passionate advocacies attributed to him are, in Caro's hands, mere extensions of the vanity, self-promotion, and obsession with advancement that fueled his greed.

This theory of power, and of LBJ, is not new. It helps explain a great deal about the man and his career, possibly as much as 51 percent, maybe more than that. Taken alone, it is useless in understanding or explaining Johnson's racial liberalism, social progressivism, or internationalism at the start of his career, as Senate majority leader, or as President (never mind for the moment that there is a link between pre-World War II support for the Allies and the Vietnam disaster). Mr. Caro's admirably hard work in the field thus far should not be confused with proof of the theory of power that appears to fascinate him. Most people are three-dimensional, and Johnson of all people can be said to have fallen into that category.

A factual, as distinct from interpretive, error appears on page 82 of the October installment, which deals with the 1940 presidential election. Isador Lubin is identified as a New York garment industry labor leader along with Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky. Isador Lubin in fact was U.S. commissioner of labor statistics from 1933 to 1946, and worked for FDR in the White House from 1941 to 1945.

MICHAEL C. JANEWAY
Cambridge, Mass.

Eugene McCarthy's "Colony to the World" (November *Atlantic*) is right on target. Not only is it possible for a Spanish-surnamed immigrant to obtain preference for a job over a more qualified native American but, according to a student newspaper published at Queens College (*Haor*, October 13, 1982), appointments to the King Faisal Chair of Islamic and Arab Studies at the University of Southern California must be approved by the Saudi Ministry of Higher Education.

PETER HEILEMANN
Flushing, N.Y.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

VOTING

WHAT MIDTERM RESULTS MEAN

Because local issues and party preferences govern House elections, no national message is evident



IN 1980, THE electorate moved a bit to the right; in 1982, it moved a bit to the left. In both years, though, the center held, and neither the far right nor the far left dominated. Nevertheless, the election results last fall have been widely interpreted as constituting a message to the Republicans that they must revise their domestic policies. According to *Newsweek*, "The underlying message was plain: politics-as-usual would not do." An editorial in *The New York Times* said, "President Reagan asked the electorate for a mandate to 'stay the course.' What he got was a message to go with the flow." If one looks at the history of voting patterns in this country, however, one must conclude either that nearly every President has been given such a message by voters in midterm elections or that midterm results have little bearing on broad national issues.

The Constitution dictates that every two years, in every part of the country, there will be elections for the House of Representatives, providing all citizens with a chance to go to the polls, not just those in the states where a governor has to be elected (thirty-six in 1982) or a senator (thirty-three in 1982). For the House, custom has given rise to an "iron law," which holds that the President's party will lose a share of seats in the

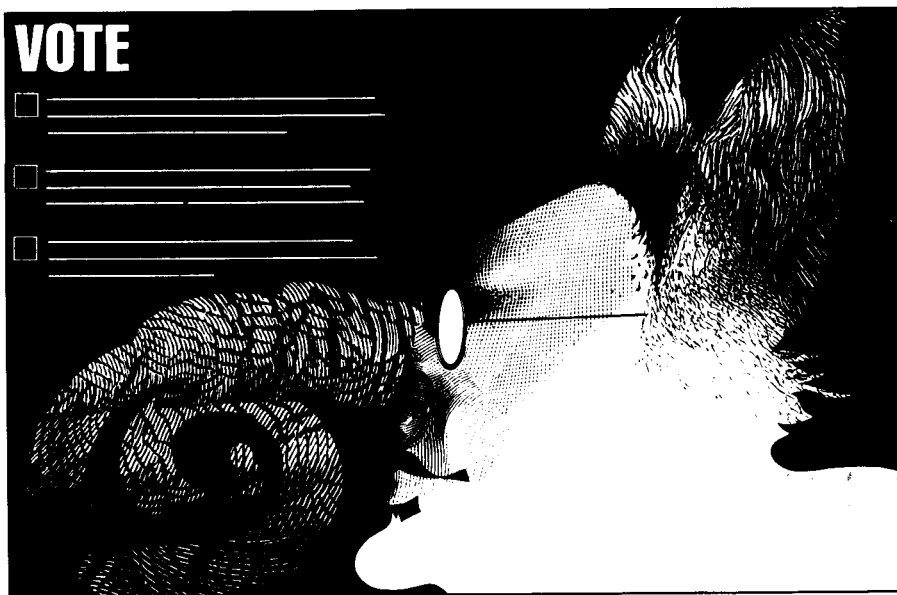
midterm election. This law was broken in 1934, the first midterm election year during Franklin Roosevelt's tenure as President, but that is the only exception in 140 years. A law so consistently followed in the past was likely to be followed again last November, and it was: the Democrats gained twenty-six seats. The Democrats also gained seven governorships, but the Republicans held the Senate with no net loss.

The best measure of the parties' strength over time, moreover, is not the number of House seats gained or lost but, rather, the disposition of the national total—that is, of the "popular vote"—in those elections: how many people in all voted for Republicans and how many for Democrats. In fact, the shift in the last House popular vote was modest: 56 percent Democratic and 44 percent Republican, as compared with 51 percent Democratic and 49 percent Republican in 1980 and 54 percent Democratic and 46

percent Republican in 1978. (Although the Democratic share of the popular vote exceeded the Republican share in 1978—a midterm election year for Carter—the Democrats still suffered a net loss of seats, just as the "iron law" would have predicted.)

THESE PERCENTAGES demonstrate the stability of party alignments in the United States. The postwar era of American politics dates from 1952, when the Democrats' power under Roosevelt and Truman gave way and General Eisenhower was elected as the first Republican President since Herbert Hoover. That year, the Republicans won more House seats than the Democrats did, but, even then, the Democrats outpolled the Republicans in the popular vote; indeed, they have done so for the past thirty years.

In elections to the House, traditional party loyalties are likely to be sustained.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL DAVID BROWN

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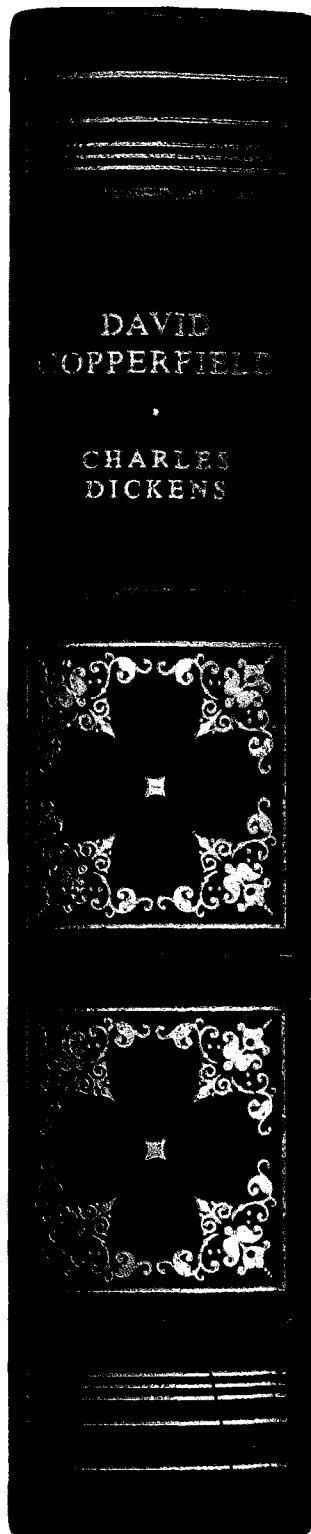
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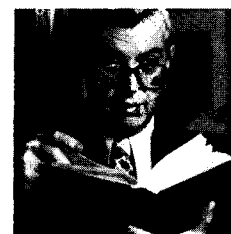
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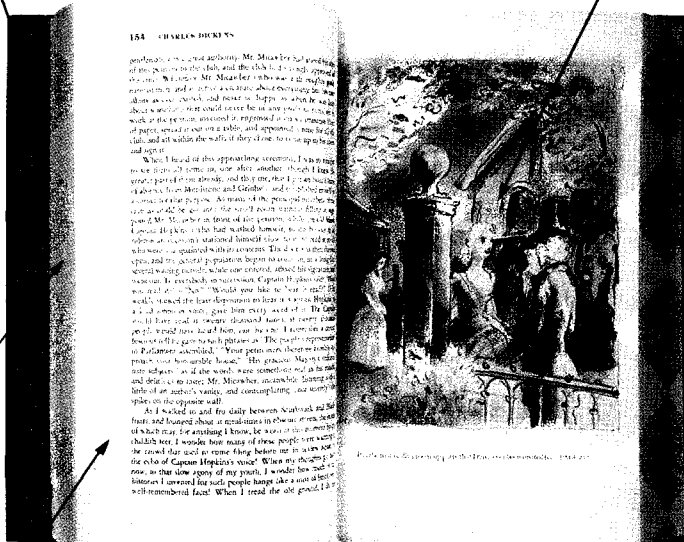
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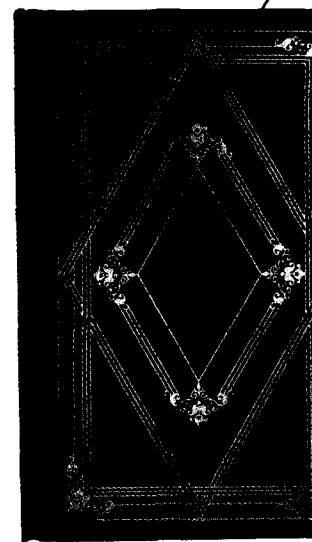
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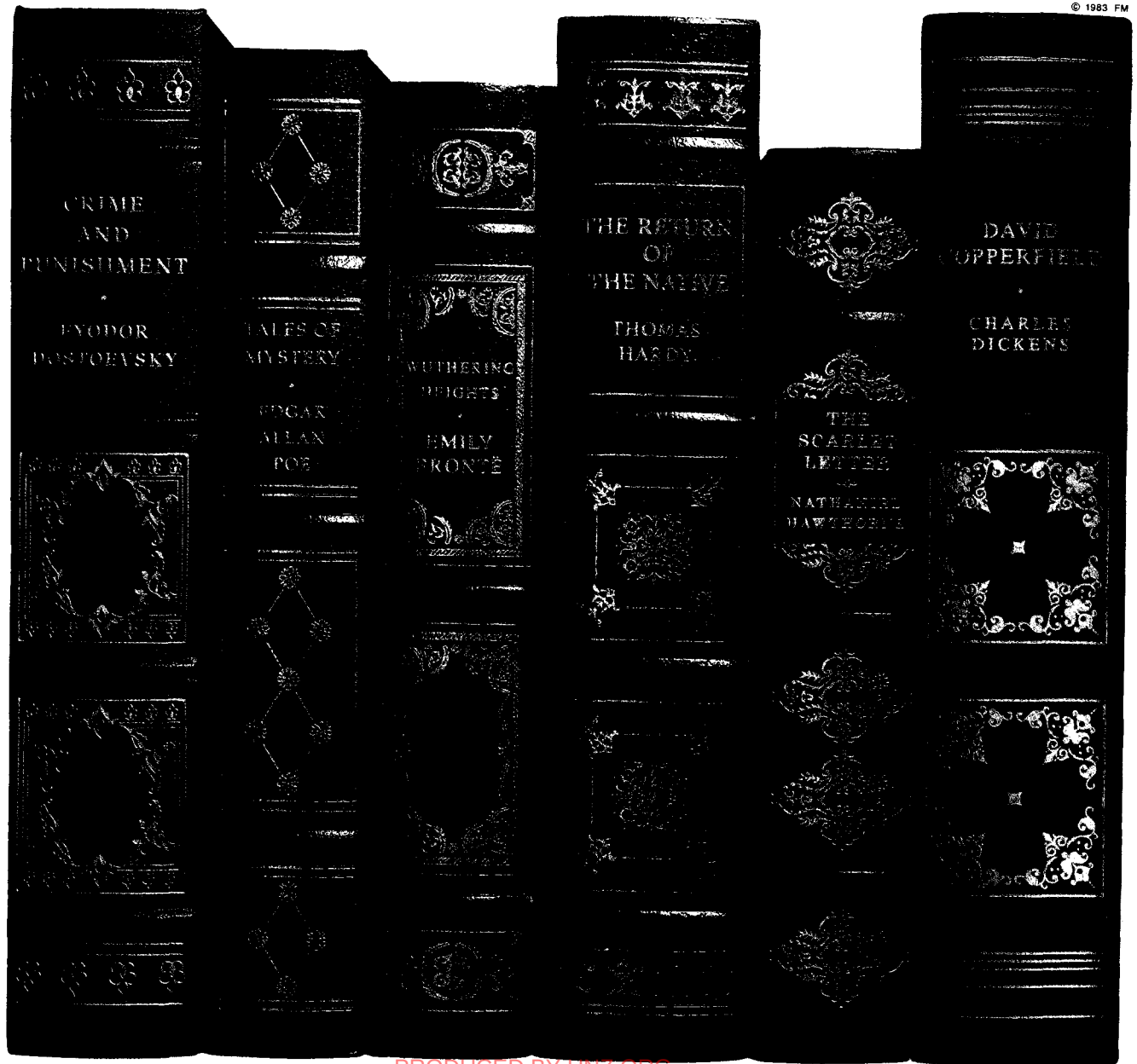
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For example, the eleven southern states, which elected a substantial majority of Democratic congressmen in 1982, were almost as solidly Democratic in the congressional elections of 1980, as well, even though Reagan carried most of the South for the presidency that year, conceding to Carter only his home state of Georgia. In contrast with the placidity of party voting for the House, the presidential ballot has been a windstorm. Since 1952, there have been eight presidential contests: five were won by Republicans, with four clear majorities and one close decision (Nixon in 1968); the other three by Democrats, with two close counts, in 1960 and 1976, and one landslide (Johnson in 1964). Either party, it seems, can count on about 40 percent of the vote for any presidential candidate it may nominate. Even in the worst defeats that the major parties have endured in recent years—1964, when Barry Goldwater lost for the Republicans, and 1972, when George McGovern lost for the Democrats—Goldwater drew 39 percent of the vote and McGovern, 38 percent. Furthermore, the majority of voters who identified themselves as Republicans or Democrats voted for their party's nominee. But from one presidential-election year to the next, the relative positions of the two parties can change radically. The Republicans won by twenty-three percentage points in 1972, the Democrats by two percentage points in 1976, the Republicans by ten percentage points in 1980. Compared with these swings, congressional voting is calm.

As a rule, the electorate's party affiliations are less decisive in presidential elections than they are in congressional elections. For instance, at the same time that the voters in one predominantly Jewish district in Brooklyn favored Reagan in 1980, they also re-elected their incumbent Democratic congressman with an 80 percent margin. And they elected him again last fall, with almost the same majority; should the Democrats' victory there be interpreted—even indirectly, together with wins elsewhere—as a comment on Reagan's policies? Examples such as this one are plentiful, and they suggest that dissatisfaction with the Republicans among voters nationally certainly does exist, but it is hardly fierce.

The polls of voters as they exited from the voting booths in 1980 identified well enough those who turned from Carter to

Reagan. The majority were white and male and they came from traditionally Democratic ranks: union members, Catholics, Jews, and southerners. But many of these voters did not leave the Democratic *Party*—they left Carter, the *individual*. The district in Brooklyn is only one case in point. Reagan carried more than 300 of the 435 congressional districts in the presidential voting of 1980, but if all the voters for Reagan had also chosen Republicans to represent them in the House, the Republican majority in that body would have been greater than two to one.

A SENSE OF PARTY preference, which is perhaps a better word than "loyalty," is evident in American voting patterns, and it can be quite strong, other things being equal. But frequently they aren't equal. A Democrat running for reelection in a conservative southern district may be as "boll weevil" as he likes; a Democrat running in a union-oriented industrial district had better not be. If both followed a uniform national party line, both might lose. As it is, both can win.

Even within a region, a party's specific gains or losses can have various, not necessarily national, meanings. Consider Massachusetts. There, redistricting resulted in a race last November between Barney Frank, a liberal Democrat who was running for a second congressional term, and Margaret Heckler, a Republican who was running for her ninth term in an area that represented 70 percent of her former district. Frank attributed his substantial victory over Heckler to the voters' disenchantment with Reagan's policies. But in the same state, Senator Edward Kennedy, who is also a liberal Democrat, drew the smallest share of the major-party vote in the past eighteen years of his career. It is not at all clear that everyone who voted for either Frank or Kennedy would also have voted for a Democrat against Reagan, if given the chance.

In any one district, both Republican and Democratic candidates for Congress may adjust their platforms to local circumstances and may follow a liberal or a conservative policy, depending on the attitudes of their constituency. But presidential candidates don't have the luxury of altering their opinions to suit their audience. What they say anywhere will be nationally known in a matter of hours, with the result that regional differences,

which are hidden in congressional elections, become painfully apparent in presidential elections. Presidential candidates cannot speak against school busing in Corinth, Mississippi, without soon arousing voters in Boston or Cleveland. They must follow national ideological lines, and that imperative, together with the often highly personal character of the contest, helps to account for the more substantial shifts between the parties from year to year in the presidential vote than in the congressional vote—especially the vote for the House of Representatives.

The parties' basic "clienteles" may split and shift, depending on when and where one looks, but they remain more or less consistent. Some of these clienteles have a long history: the alignment of many Roman Catholics with the Democrats, which began in the nineteenth century, for example, or the support given to the Democrats by the South from the days of Reconstruction onward. Others date back roughly to Roosevelt's years in office. Generally, the Democrats have performed better in the big cities and among Jews, Catholics, blacks, Hispanics, and other minorities. They have drawn voters with lower-than-average incomes, voters with fewer-than-average years of formal education, voters in whose families there are union members, and voters who describe themselves as "liberal." Conversely, the Republicans have performed better among white Protestants and in middle-class suburbs, farming communities, and small towns outside the South. They have drawn voters with more years in school than average (with the exception of postgraduate-degree holders, who tend to choose Democrats), voters with higher-than-average incomes, voters in whose families there are no union members, and voters who describe themselves as "conservative."

NATURALLY, IN ALL these broad categories there are a thousand exceptions, footnotes, and asterisks. There is always a host of specific instances in which a party's likely constituency did not vote according to rule, because of ticket-splitting, the appeal of an independent or even anti-party candidate, the quirks of a candidate's personality, and the like. Still, the clienteles of the past fifty years remained indisputably intact in the last congressional elections, and it seems unlikely that there is any

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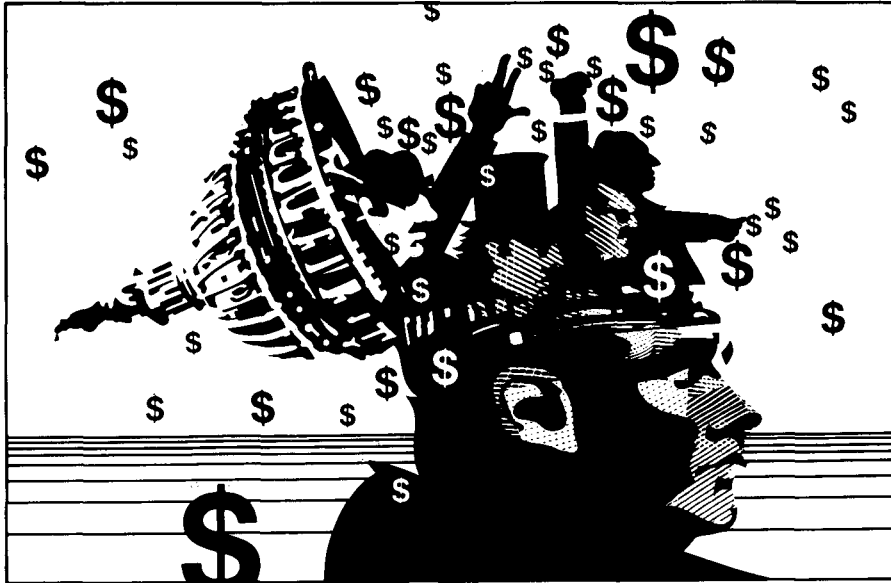
great message in that for the Republicans.

The fact that the election results were predictable does not imply that they are of no consequence for the management of Congress over the next two years, however. The most likely outcome of Congress's new makeup is that Reagan's policies will end more or less in legislative stalemate. The work of the Congress, in any case, will be overshadowed by the coming presidential election. The special endorsing meeting that the AFL-CIO plans to hold late this year will probably help to make the next Democratic presidential campaign one of the longest in history. Moreover, until President Reagan announces whether or not he will run again, the Republicans will have to prepare for a selection campaign

of their own, in the event that Reagan should decline. Right now, for whatever the polls may be worth, Reagan appears to be about even with any of the major Democratic candidates in the voters' favor, and well above the Republican Party's normal strength. Even though analysts of the last elections have perceived that many voters are unhappy with Reagan's policies, presidential elections are not yes-no referenda. Many variables will determine who wins in 1984, and none of them were canceled out by the elections last November.

—Richard M. Scammon

Richard M. Scammon is the director of the Elections Research Center, in Washington, D.C. He was the director of the Census Bureau from 1961 to 1965.



WASHINGTON LESS RED INK

An argument that the balanced-budget amendment would be a rare merging of public and private interests



OUR ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES in Congress have been voting larger expenditures year after year—larger not only in dollars but as a fraction of the national income. Tax revenue has been rising as well, but nothing like so rapidly. As a result, deficits have grown and grown.

At the same time, the public has demonstrated increasing resistance to higher spending, higher taxes, and higher deficits. Every survey of public opinion shows a large majority that believes that government is spending too much money, and that the government budget should be balanced.

How is it that a government of the majority produces results that the majority opposes?

The paradox reflects a defect in our political structure. We are ruled by a majority—but it is a majority composed of a coalition of minorities representing special interests. A particular minority may lose more from programs benefiting other minorities than it gains from programs benefiting itself. It might be willing to give up its own programs as part

of a package deal eliminating all programs—but, currently, there is no way it can express that preference.

Similarly, it is not in the interest of a legislator to vote against a particular appropriation bill if that vote would create strong enemies while a vote in its favor would alienate few supporters. That is why simply electing the right people is not a solution. Each of us will be favorably inclined toward a legislator who has voted for a bill that confers a large benefit on us, as we perceive it. Yet who among us will oppose a legislator because he has voted for a measure that, while requiring a large expenditure, will increase the taxes on each of us by a few cents or a few dollars? When we are among the few who benefit, it pays us to keep track of the vote. When we are among the many who bear the cost, it does not pay us even to read about it.

The result is a major defect in the legislative procedure whereby a budget is enacted: each measure is considered separately, and the final budget is the sum of the separate items, limited by no effective, overriding total. That defect will not be remedied by Congress itself—as the failure of one attempt after another at reforming the budget process has demonstrated. It simply is not in the self-interest of legislators to remedy it—at least not as they have perceived their self-interest.

Dissatisfaction with ever-increasing spending and taxes first took the form of pressure on legislators to discipline themselves. When it became clear that they could not or would not do so, the dissatisfaction took the form of a drive for constitutional amendments at both the state and the federal levels. The drive captured national attention when Proposition 13, reducing property taxes, was passed in California; it has held public attention since, scoring successes in state after state. The constitutional route remains the only one by which the general interest of the public can be expressed, by which package deals, as it were, can be realized.

Two national organizations have led this drive: the National Tax Limitation Committee (NTLC), founded in 1975 as a single-issue, nonpartisan organization to serve as a clearinghouse for information on attempts to limit taxes at a local, state, or federal level, and to assist such attempts; and the National Taxpayers Union (NTU), which led the drive to persuade state legislatures to pass reso-

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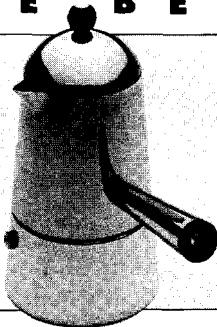
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SECTION 2. Total receipts for any fiscal year set forth in the statement adopted pursuant to this article shall not increase by a rate greater than the rate of increase in national income in the year or years ending not less than six months nor more than twelve months before such fiscal year, unless a majority of the whole number of both Houses of Congress shall have passed a bill directed solely to approving specific additional receipts and such bill has become law.

SECTION 3. The Congress may waive the provisions of this article for any fiscal year in which a declaration of war is in effect.

SECTION 4. Total receipts shall include all receipts of the United States except for those derived from borrowing and total outlays shall include all outlays of the United States except those for repayment of debt principal.

SECTION 5. The Congress shall enforce and implement this article by appropriate legislation.

SECTION 6. On and after the date this article takes effect, the amount of Federal public debt limit as of such date shall become permanent and there shall be no increase in such amount unless three-fifths of the whole number of both Houses of Congress shall have passed a bill approving such increase and such bill has become law.

SECTION 7. This article shall take effect for the second fiscal year beginning after its ratification.

lutions calling for a constitutional convention to enact an amendment requiring the federal government to balance its budget. Thirty-one states have already passed resolutions calling for a convention. If three more pass similar resolutions, the Constitution requires Congress to call such a convention—a major reason Congress has been active in producing its own amendment.

The amendment that was passed by the Senate last August 4, by a vote of 69 to 31 (two more than the two thirds required for approval of a constitutional amendment), had its origin in 1973 in a California proposition that failed at the time but passed in 1979 in improved form (not Proposition 13). A drafting committee organized by the NTLC produced a draft amendment applicable to the federal government in late 1978. The NTU contributed its own version. The Senate Judiciary Committee approved a final version on May 19, 1981, after lengthy hearings and with the cooperation of all the major contributors to the earlier work. In my opinion, the committee's final version was better than any earlier draft. That version was adopted by the Senate except for the addition of section 6, proposed by Senator William

Armstrong, of Colorado, a Republican. Approval by the Senate, like the sponsorship of the amendment, was bipartisan: forty-seven Republicans, twenty-one Democrats, and one Independent voted for the amendment.

The House Democratic leadership tried to prevent a vote on the amendment in the House before last November's elections. However, a discharge petition forced a vote on it on October 1, the last full day of the regular session. The amendment was approved by a majority (236 to 187), but not by the necessary two thirds. Again, the majority was bipartisan: 167 Republicans, 69 Democrats. In view of its near passage and the widespread public support for it, the amendment is sure to be reintroduced in the current session of Congress. Hence it remains a very live issue.

THE AMENDMENT AS adopted by the Senate would achieve two related objectives: first, it would increase the likelihood that the federal budget would be brought into balance, not by prohibiting an unbalanced budget but by making it more difficult to enact a budget calling for a deficit; second, it would check the growth of government spending—again,

not by prohibiting such growth but by making it more difficult.

The amendment is very much in the spirit of the first ten amendments—the Bill of Rights. Their purpose was to limit the government in order to free the people. Similarly, the purpose of the balanced-budget-and-tax-limitation amendment is to limit the government in order to free the people—this time from excessive taxation. Its passage would go a long way to remedy the defect that has developed in our budgetary process. By the same token, it would make it more difficult for supporters of ever-bigger government to attain their goals.

It is no surprise, therefore, that a torrent of criticism has been loosed against the proposed amendment by people who believe that our problems arise not from excessive government but from our failure to give government enough power, enough control over us as individuals. It is no surprise that Tip O'Neill and his fellow advocates of big government tried to prevent a vote in the House on the amendment, and used all the pressure at their command to prevent its receiving a two-thirds majority.

It is no surprise, either, that when the amendment did come to a vote in the House, a substantial majority voted for it. After all, in repeated opinion polls, more than three quarters of the public have favored such an amendment. Their representatives do not find it easy to disregard that sentiment in an open vote—which is why Democratic leaders tried to prevent the amendment from coming to a vote. When their hand was forced, they quickly introduced a meaningless substitute that was overwhelmingly defeated (346 to 77) but gave some representatives an opportunity to cast a recorded vote for a token budget-balancing amendment while at the same time voting against the real thing.

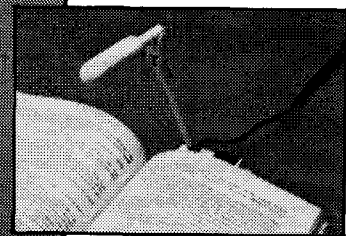
I have been much more surprised, and dismayed, by the criticism that has been expressed by persons who share my basic outlook about the importance of limiting government in order to preserve and expand individual freedom—for example, the editors of *The Wall Street Journal* and a former editor and current columnist, Vermont Royster. They do not question the objectives of the amendment, but they doubt its necessity and potential effectiveness.

Those doubts are presumably shared by many other thoughtful citizens of all shades of political opinion who are united



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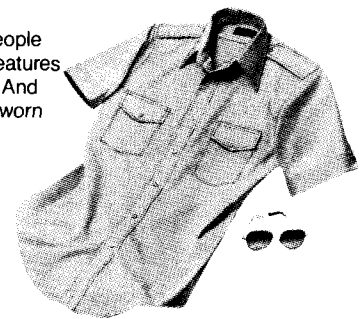
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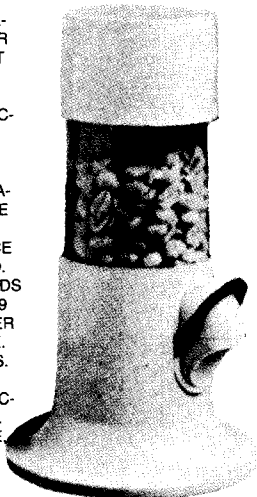
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by concern about the growth of government spending and deficits. Here, for their consideration, are my answers to the principal objections to the proposed amendment that I have come across, other than those that arise from a desire to have a still-bigger government:

1. *The amendment is unnecessary. Congress and the President have the power to limit spending and balance the budget.*

Taken seriously, this is an argument for scrapping most of the Constitution. Congress and the President have the power to preserve freedom of the press and of speech without the First Amendment. Does that make the First Amendment unnecessary? Not surprisingly, I know of no one who has criticized the balanced-budget amendment as unnecessary—however caustic his comments on congressional hypocrisy—who would draw the conclusion that the First Amendment should be scrapped.

It is essential to look not only at the power of Congress but at the incentives of its members—to act in such a way as to be re-elected. As Phil Gramm, a Democratic congressman from Texas, has said: "Every time you vote on every issue, all the people who want the program are looking over your right shoulder and nobody's looking over your left shoulder. . . . In being fiscally responsible under such circumstances, we're asking more of people than the Lord asks."

Under present arrangements, Congress will not in fact balance the budget. Similarly, a President will not produce a balanced budget by using the kind of vetoes that would be required. The function of the amendment is to remedy the defect in our legislative procedure that distorts the will of the people as it is filtered through their representatives. The amendment process is the only effective way the public can treat the budget as a whole. That is the function of the First Amendment, as well—it treats free speech as a bundle. In its absence, Congress would consider each case "on its merits." It is not hard to envisage the way unpopular groups and views would fare.

2. *The President and Congress are guilty of hypocrisy in voting simultaneously for a large current deficit and for a constitutional amendment to prevent future deficits.*

Of course. I have long believed that congressional hypocrisy and shortsightedness are the only reasons there is a

ghost of a chance of getting Congress to pass an amendment limiting itself. Most members of Congress will do anything to postpone the problems they face by a couple of years—only Wall Street has a shorter perspective. If the hypocrisy did not exist, if Congress behaved "responsibly," there would be no need for the amendment. Congress's irresponsibility is the reason we need an amendment and at the same time the reason that there is a chance of getting one.

Hypocrisy may eventually lead to the passing of the amendment. But hypocrisy will not prevent the amendment from having important effects three or four years down the line—and from casting its shadow on events even earlier. Congress will not violate the Constitution lightly. Members of Congress will wriggle and squirm; they will seek, and no doubt find, subterfuges and evasions. But their actions will be significantly affected by the existence of the amendment. The experience of several states that have passed similar tax-limitation amendments provides ample evidence of that.

3. *The amendment is substantive, not procedural, and the Constitution should be limited to procedural matters. The fate of the prohibition amendment is a cautionary tale that should give us pause in enacting substantive amendments.*

If this amendment is substantive, so is the income-tax (sixteenth) amendment and so are many specific provisions of the Constitution. The income-tax amendment does not specify the rate of tax. It leaves that to Congress. Similarly, this amendment does not specify the size of the budget. It simply outlines a procedure for approving it: the same as now exists if total legislated outlays do not exceed an amount determined by prior events (the prior budget and the prior growth in national income); and by a majority of 60 percent if total legislated outlays do exceed that amount. The requirement of a supernormal majority is neither substantive nor undemocratic nor unprecedented. Witness the two-thirds majority necessary to override a presidential veto or to approve a treaty.

The prohibition amendment was incompatible with the basic aim of the Constitution, because it was not directed at limiting government. On the contrary, it limited the people and freed government to control them. The balanced-budget-tax-limitation amendment is thor-

oughly compatible with the basic role of the Constitution, because it seeks to improve the ability of the public to limit government.

4. *The amendment is unduly rigid, because it requires an annually balanced budget.*

This is a misconception. Section 1 of the amendment prohibits a *planned* budget deficit unless it is explicitly approved by three fifths of the members of the House and Senate. It further requires the Congress and the President to "ensure that actual outlays do not exceed the outlays set forth in [the budget] statement." But it does not require that actual receipts equal or exceed statement receipts. A deficit that emerged because a recession produced a reduction in tax receipts would not be in violation of the amendment, provided that outlays were no greater than statement outlays. This is a sensible arrangement: outlays can be controlled more readily over short periods than receipts.

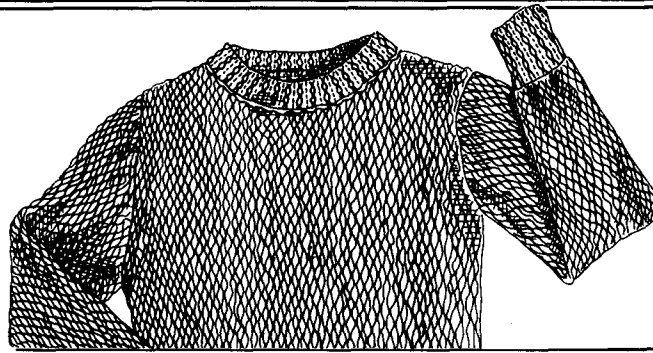
I have never been willing to support an amendment calling for an annually balanced budget. I do support this one, because it has the necessary flexibility.

5. *The amendment will be ineffective because (a) it requires estimates of receipts and outlays, which can be fudged; (b) its language is fuzzy; (c) the Congress can find loopholes to evade it; (d) it contains no specific provisions for enforcement.*

(a) It will be possible to evade the amendment by overestimating receipts—but only once, for the first year the amendment is effective. Thereafter, section 2 of the amendment limits each year's statement receipts to the prior year's statement receipts plus the prior rate of increase of national income. No further estimates of budget receipts are called for. This is one of the overlooked subtleties in the amendment.

Any further fudging would have to be of the national-income estimates. That is possible but both unlikely and not easy. What matters is not the *level* of national income but the *percentage change* in national income. Alterations of the definition of national income that affect levels are likely to have far less effect on percentage changes. Moreover, making the change in income artificially high in one year will tend to make it artificially low the next. All in all, I do not believe that this is a serious problem.

(b) The language is not fuzzy. The only undefined technical term is "nation-



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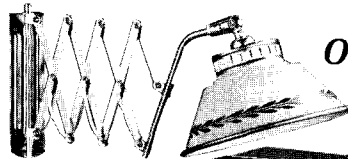
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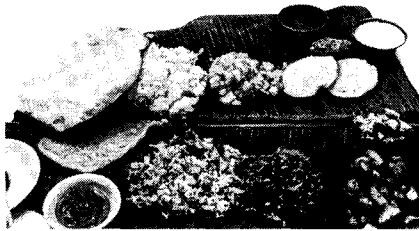
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al income." The amendment also refers to "receipts" and "outlays," terms of long-standing usage in government accounting; in section 4, total receipts and total outlays are defined explicitly.

Nor is the amendment a hastily drawn gimmick designed to provide a fig leaf to hide Congress's sins. On the contrary, it is a sophisticated product, developed over a period of years, that reflects the combined wisdom of the many persons who participated in its development.

(c) Loopholes are a more serious problem. One obvious loophole—off-budget outlays—has been closed by phrasing the amendment in terms of total outlays and defining them to include "all outlays of the United States except those for repayment of debt principal." But other, less obvious, loopholes have not been closed. Two are particularly worrisome: government credit guarantees, and mandating private expenditures for public purposes (e.g., antipollution devices on automobiles). These loopholes now exist and are now being resorted to. I wish there were some way to close them. No doubt the amendment would provide an incentive to make greater use of them. Yet I find it hard to believe that they are such attractive alternatives to direct government spending—that they would render the amendment useless.

(d) No constitutional provision will be enforced unless it has widespread public support. That has certainly been demonstrated. However, if a provision does have widespread support—as public-opinion polls have clearly shown that this one does—legislators are not likely to flout it, which brings us back to the loopholes.

Equally important, legislators will find it in their own interest to confer an aura of inviolability on the amendment. This point has been impressed on me by the experience of legislators in states that have adopted amendments limiting state spending. Prior to the amendments, they had no effective defense against lobbyists urging spending programs—all of them, of course, for good purposes. Now they do. They can say: "Your program is an excellent one; I would like to support it, but the total amount we can spend is fixed. To get funds for your program, we shall have to cut elsewhere. Where should we cut?" The effect is to force lobbyists to compete against one another rather than form a coalition against the general taxpayer.

That is the purpose of constitutional rules: to establish arrangements under which private interest coincides with the public interest. This amendment passes that test with flying colors.

6. *The key problem is not deficits but the size of government spending.*

My sentiments exactly. Which is why I have never supported an amendment directed solely at a balanced budget. I have written repeatedly that while I would prefer that the budget be balanced, I would rather have government spend \$500 billion and run a deficit of \$100 billion than have it spend \$800 billion with a balanced budget. It matters greatly how the budget is balanced, whether by cutting spending or by raising taxes.

In my eyes, the chief merit of the amendment recommended by the Senate Judiciary Committee is precisely that it does limit spending. Section 1 requires that statement outlays be no greater than statement receipts; section 2 limits the maximum increase in statement receipts; the two together effectively limit statement outlays. Moreover, if in any year Congress manages to keep statement receipts and outlays below the maximum level, the effect is to lower the maximum level for future years, thus fostering a gradual ratcheting down of spending relative to national income.

A further strength of the amendment is the provision for approving an exceptional increase in statement receipts (hence in statement outlays). The spending-limitation amendment that was drafted by the National Tax Limitation Committee required a two-thirds majority of both houses in order to justify an exceptional increase in outlays. The amendment passed by the Senate requires only "a majority of the whole number of both houses of Congress." However, the majority must vote for an explicit tax increase. I submit that it is far easier to get a two-thirds majority of Congress to approve an exceptional increase in spending than to get a simple majority to approve an explicit increase in taxes. So this is a stronger, not a weaker, amendment.

Section 6, proposed by Senator Armstrong in the course of Senate debate, makes the debt ceiling permanent and requires a supermajority vote to raise it. That provision was approved by a narrow majority composed of a coalition of right-wing Republicans and left-wing Democrats—the one group demonstrat-

Government-Speak

In 1828 Noah Webster published what he called an "*American Dictionary of the English Language*" because he knew that the United States was changing forever the way English was spoken. George Bernard Shaw observed nearly a century later that England and America were two nations divided by the same language.

Developing a common way of speaking in America helped unite the country. Recent developments threaten to divide it. Increasingly, Americans in one part of the country are speaking differently from everyone else. It's not a different language they're speaking, really, as much as a patois that parodies language. It flowers in Washington, D.C. It's called *governmentese*.

Governmentese has a lexicon of acronyms and jargon that seeks to rob words of their meaning as well as meaning from words. Some words in governmentese mean things you'd never dream of; other times they mean nothing at all.

It's a language that speaks in euphemisms, uses "impact" as a verb, and favors the passive voice to avoid fixing responsibility. Its gospel is the Federal Register, and its disciples tend to work in the federal government. They seek "measurable end products" they can "prioritize" and then "effectuate." It's not George Orwell's "newspeak" as much as ol'fashioned double talk. Glibberish, garble, and gobbledygook are to governmentese what conciseness, clarity, and crispness are to conventional speech.

In governmentese, people do not talk or write. They "communicate". Instead

of meeting, they "interface." A tax increase in governmentese is "revenue enhancement." There is no "future" in this peculiar parlance. There are "out years."

A few years ago the rest of the country spoke of gas rationing. Not in Washington. There it was called "end use allocation." It's impossible in governmentese to make a mistake. But people have "misspoken" on occasion.

If there were such a thing as a governmentese glossary we would find in it that Cuban refugees are "entrants: status pending;" illegal aliens are "undocumented workers;" and teenagers are "unemancipated minors." If you were developing a budget in governmentese and wanted to kill a project, you would "zero fund the program."

A Cabinet Secretary recently explained how the elderly could benefit from "behavioral and life-style modifications within individual control." Perhaps we all could benefit—if we knew what it meant!

If there were such a thing as a Lewis Carroll award for bafflegab in language, it would have to go to "national species of special emphasis." Endangered species are threatened with extinction and therefore protected by law from being killed. "National species of special emphasis" are endangered species you can kill legally.

Such words govern the nation. A language once filled with vigor and gusto is being wrestled to the ground by peddlers of jabberwocky.



ing its hardcore conservatism, the other seeking to reduce the chances of adoption of the basic amendment.

I do not favor the debt-limit provision. Its objective—to strengthen pressure on Congress to balance the budget—is fine, and it may be that it would do little harm. But it seems to me both unnecessary and potentially harmful. I trust that it will be eliminated if and when the amendment is finally approved by Congress. I shall favor the amendment even if the debt-limit provision is left in, but less enthusiastically.

7. *The amendment introduces a new economic theory into the Constitution.*

It does nothing of the kind—unless the idea that there should be some connection between receipts and outlays is a new economic theory. The amendment

does not even change the present budget process, if Congress enacts a balanced budget that rises by no greater a percentage than does national income. But it does significantly stiffen the requirement for passing a budget that is in deficit or for raising the fraction of our income spent on our behalf by the government.

The amendment recommended by the Senate Judiciary Committee deserves the wholehearted backing of every believer in a limited government and maximum freedom for the individual.

—Milton Friedman

Milton Friedman, emeritus professor of economics at the University of Chicago, is a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution.



PARIS UNHAPPY ALLIES

*The French blame America
for many of their
economic difficulties*



MANY IN WASHINGTON have been amazed by the vigor with which François Mitterrand, the president of France, has led Europe's recent revolt against President Reagan's policies. Americans deplore Mitterrand's professions of allegiance to socialism, and his condemnations of the power of the dol-

lar, but they had come to consider him a "team player" on the side of the West. Some even saw him as something of a covert capitalist. *Fortune* reassured its readers that for all Mitterrand's pre-election promises of nationalization and new social spending, it was doubtful that his election signaled a true turn left. And Mitterrand criticized Russian actions in Poland and Afghanistan almost as roughly as Reagan did.

To anyone who had bothered to study Mitterrand's writings, however, his opposition last year to U.S. sanctions against countries selling equipment to Russia for the construction of its gas pipeline and to the U.S.'s request to eliminate Common Market agricultural-export subsidies was no more surprising than his damn-the-torpedoes nationaliza-

tion of subsidiaries of such corporations as ITT. His declarations of economic intent, both before and since his entry into the Élysée Palace, constitute clear warnings that the U.S. can no longer take France's cooperation in matters of trade and foreign policy for granted.

While he can be deliberately obscure, Mitterrand often expresses himself in prose that is simple, lucid, and—in the original—elegant. Few statements of feeling could be clearer than what he wrote in 1980 about what he calls American imperialism: "... les États-Unis n'ont pas cessé de mener contre nous une guerre économique"—"The U.S. has not ceased to conduct an economic war against us."

This thinking goes right through Mitterrand's administration. In a set-piece speech at the end of September, Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy criticized the United States and the USSR equally for their attempts "to defend or enlarge their spheres of influence. . . . [They now bring to bear] innumerable pressures of all kinds, ranging from military maneuvers to financial sanctions . . . against peoples seeking simply to have their independence respected."

The attitude is also filtering down to the French people. In an eight-country poll taken recently by Louis Harris for the Atlantic Institute and the *International Herald Tribune*, "nearly half of the French singled out U.S. economic policy . . . as the main threat to international stability." The French see the level of America's interest rates as scarier than the level of Russia's arms buildup.

Given the parlous condition of the French economy, this attitude is perhaps more worrying than surprising. While unemployment is not quite as high in France as it is in the U.S., it is, to the French, alarmingly high. Inflation is higher here than in almost all of the countries that are France's main trading partners. The government spent its first year, as do many governments, blaming its predecessor. But it mixed in opprobrium for the dollar, and in its second year has shifted the responsibility for its economy almost entirely to Reagan.

Two aspects of France's economic troubles shock the French, and both can be instantly associated with America. One is the weakness of the franc: in the summer before Mitterrand came to power, one dollar cost four francs; last summer, it cost around seven. The French

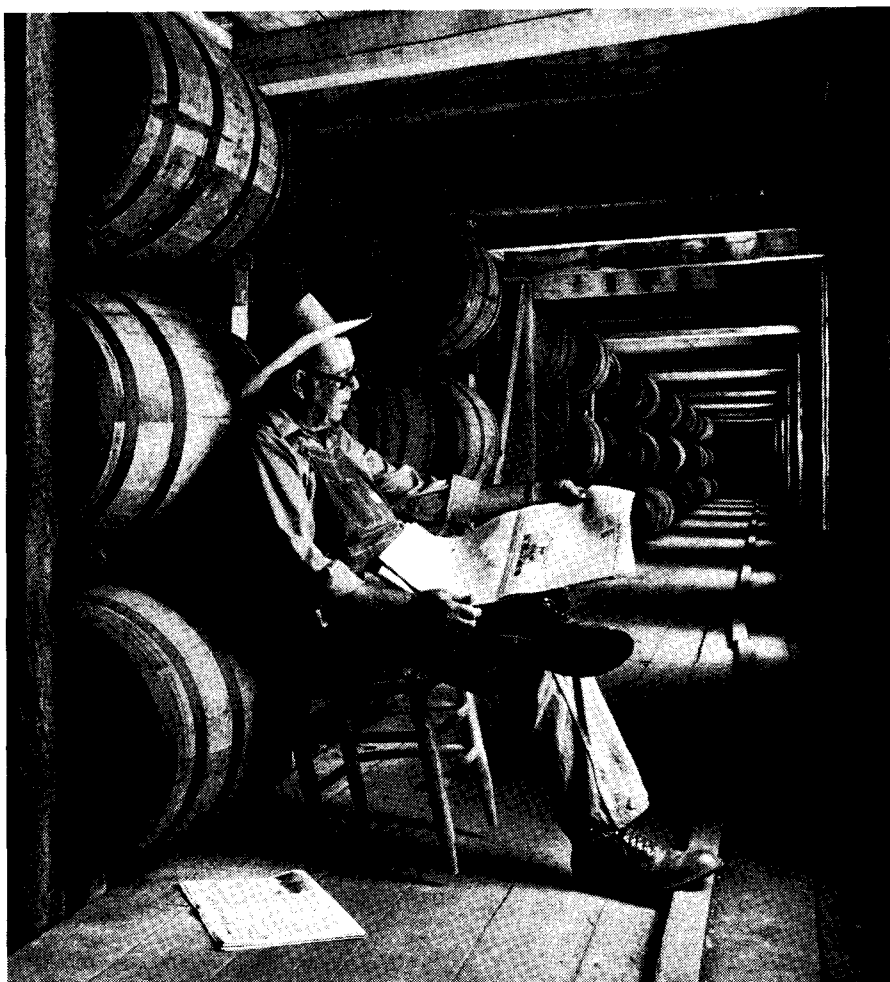
attribute the weak franc to U.S. interest rates, which they believe Washington deliberately keeps high in order to maintain the power of the dollar. The other is France's trade deficit, which is soaring toward the frightening figure of 100 billion francs a year, largely because the strength of the dollar has nearly doubled the cost of France's oil imports.

An economist might have expected the low level of the franc to have begun, by now, to increase the competitiveness of French exports, and thus to reduce the trade deficit. This hasn't happened. French firms, beset by the higher operating costs imposed by the Mitterrand regime (five weeks' paid vacation, higher minimum wages, shorter work weeks), have used the devaluation to raise prices. And nearly 40 percent of French imports are priced in dollars.

Obviously, it is easy for Mitterrand's administration to put a share of the blame for the deficit and for the franc's decline on the imperialism of Washington and the high level of U.S. interest rates. It also allots a share of blame to what it considers unfair U.S. competition in world markets. And, more sinister from the viewpoint of U.S. business, it allots a still larger share to the success of American firms' sales in France, and to what it sees as America's protection of its home market.

What really angered the French was Reagan's trying to stop European sales of pipeline equipment to Russia while raising the level of U.S. grain sales. In their eyes, this boiled down to an effort to make Europe put pressure on the Russian economy while the U.S. grabbed a large share of Russia's reserves of hard currency. Members of Mitterrand's cabinet pounce on what they perceive to be Reagan's hypocrisy. Edith Cresson, the agriculture minister, says, "Mr. Reagan's motto could be 'Do what I say, not what I do.'" An adviser to Michel Jobert, the foreign trade minister, says that his colleagues were bewildered when, at the end of October, while the pipeline sanctions were still in force, a U.S. business delegation 150 strong made plans to visit Moscow. "Are they going just to see the Bolshoi," he asked, "or to buy and sell?"

The French are similarly sarcastic about the difficulties they meet in trying to penetrate the U.S. market. Most Americans consider it wide open. French officials don't. "Everyone has a lot to learn from America about protection-



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ism," say people at the French foreign ministry, the Quai d'Orsay. They point with somewhat feigned admiration to "Buy American" laws, which make it difficult for the French to sell transportation equipment to the U.S., and maintain that U.S. customs agents are masters in the art of tying up imports, particularly of garments and textiles, with red tape. They even claim that agents are capable of letting French shipments slip silently into the broad waters of New York Harbor—a claim that has proved impossible to verify.

More substantive, the French are furious about the recent American action to reduce imports of European steel. As *The New York Times* conceded in an editorial, it "sets an ugly precedent for protectionist initiatives. . . ." Making matters worse is the fact that the final "orderly marketing agreement" in October was more restrictive than the one the French had reluctantly concluded with the Reagan Administration in August—which was rejected by America's steel companies.

Unfortunately, this is exactly the kind of development that provokes distrust and provides ammunition for those who use the U.S. as a scapegoat for France's troubles. To a French diplomat who has the tough task of patching things up, the American change of mind was particularly trying: "It makes us wonder whether we can count on American administrations—just as we've been wondering since Congress refused to endorse the Treaty of Versailles."

AS THIS COMMENT suggests, there is nothing new about a degree of anti-Americanism in France. While President Wilson was hailed here with almost religious enthusiasm in 1919, and General Eisenhower was greeted in 1945 with similar fervor, problems of trade and *amour propre* quickly caused both the first and the second honeymoons to descend to bickering matches. In his war memoirs, De Gaulle proved to French satisfaction that Roosevelt (and Churchill) were out to secure greater influence in the postwar world at the expense of France—something he had never forgotten. But while France, under him and his rightist successors, was vigorously independent and often critical of the U.S., it was also committed to trade with the U.S., to U.S. investment in France, and to the Atlantic Alliance. Moreover, with France enjoying one of

the higher growth rates in Europe and a boom in exports, especially under Raymond Barre and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, there was no need to look for foreign devils on whom to blame economic difficulties.

Since the Socialists took power, however, the situation has changed. The economic outlook has turned from fairly bright to strikingly somber. The new rulers of France are less convinced of the value—to France—of the Atlantic Alliance. Shortly before he became president, Mitterrand wrote that "the Alliance is based on a fiction: that the U.S. would intervene in Europe in the event of Soviet aggression." Some of his aides say, somewhat shamefacedly, that such remarks should be ignored as pre-election posturing. But others who have worked with him say that Mitterrand *never* makes statements of such import without thinking through their implications.

This position is sustained by a number of pointers. One comes from Mitterrand himself: he publishes his writings, and his books bear faithful witness, as he likes to say, to his thinking. Another comes from Claude Cheysson, the foreign minister, who closely reflects Mitterrand's thinking. He says there is a "progressive divorce" developing between the U.S. and its European allies. A third comes from Jean-Pierre Chevènement, the forty-three-year-old minister of research and industry, who many believe will one day be the most powerful man in France. Chevènement, who heads the Marxist-oriented Cérés political group, a faction of the French Socialist Party, went so far in 1972 as to write that France should drop out of the Atlantic Alliance. More recently, he has written that the Soviet threat to the Alliance has been exaggerated, chiefly by those who want to strengthen "the military-industrial complex." Since Chevènement was promoted last year to the ministry that is the most important in France after Mauroy's, it is safe to reason that his thinking is not far from Mitterrand's either.

This new kind of anti-Americanism may take France toward moves that will harm U.S. business. The U.S. is vulnerable because it enjoys a very big surplus in trade with France. On the question of how big, as on so many matters, the two countries differ—but they agree that it is enormous. They also agree that it is growing. Using France's figures and es-

timates—since it is French moves that are under consideration—the French deficit with America has grown from 22 billion francs in 1981 to 26 billion in 1982.

France's only larger deficits are with Saudi Arabia and West Germany. Its fourth largest is with Japan. The Saudi deficit, obviously, is for something the country can't do without. The German one is with France's strongest supporter, so France is not going to take any aggressive measures to cut it, either. When Mauroy talks of cutting France's overall deficit by 30 billion francs in 1983, it is not difficult to deduce that he has the U.S. and Japanese deficits in mind. Moreover, Mauroy has taken to the buzz-words that are being tossed out quite frequently in Washington these days. In a sentence that he might well have borrowed from any of a hundred U.S. congressmen or union leaders, he says, "Free trade makes no sense unless it is based on reciprocity."

French efforts at securing reciprocity have been directed mostly toward Japan—so far. And they have been mostly of the red-tape variety. One administrative order is aimed at reducing the inflow of video recorders, by denying them customs clearance everywhere except the small provincial town of Poitiers. Another is aimed at slowing all imports, but is particularly tough on high technology: a requirement that all customs documents be written in French. It takes no great effort to imagine what a wily *douanier* could do with a description furnished by Yokohama of a complex piece of electronic equipment.

French customs could, of course, be equally picky with a description of a machine tool furnished by Peoria, Illinois. The total value of the United States' exports to France offers a much fatter target than Japan's. Japanese exports to France were expected to be worth some 20 billion francs last year, less than one third the U.S. total of 65 billion. Also liable to come under pressure are U.S. provisions of services—particularly those that help French people to convert francs into dollars and deposit them in America. France made a disturbing move in this direction last spring, when customs officials arrived unheralded at the Paris offices of Merrill Lynch and Shearson/American Express, and left carrying loads of documents. A State Department official says ominously that while the French have returned most of

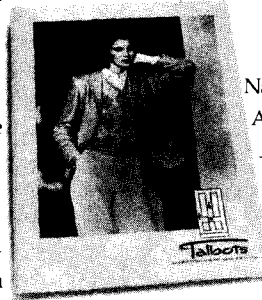
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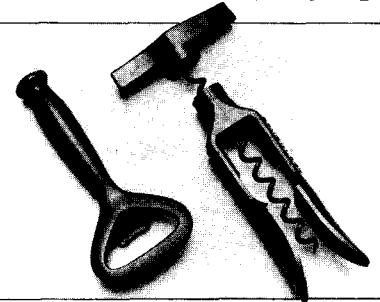


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the files they took, "they may have kept some names."

Another concern in American diplomatic circles is that France will lead efforts to reduce U.S. exports not just to France itself but to Europe—which Mauroy, again using a phrase heard often in Washington, terms "the most open market in the world." U.S. officials expect France to lead the battle, for instance, against American exports of an animal feed called corn gluten. France will do so, moreover, despite the fact that it doesn't use much of the stuff itself. Why, then, will it defy the U.S. on a matter that affects the American farmer, and is therefore close to American politicians' hearts? Partly to rally Europe against what the French see as U.S. agricultural-export subsidies, and partly for a good old domestic political reason: corn gluten enables other European countries to produce milk in what the French see as factory conditions—and therefore to sell it at prices lower than those of France's own farmers.

DOMESTIC POLITICAL considerations were very much on Mitterrand's mind when he talked in 1981 of the need to "reconquer the domestic market." France hasn't made much progress in this direction, so—as Mauroy suggested in November—the reconquest remains a top priority. To J. Paul Horne, a Paris-based specialist in European economics for Smith Barney, investment bankers, all the administrative ploys of the Poincarés variety are "pinpricks" compared with the kind of protectionism the French government will exert through procurement policies. Jacques Warin, a senior official at Chevènement's ministry, confirms quite frankly that this is the case: "When one has a deficit that keeps rising, and that is heading for a hundred billion francs," he explains, "one tries to get back one's domestic market." For instance, he says, the French electronics industry is nationalized; most public-sector orders for electronic equipment therefore go to the nationalized French companies. Asked where this leaves U.S. firms such as IBM, he says, "The *public* orders will go to the French companies—but that won't stop private ones going to the IBMs."

While this sounds reasonable, or at any rate logical, it could mean pretty thin gruel for the IBMs. Twenty-nine percent of French industry is now na-

tionalized, and it is the part France is modernizing most keenly. It is one of the areas of the economy into which most French investment in computerization will go; the other is the banking sector, which is now nationalized too. The arms, defense, and public-security sectors are other prospective buyers of large amounts of electronic equipment, and their purchases will go overwhelmingly to French manufacturers. In November, according to the *Financial Times*, French intelligence services were instructed by the Mitterrand government to buy French computers instead of foreign ones.

The problems for foreign electronic firms may not end with a drying up of orders from the public sector. Mitterrand's advisers do not believe in the economic doctrine of comparative advantage. The French are committing large amounts of public funds—140 billion francs, or about \$20 billion—to the rapid modernization of their electronics industry. The objective, says Warin, is to become competitive with *le défi américain* ("the American challenge," from the celebrated book in which, some fifteen years ago, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber warned of an American takeover of European industry) and *le défi japonais*. What happens if this enormous national effort falters? Some U.S. analysts of foreign business risks think the answer is obvious. Professor F. T. Haner, president of Business Environment Risk Information, says, "There will be more nationalizations of foreign firms—à la ITT." Both BERI and Frost & Sullivan, which publishes risk forecasts on some seventy countries, have raised their evaluation of investment risks in France sharply. BERI now puts France in the same category as Chile.

The price that France—with Chevènement as its chief negotiator—paid for two of ITT's French subsidiaries is not particularly encouraging: the company asked for \$375 million; after a preliminary settlement of \$50 million, ITT wound up with just \$30 million.

IF THE PROSPECTS in Franco-American relations were only for more trade conflicts and cut-price nationalizations, that would be bad enough. But some people who are most knowledgeable about both Paris and Washington say that there could be more dangerous drifting apart in the political area. One Frenchman who knows Mitterrand well,

and is a great friend of the U.S., says the danger is that if the economic relationship deteriorates still further, Chevènement's faction will gain strength, and the anti-Alliance movement, so significant a force in Germany and Holland, could spread through France. "You must never forget," he says, "that socialism in the Léon Blum tradition is essentially pacifist."

It is also worth remembering that Mitterrand is likely to be around for a long time. Despite France's problems, he and most of his associates remain reasonably popular: more popular, at any rate, than any leaders of the opposition, among whom—interestingly, in this reputedly chauvinistic and anti-Semitic society—Simone Weil regularly tops the popularity polls. Frost & Sullivan gives the Socialists a 60 percent probability of retaining power at the next legislative elections, in 1986. Mitterrand's own mandate runs until 1988, and, while some have whispered for years that he is hiding a mortal illness, he looks notably chipper.

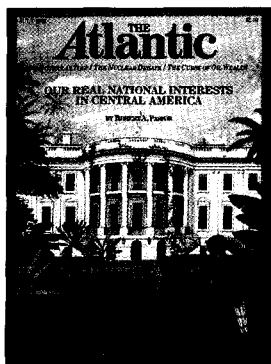
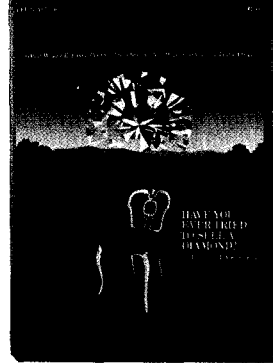
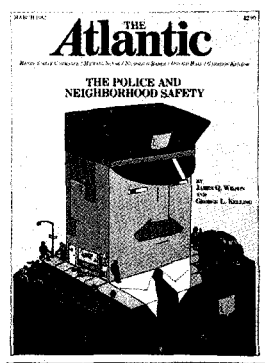
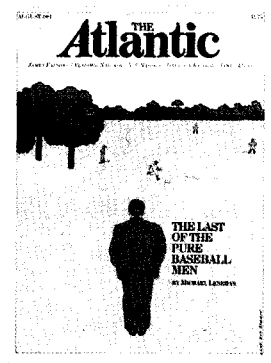
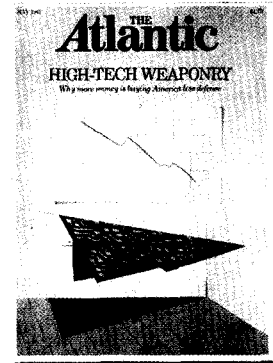
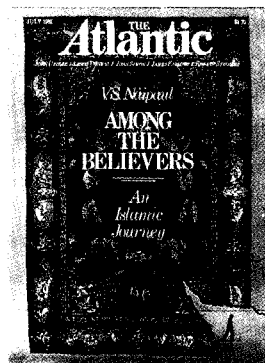
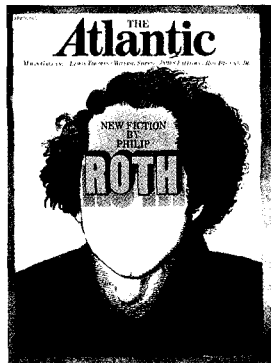
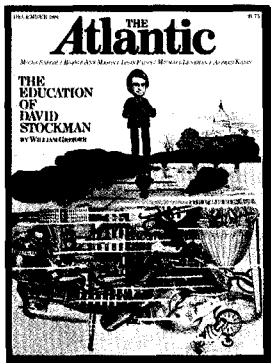
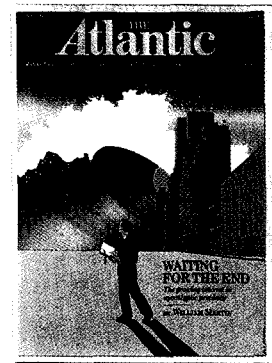
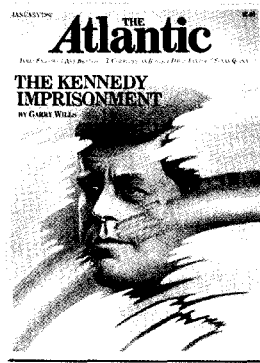
In these circumstances, it would seem to behoove Washington to study him a bit more diligently. One top U.S. specialist says there is a reason the White House has been so surprised by Mitterrand's revolt. In the affair of the pipeline, for instance, officials hadn't studied the implications of sanctions for French domestic politics, or borne in mind a revealing statement Mitterrand made many years ago: "In the life of a people, every retreat is a battle lost."

The U.S. needs the French market, and it needs France firmly in the Atlantic Alliance. It therefore needs to remember something François Mitterrand told an audience at New York University a few years ago. After World War II, "on one side there was the alliance of the West, the so-called Atlantic Alliance, and on the other the Eastern European alliance, the Warsaw Pact: [as a member of the French parliament] I personally had to make the choice of where liberty lay, where France's opportunities would be." It was, he said, "an exceptionally difficult choice." With a modicum of tact toward Mitterrand, the U.S. can do a better job of ensuring that he doesn't regret his decision.

—John Carson-Parker

John Carson-Parker writes on economic and geopolitical topics for American, British, and French publications.

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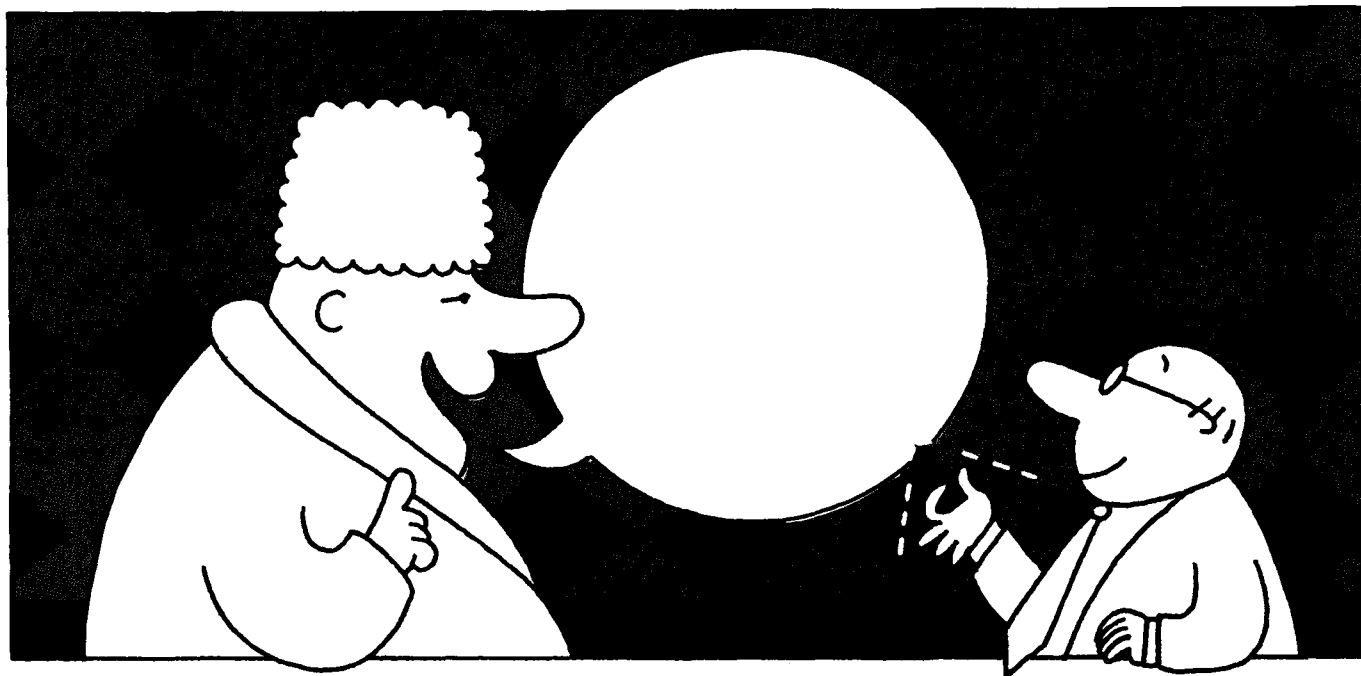
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WATCHING THE RUSSIANS

BY CULLEN MURPHY



What are the Soviet Union's military manpower problems? What are its population trends? What is the state of its scientific training? When NATO and the Pentagon and the Commerce Department want answers to such questions, they turn to Murray Feshbach or one of his fellow scholars, who, working with sketchy data, are trying to describe the texture of Soviet life. We have never had a greater need for their efforts, but, because of severe budget cutbacks by government, foundations, and academe since the late 1960s, Soviet studies is a fragile enterprise.

ON MAY 24, 1972, PRESIDENT RICHARD M. NIXON AND Soviet Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin stood beneath the tinkle and glint of a two-story-high chandelier in the Kremlin's St. Vladimir Hall for the signing of a formal accord on scientific and technical cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union. The agreement went into effect at once. Two days later, American chefs using Russian kitchens served Leonid I. Brezhnev, the late Communist Party secretary, his first baked Alaska, at a celebratory banquet. Brezhnev publicly hailed what he called "hot ice cream" and expressed high regard for the "miraculous" Yankee ingenuity that had made it possible. Within six months, a U.S.-USSR joint commission on scientific and technical cooperation was set up to oversee exchanges of personnel and information. And within a year, Murray Feshbach, then forty-three, a scholar employed by the U.S. Bureau of the Census, was named a member of

the American team on five working groups of the joint commission.

"He drove the Soviets bananas," recalls William Carey, the executive officer of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Feshbach served with Carey on three of the panels and traveled with him to Moscow on a half-dozen official visits. "Murray was regarded as fondly as a hair shirt, because he came fortified with a prodigious knowledge of the Soviet Union," Carey says. "If a member of the Soviet delegation tried to slide by with an evasive or general reply, Murray wouldn't let him get away with it. He would hang on like a terrier. He could always cite this or that article in some obscure Soviet publication, or he would refer to such-and-such a decision rendered recently in the depths of the Soviet bureaucracy. And he constantly interrupted the translator."

Eventually, Carey says, the Soviets began to hint, though not in complete seriousness, that Feshbach was employed by a part of the U.S. government more sinister

Cullen Murphy is the senior editor of The Wilson Quarterly.

than the Census Bureau. (He was not.) As time went on, there would be unaccountable mix-ups in his hotel reservations, even as the rest of the American delegation proceeded without hitch or snarl to rooms in the elegant National Hotel (Feshbach's favorite, and Rasputin's) or the massive Rossiya or the Art Deco Metropol. The Americans finally bought Feshbach a camping hammock. "For all that," Carey adds, "the Soviets obviously respected Murray. They knew an expert when they saw one."

MURRAY FESHBACH, ECONOMIST AND DEMOGRAPHER, would be well cast as the first victim in an espionage novel: the bespectacled, slightly awkward, utterly unsuspecting innocent killed because of something he found, something seemingly irrelevant. His graying hair, sparse above the tortoise-shell glasses, sprouts thickly at the sides, where long sideburns curve flatly against the jowls. His smaller-than-average frame carries more weight than it was meant to support. He concedes readily that he is too fat, that this is a mark of stupidity, that he is ashamed of it, and that the Exercycle is helping, "but the holidays always kill me." He is continually dieting. "Yesterday I could have only skim milk and bananas," he will explain; "today it's only beef and tomatoes. Waiter, leave the pitcher, I can only have water."

Feshbach's manner and speech mark him indelibly as a New Yorker. One can imagine him hawking the *Daily News* at 42nd and Lexington, schlepping furs on 29th Street, or slicing Hebrew National salami behind a deli counter in the Pelham Parkway section of the Bronx, perspiration misting his brow. But because he is gregarious and energetic and because he enjoys a quirkily methodical, omnivorous turn of mind, Feshbach chose a different line of work.

Though little known beyond what one colleague calls an "invisible college of specialists," Feshbach stands out among this small group as one of the more unusual and, in his way, indispensable students of the Soviet Union working in the United States. His approach to the country is not so much that of a social theorist, a political analyst, or a military strategist as it is that of an encyclopedist. He burrows in obscure and unlikely places, generating as a result large quantities of new information, preserving it all, and dispensing among his colleagues what he cannot use in his own studies of manpower, scientific training, health, mortality, population trends, ethnicity, the military, and industrial productivity. He burrows because knowledge of the USSR is not to be had for the asking, the Soviet government being secretive and camera-shy. Ultimately, Feshbach makes possible more research than he accomplishes himself, even as he produces much that is important in its own right.

Until accepting a senior appointment in 1981 at Georgetown University's Center for Population Research, Feshbach worked out of a grimy building on 14th Street, in the middle of Washington's red-light district, his seventh-floor

window affording a view of the Olympic Baths and the Casino Royale Theater. This was long the home of the Foreign Demographic Analysis Division (FDAD—pronounced "efdad"), an anomalous and inconspicuous satrapy within the U.S. Census Bureau and Feshbach's employer for a quarter of a century. At FDAD, beginning in 1957, Feshbach gathered string. Every bit of data he got his hands on regarding every conceivable aspect of Soviet life—wages, contraception, crime, disease, bureaucracy—was logged and cross-referenced daily.

Before long, he became a reliable first stop for other investigators. If one wanted to know anything about the Soviet Union—almost anything at all—Feshbach would at least know where to look or whom to see, and about half the time he would already have what one wanted in his files. If the answer existed only in his head, he might tell his visitor to pipe down—"Wait," he would say, "let me talk to myself for a minute"—as he coaxed it forward like a balked sneeze.

Norton Dodge first turned to Feshbach nearly twenty years ago. Burly, affable, and thickly moustachioed, Dodge is a Sovietologist at St. Mary's College of the Maryland state university system and owner-curator of the largest collection of contemporary Soviet unofficial art in the U.S. In 1965, Dodge was racing against a deadline for a report on Soviet women when his co-author was unexpectedly sidelined. He discovered that if he gave Feshbach a sheet of paper with items down the left side—women's employment, average number of children, marital status, abortion, wages, whatever—and years across the top, Feshbach could fill it in faster than anybody else. For two weeks, Dodge worked Feshbach around the clock, depositing blank tables in his milkbox at midnight and retrieving the tables that had been completed since the previous visit. In partial payment, he underwrote Feshbach's first trip to the Soviet Union (the first of twelve). "Murray is what the Russians call a *tolkach*—a pusher, a fixer," Dodge says. "The *tolkach*—he's the guy who deals in the semi-legal aspects of production. You know, all the suppliers are out of nails but he can get them for you."

Feshbach has found "nails" for the U.S. Departments of State, Commerce, the Treasury, and Defense; for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development; for the foreign ministries of Sweden, Great Britain, France, Israel, and Japan; for Lazard Frères, Brown & Root, Tenneco, and Texas Eastern. The assignments vary. The Pentagon's Office of Net Assessment, for example, has been using his work to gauge the future availability of Soviet conscripts. U.S. corporations hope to learn the etiquette of doing business in the USSR and to ascertain what their payroll might look like over there. The State Department is interested in the effect of the Soviet Union's domestic tensions on the nation's overall stability. Other clients have other concerns, but they insist on privacy. Feshbach is consulted because he has a knack for discerning relationships amid

reams of data. Journalists, too, find the trait helpful. "Guys like this are diamonds," explains Hedrick Smith, Washington reporter for *The New York Times*, a former Moscow correspondent, and a frequent lunch companion of Feshbach's. "Reporters have learned that his feeling for the place is accurate, so they go back to him."

Feshbach treats the Soviet Union the way James Joyce treated Dublin, as if he might be asked someday to put it all back together again, down to the signs of the zodiac on the clock at Moscow State University. Having read his entire body of published work, one would know, for example, that in 1950 the Soviet Union produced only half as much (52.6 percent) macaroni per man-hour as the United States did, and that a ZIL-155 bus held twenty-eight seats. In 1959, the USSR employed 13,582 female beekeepers. In 1964, 7.2 percent of all fifth graders stayed back. Some 2,000 Bulgarians were imported to chop wood in 1970.

But all this is trivia. Feshbach's basic concerns run deeper. How is industry organized? How are political and business decisions made? How good is scientific training? What is happening to the birthrate? The mortality rate? Is the ethnic mix of the population changing? Is religion important? Is health care adequate? He wants to ken the shape of the society, the cut of its jib.

IMET FESHBACH IN 1980, AND AFTER A WHILE, WE BEGAN to meet regularly for lunch, reconnoitering at noon beneath the dome of the Riggs National Bank at the corner of Wisconsin Avenue and M Street. ("Same time, same place," he would say, telling me once that he arranged appointments with friends in Moscow the same way.) Feshbach has recently undertaken an ambitious assessment of the quality of life in the Soviet Union. "It's a difficult theoretical question," he explained one afternoon not long ago at a restaurant in Georgetown. "What is the quality of life anyplace? What do you go by? How much do you count the fact that a country is not at war? How important is a low level of criminality? What about intellectual life and the arts? Personally, I think the exhibition of Russian avant-garde art as part of the Paris-Moscow show in 1981 is very relevant in evaluating the quality of life. These were paintings that the Soviets had never been allowed to see before. Of course, they were only shown in Moscow; this stuff wasn't going out to Minsk and Omsk and Tomsk."

He ticked off some of the other indicators of the quality of Soviet life that he had been looking at. "Nutrition," he said. "For example, why are the Soviets still collecting data on rickets? We don't even bother in this country." Rickets is caused by a vitamin-D deficiency, which may result from a lack of sunshine, a lack of milk, a lack of many things. It is widespread among Soviet children, in part because the technique of manufacturing infant formula has not been mastered. One Soviet study of deceased infants that was conducted in large Russian cities during the

mid-1970s found that 37.1 percent had suffered from aggravated rickets.

"Availability of housing," he continued. "Even I. V. Arkhipov, the housing minister, has called this 'one of the serious social problems,' and when the Soviets use words like that in public it is strong language." At least one out of every five urban families shares living space with another family. Usually that means sharing a corridor, kitchen, and bathroom, but there are still large numbers of working youths living in communal dormitories or substandard *baraki*. The Soviets are extremely reticent about discussing sanitation; almost no data are available. "It's bad in hospitals, let alone restaurants," Feshbach said. In 1972, only 60 percent of the families within the Novosibirsk district had indoor plumbing. Novosibirsk is the largest city in Siberia.

"Availability of education.. This is another thing to look at. Only 20 percent of high school graduates are able to enroll full-time in a college of some kind. They have to compete against the men demobilized from the army every year, plus all of those seconded by their enterprises or collective farms, plus all of the disappointed high school graduates from previous years trying to get in."

Then there is the mortality rate, which is as symptomatic to a demographer as the prime rate is to an economist. In the USSR, death rates have been rising steadily, from 6.9 deaths per 1,000 persons in 1964 to 10.3 in 1980. "This is unprecedented in a developed nation," Feshbach explained. The expected longevity of newborn males has declined during the past fourteen years from sixty-six years to sixty-two, while that of females, after a period of gradual extension, has leveled off at seventy-four. The disparity between male and female life expectancy at birth in the Soviet Union—some 11.5 years—is exceeded in no other country.

"The area I've done the most work on so far in this study is health," Feshbach said. I was reminded that one of the first times I talked with him, he had just returned from the USSR and was telling colleagues about a cardiologist's office at the top of a five-floor walk-up ("Anybody who got there was okay"). At its zenith, Soviet medicine can be quite good, and the USSR has greatly reduced the incidence of many lethal illnesses. In certain fields (e.g., some types of eye surgery), the Soviet Union leads the West. Yet in basic medicine for the populace, the picture is not so bright.

"At the twenty-sixth Party congress, in 1981, even Brezhnev brought up the 'need to improve services to the population in this area,'" Feshbach said. "I appreciate what Soviet medicine has done and I know that medical services in the United States are not uniform. Still, some of the statistics are sobering. In 1979, there were 385,000 cases of measles in the USSR, as opposed to only 14,000 in the United States, and in that year the Soviets had 18,000 cases of typhoid, which works out to nearly twenty-nine times the U.S. rate per 100,000 population, and it's going



up. Why is it going up? I don't know why, and it's driving me insane.

"Then there's the whole business of medical ethics—you know, hoarding medicines, the black market, bribery, stealing food from patients. How widespread this is I don't know. I find evidence of it over time and over the whole country from Moscow to Odessa to Kiev to a beyond-belief situation in Azerbaijan, where eighty-one people in 1981 were brought up on criminal charges for unethical behavior relating to health care. Eighty-one is a lot of people. You know, the Soviets did away with the Hippocratic oath at the very beginning. They reinstated it around 1971, but reinstating it and having it applied are two different things."

FESHBACH'S CONCERNS ARE NOT THE STUFF OF POPULAR Kremlinology—who's up, who's down, and who's standing where on the dais atop Lenin's tomb on May Day—or of diplomatic globe-twirling, although both have clearly preoccupied Americans since the onset of the Cold War. Little regarded outside of Washington, and not eliciting much publicity even there, were the Soviet specialists who spent their time calmly running their fingers over the texture of Soviet life. They held their little

conferences, published what they learned mostly in academic journals with tiny circulations, and made sure that the right people in Washington were kept informed.

All of this work accumulated imperceptibly until the point was quietly driven home that Soviet intentions and capabilities had to be assessed more thoroughly in light of certain domestic factors: a potential energy shortage, restless Moslem minority groups along the southern tier, serious health and labor problems, inefficiency and low productivity, and what Leonid Brezhnev, had he been a Romanov, might have called "malaise." (In fact, Brezhnev once did acknowledge artfully that "it would be wrong to paint the picture of the present-day socialist world in exclusively radiant colors.") In his budget message to Congress in 1978, Defense Secretary Harold Brown cited the USSR's "major internal handicaps" as a key variable in the Pentagon's evaluation of the overall strategic environment—something to be considered, in other words, alongside those comparative charts with their lines of little tanks, ships, missiles, and men.

The intention of the Soviet analysts responsible for this shift in perspective, Feshbach among them, was not to belittle the USSR's capacity to make trouble but to emphasize that the very nature of Soviet society in some ways imposes constraints on the Kremlin's behavior, in some ways does the reverse. Predictably, the Soviets have followed all of this with interest.

Dr. Herbert Block, eighty, an elegantly mannered and accented ex-Berliner, was recruited by Abram Bergson to run the Soviet national-income-and-foreign-trade section of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) during World War II. He has been a friend of Feshbach's for decades. I asked him one day who made use of Feshbach's work. "Certainly the Russians," Block replied. Not until the twenty-fifth Party congress, in 1976, did the Soviet leadership warn publicly of an imminent labor shortage, but Feshbach had been calling attention to the problem since the mid-1960s. His more recent work on Moslem fecundity and the rapid ethnic "yellowing" of the Soviet population coincides with new directives from Moscow designed to spur the ethnic Russian birthrate—for example, new taxes on bachelors (a surcharge of up to 7 percent on income) and childless couples, along with a quadrupling of the subsidy for women who have illegitimate children. "They do a great thing," one Soviet demographer has written of unwed mothers. "A citizen grows."

It is not that the Russians do not appreciate their own problems, Block said; "they are not dumb." But Feshbach's work, he explained, like that of other Western scholars on other topics, often brings these *ostryye voprosy*, these "thorny issues," out into the open. Thus, the Institute for Scientific Information in the Social Sciences (whose deputy director, Liparit Kiudzadzhian, is one of Feshbach's Moscow acquaintances) regularly passes foreign research papers on to scholars inside the Soviet Union. "Here is another miserable product from the degenerate West," the

routing slip may imply, Block said, but such research often serves as an excuse for the Soviets to start writing about the subject. Or it could signal that there is no sense sweeping the problem under a rug any longer. Western research comes sometimes as an embarrassment, sometimes as a stimulus, and sometimes even as news to scholars in the USSR.

It was not always so, for Soviet studies is a young field. On V-E Day it scarcely existed in the U.S. as an academic specialty, and that it exists today is owing to the efforts of a small number of people—historians, political scientists, economists (many of them veterans of the OSS), and a few experienced diplomats—who realized how little was known in the United States about our sometime ally and probable future rival. No one had more than a faint, filtered notion of what the USSR's economy was like or what the quality of life was like; no one could do any more than guess about what the Great Patriotic War had done to the country, what the purges had done, or, even further back, what difference Stalin's First Five-Year Plan had made. And Moscow wasn't telling. For a people having no word in their language for "privacy," the Soviets guarded theirs well.

At war's end, the academic personnel in Soviet studies left a great deal to be desired. Most of the researchers were Russian immigrants. A few of these were first-rate scholars, such as the demographer Eugene Kulischer and the agricultural economist Naum Jasny. Their contributions were valued by their Western colleagues, despite inevitable disagreements. Jasny, for example, frequently complained that American economists paid too much attention to arcane problems of methodology in his work, overlooking, as a result, the larger points he was trying to make about the Soviet Union. One U.S. Sovietologist, an expert on the USSR's military spending who was a graduate student at Harvard at the time, recalls Jasny's outburst after just such a persnickety criticism: "I could run naked from my house in sneakers and all you would say is, 'Your shoelaces are untied.'" Most of the expatriates were not of Jasny's caliber, in any event. Many had ideological axes to grind. As for the U.S.-born or U.S.-trained scholars, with few exceptions they were clustered in *Russian* history or literature, not *Soviet* history or literature, let alone Soviet economics, sociology, political science, or philosophy.

The situation began to change soon after the end of World War II, when, with money from the Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation, and other sources, Columbia University established its Russian Institute and Harvard University its Russian Research Center. Both welcomed graduate students from nearly all fields, with the stipulation that they learn Russian and apply their skills to the study of the Soviet Union. The U.S. Air Force commissioned a good deal of the early research, providing money to send a platoon of Harvard staff and students to Germany to glean, from hundreds of questions put to thou-

sands of displaced or captured Soviet citizens, whatever they could about life "back home." The Air Force also channeled money, by way of the Rand Corporation, to Columbia, which established an ambitious economics project under the auspices of the Russian Institute. The head of the project, Abram Bergson, began to parcel out pieces of the Soviet economy to his students as dissertation projects.

Between them, Columbia and Harvard created and sustained the field of Soviet studies and trained the first small cohort of Sovietologists. Their efforts were supplemented from the outset by those of the Central Intelligence Agency (which was chartered in 1947) and within a few years by programs of Soviet studies at other universities, at the National Bureau of Economic Research (NBER), and at FDAD, which was established in 1951 with money from both the Defense Department and the Commerce Department (FDAD's administrative overlord).

Spurred by the quickening of the Cold War, the outbreak of the Korean War, the detonation of the USSR's first hydrogen bomb, in 1953, and, ultimately, by the Sputnik launch, in 1957, Soviet studies expanded rapidly. But it was not just the bountiful fellowships and the field's intrinsic importance that attracted students. The Soviet Union's obdurate bashfulness offered a young generation of scholars an irresistible opportunity: the chance not only to interpret the evidence but to find it—in effect, even to create it—and use it to enhance bits of knowledge already acquired. It was like a vast naval board game with a screen separating the two players, one of them charged with locating the other's ships, the skilled opponent cannily keeping them hidden. At stake, however, were not ships but facts.

THE RULES OF THE GAME—IT HAS ALWAYS HAD the character of a game, no matter which Great Power tensions happen to intrude—have been simple from the beginning. The second player, the Soviet Union, has only one rule: Maintain control. At this the Kremlin is accomplished. It can variously publish no information about the USSR, incomplete information, contradictory information, wrong information, silly information, or, mischievously, correct information. Its power here is absolute and may be unabashedly exercised. A regime that would clumsily white out now-obnoxious names from the copy of a post-Revolution issue of *Pravda* that is on display in Leningrad's Museum of the October Revolution does not, after all, fret over appearances. Cadres of censors are employed by the Chief Administration for the Preservation of Secrets in Press, Radio, and Television (GLAVLIT is the Russian acronym) and all printed materials bear a GLAVLIT number—UG 21421, say, or A 07775—designating the censor who approved it: "Inspected by No. 13."

The first player—in the person of Feshbach, perhaps—has no rules at all, only a question: What lies on the other

side of the screen? The ultimate objective is to assemble the answers into a portrait of the USSR, but the mere task of collection, let alone of assembly, is forbidding. One is dealing with a country of 270 million people spread across eleven time zones and 8.6 million square miles. There are 104 officially recognized nationalities within the USSR's borders. One hundred and thirty languages are spoken; at last count, novels were printed in seventy-six of them, radio programs broadcast in sixty-seven, textbooks published in fifty-two, plays performed in forty-seven, and scholarly journals written in forty-two. There is not one economy but at least two—the centrally planned official one and the quasi-capitalistic “second” economy, the latter further subdivided into legal and illegal variants. Administratively, the nation is organized into fifteen republics (two with seats in the UN General Assembly, thereby giving the Soviet Union a total of three votes in that body), which in turn are fractured into smaller units: the *krai*, the *oblast'*, the *rayon*. The Soviets themselves do not pretend that they fully understand how the USSR functions, or that running the country is an exact science. Too often, pushing in one place makes something pop out elsewhere. Enticing retirees into the work force to alleviate the current labor shortage, for example, has resulted in fewer *babushki* at home to care for grandchildren and, consequently, a sudden and enormous surge in demand for day-care services. Perhaps the chief myth about planned economies is that they are planned.

Since the late 1950s, when the first groups of Western scholars (and tourists) were granted regular access to the Soviet Union, contacts between “bourgeois falsifiers” and “party hacks” have expanded fitfully, although a kind of invisible placenta continues to regulate the flow of ideas and information between Sovietologists outside the USSR and economists and social scientists within it. Soviet scholars these days are at least willing (or allowed) to impart to some academic visitors laundered and limited data about the nation's domestic affairs. As noted, however, they are far more interested in glimpsing the USSR's reflection in Western research.

The image that Feshbach held up in his 1980 study of infant mortality in the Soviet Union was not, in official eyes, recognizable. The report, written with Christopher Davis, of the University of Birmingham, in England, showed that the infant-mortality rate in the USSR had abruptly increased by 36 percent since 1971, to at least thirty-one per thousand live births—an unprecedented rise—even as infant mortality declined almost everywhere else in the world. (The U.S. rate, which is higher than that of most Western countries, is now about twelve per thousand live births.) The increased mortality rate has been attributed variously to poor-quality health care, overcrowding, high rates of illegitimacy, and pollution—in short, to living in the Soviet Union.

Moscow, which throughout the 1950s and early 1960s had held up its plummeting infant-mortality rate for all to

see, knew that a grave problem existed. Indeed, the Soviets had expunged infant-mortality indices and a great deal of other medical data from statistical yearbooks beginning in 1975. But Feshbach and Davis noticed a peculiar correlation: in all the years up to 1975, the mortality rate for children from birth to age four always came to between 27 and 29 percent of the infant-mortality rate, never more nor less. And the mortality rate from birth to age four, inadvertently, was still being published. As a result, it was possible to derive estimated infant-mortality figures for the missing years, and then to check them for accuracy against scattered statistics available for specific locales.

When the report was released, the Ministry of Health called the U.S. Embassy immediately for a copy. As press accounts proliferated in the West, A. I. Smirnov, the deputy chief of social planning and population for Gosplan, held a rare news conference for Western reporters. Gosplan is the powerful State Planning Committee, charged with organizing the entire Soviet economy. Smirnov dismissed the infant-mortality-rate “rise” as a result of better reporting, an explanation that Feshbach regards as mostly, if not entirely, *ochkovtiratel'stvo*. “Roughly speaking,” he says, “that means ‘eyewash.’” (Some demographers are inclined to agree with Smirnov's explanation, however. They do not doubt that infant mortality is increasing, but they suspect that the rate of increase is slower than Feshbach found. Such disputes are common in a field in which so little can be proven.) Nevertheless, in December of 1980, B. V. Petrovsky, the longtime minister of health, was “relieved of his position in connection with other work.”

Curiously, the report seemed to have little effect on the Soviets' relations with Feshbach himself. Vladimir Treml, an economist at Duke University, visited Moscow in the middle of it all, even as broadcasts from Moscow, monitored by the BBC, were denouncing “lurid reports” of deterioration in Soviet infant care. Treml is the scholar who first documented the extent of alcohol abuse in the USSR. He found that there were 51,000 deaths from alcohol poisoning alone in 1978 (the last year he has studied), which was more than one hundred times the number in the U.S. that year, and suggested that one reason why the Soviets have done little to curb alcoholism is that the tax on vodka generates revenues equivalent to the official defense budget. Invited to speak at the Institute of Economics of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, Treml found himself cordially introduced as a “collaborator of Murray Feshbach.” When the session concluded, two Soviet economists approached him. They wanted more background on the infant-mortality report.

“I WISH THERE WERE A STORE LIKE THIS IN WASHINGTON for books in English,” Feshbach said one afternoon, stepping out of his 1976 Plymouth Volare. Victor Kamkin, Inc., in Rockville, Maryland, resembles from the outside a Toys R Us store. Downstairs, a

shop sells Russian *suvenirny*: records, carvings, papier-mâché *palekh* with scenes from folk tales painted on their lids. These elegant little boxes were moderately priced until a Canadian hockey team went to Moscow in 1972 and started buying them up. The Soviets, never squeamish about tapping new sources of hard currency, realized that they could make a killing in the West. Prices here now start at around \$70.

A crude, hand-lettered sign above a door beyond the counter points upstairs: "Books," it indicates. Three 90-degree turns up four short flights of stairs bring one million volumes into view: art books, comic books, technical books, books on chess and computers, novels. Two million more sit in a warehouse nearby. All of them were published in the USSR. Kamkin's is at least as good as Dom Knigi, the best bookstore in Moscow. "What makes this place different is that you can browse," Feshbach explained. "In the Soviet Union, you usually can't do that. I'm serious. On the counter there's a little box filled with cards that tell you what books they have. When you find what you want, you tell the clerk and he goes and puts the book aside for you. Then you pay someone else. Then you bring the ticket back to the clerk, who gets the book for you and wraps it up."

The atmosphere at Kamkin's, by contrast, seemed to be almost familial. Russian clerks scurried about; "*Poka*," "*poka*," echoed from the mouths of friends bidding adieu. Feshbach expertly threaded his way among the tall metal shelves, selecting books on Soviet Moslems, education, religion, manpower, health, child allowances, and the population of Leningrad. The desk where he paid was cluttered with invoices for thousand-dollar shipments to Venezuela, Canada, and Britain. Kamkin's is a magnet for Sovietologists, expatriates, and Soviet Embassy personnel, and Feshbach seemed to know all of the customers and staff. Near the oil-drilling textbooks, he ran into a former student of a friend. Near some Mickey Mouse comic books in Russian, he greeted a wizened expatriate of his acquaintance, a Radio Liberty retiree. Downstairs, he confronted Mrs. Kamkin herself, a stout, gray-haired woman of about sixty, wearing bright-red lipstick and smoking a cigarette; she made her way out of the Soviet Union via Manchuria after World War II. Mrs. Kamkin stood athwart our path of egress and bestowed a kiss. "*Poka*, Murray," she said.

Murray Feshbach gets on well with Great Russians and has a warm regard for Russian culture. He speaks Russian well enough to make double entendres. He has an easy way with all classes of Soviets, from workers at a crowded lunch counter to members of the elite such as Valentin Berezhkov, the USA Institute's man at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. (Berezhkov was Stalin's translator at Yalta.) Feshbach knows how the Soviet system works—the universities, the institutes, the bureaucracies—and he knows how to get past the doormen (*dvorniki*), a talent the Soviets both practice and respect. By 1979, he had thrice been

allowed alone inside the offices of the Central Statistical Administration to interview officials, something only two other Westerners, a Briton and a Frenchman, had done since 1917. (The administration, a "strict institution," is lodged in what might have become the League of Nations building in Geneva had Le Corbusier's entry not been disqualified because he failed to employ India ink. The architect, furious, promptly sold the plans to the Soviets.)

Feshbach's collection of Soviet calling cards is both extensive and functional, because there are no public telephone books in the USSR, where their existence no doubt would be regarded as an invitation to plots and cabals. (Indeed, to get an individual's phone number from public assistance, one may be asked to provide not only his name and address but also his date of birth.) Most of the leading economists and social scientists in Moscow know Feshbach well. Many have entertained him, introduced him to their husbands, wives, and families, and intentionally or not put their ambitions and rivalries on display. Feshbach keeps his friends in Moscow supplied with certain obscure American publications, and he expects, and gets, reciprocity. Despite the fine-mesh filter trapping most data generated inside the Soviet Union—a new law prohibits private citizens from sending books abroad without official approval—Feshbach can talk to Soviet scholars about their country in intimate detail on almost any topic; he prides himself on knowing the meaning of every Soviet acronym. He has given lectures on the Soviet economy at Moscow State University. The lengthy critiques of his work that he has received privately from specialists in the USSR have been constructive and devoid of rancor.

What may appeal most to the Russians is that Feshbach is always fair, even though, as Herbert Block says, "he exposes some very neuralgic points." Several of Feshbach's friends wonder how he maintains any objectivity, given the entrenched and palpable anti-Semitism of Russian society, something Feshbach has experienced and also heard about from his father, who lived through the pogroms of 1903–1906.

Feshbach's network of economists, military analysts, demographers, diplomats, and emigrés in the West is at least as carefully serviced and replenished as his network in the Soviet Union. A friend's office burns down, and Feshbach replaces the books from his own surplus. A colleague needs some tricky computer projections done, and Feshbach has "just the man, down on 7th Street." He was instrumental in building the Washington branch of the American Association for the Advancement of Slavic Studies into the thriving, 450-member organization it has become.

Communication is Feshbach's compulsion. On his most recent trip to Moscow, he used the direct line to Washington at U.S. Ambassador Arthur A. Hartman's residence to keep himself plugged in back home. According to John P. Hardt, the senior Soviet specialist for the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress, "If Murray

finds something new, he immediately calls up his friends at Defense or State to see if they know about it. Or he drops a note to someone in Paris or London or Stockholm who might be interested. Or he makes a bunch of copies and shoots them around the country."

Over the years, Feshbach has attracted or been sent dozens of graduate students, helped to train them, let them use his office to write their dissertations, placed them in jobs around town—in universities or on Capitol Hill or in the various executive-branch agencies with a need for Soviet analysts—when jobs were available. These days few are.

Rosemarie Crisostomo, twenty-six, is a specialist on Soviet Central Asia. "Everybody I run into says Murray helped them in the beginning," she says. "He adopts people and he looks after his own." Crisostomo is adept in French, Latin, Russian, Spanish, Turkmen, and Uzbek, although the latter suffers from an Afghani inflection, Afghani Uzbeks being the only ones available to give lessons (and even *they* are now at a premium). After a chance meeting, Feshbach brought her to FDAD from Indiana University to study the Turkmens, Uzbeks, Uigurs, Kazakhs, Tadzhiks, and other nationalities whose high birth-rates and ethnic pride have been a source of much concern in Moscow.

At times, Feshbach concedes, he becomes so absorbed in some small problem at hand that he loses sight of what he is doing, what it will lead to. He handles such an enormous volume of information that he cannot help but miss the significance of much of it, and that is where his network in this country comes in—the scores of people he may contact on any given day. Strategically placed in government and academe, they have interests and talents of their own. *Someone* will have a use for what he finds.

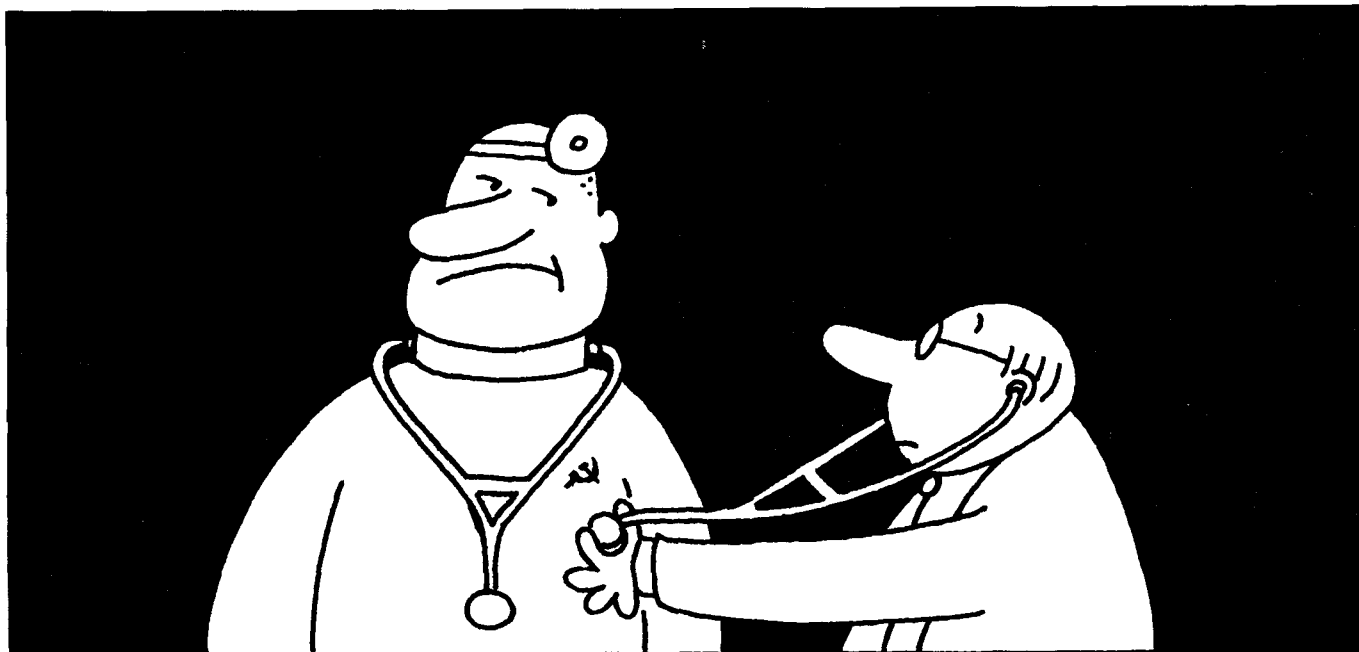
DURING FESHBACH'S TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR TENURE at FDAD, he created one of the most valuable and accessible collections of Soviet materials in the country. The library alone contains 50,000 volumes (there were fifty when he arrived), including pre-revolutionary and pre-World War II publications that Feshbach saved from the discard shelves and bins at the Library of Congress, where they were being sold off by the foot. These are the incunabula of the trade—documents such as *Latvia Annuaire Statistique, 1923*—that are rarer than first folios. ("I show something like that to a visiting Soviet and he nearly dies," says Feshbach.) Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, and hundreds of Americans and Europeans have all paid a visit to FDAD, some of the foreigners arriving in town with little more than a visa and Feshbach's phone number. Among Soviet scholars, the agency is so well known that a recent English-Russian/Russian-English dictionary of economic terms published in Moscow followed the definition of "division" with the example "Foreign Demographic Analysis Division."

FDAD recently moved out to a tawdry commercial strip in the Washington suburb of Marlow Heights, Maryland, where it shares a seven-story office building with Zenith Hearing Aids, Kwan Boo Park, D.D.S., Roane Construction, and other enterprises. I spent a morning there not long ago, accompanying Feshbach on one of his frequent sorties out of Washington. The penthouse floor is a "Census Restricted Area," and some of the cabinets there are sealed with heavy bar locks and marked "Closed." At the sound of Feshbach's voice, people peered out of doorways. They put down their copies of the union paper *Trud*, their Siberian railway schedules, their foreign-trade price books, their transcriptions of Chinese broadcasts in Uigur across the border. Everybody within fifty feet of us could speak two or three languages and had one or two advanced degrees. "This is not your average government office," Feshbach said. He disdains the popular stereotype of the federal bureaucrat, because it denies the professionalism that does exist.

FDAD has been monitoring foreign demographic and economic trends since 1951, and until Feshbach left the government, two years ago, he headed the division's USSR Population, Employment, and Research and Development Branch. His acquisitions strategy was simple: Get at least one of everything—better yet, two: they might breed. Some 150 Soviet periodicals now come into the office, and about thirty-five newspapers, plus other materials, furnished by friends in Moscow, that are harder to classify: for instance, documents that have been "issued" to a limited audience in the Soviet Union but not actually published; small-circulation items, such as the Moscow government's internal advisory *Biulleten'*; unsanitized journals meant for internal use only, as distinct from the versions of those same publications available abroad. There is also a publications-procurement officer at the U.S. Embassy (the Soviets have counterparts in the United States) who goes on carefully planned buying rounds in Moscow bookstores and periodically tours the hinterland in quest of curiosities—some real eye-opener published in Tashkent, say, one of only 500 copies. His job is important. Press runs in the USSR are typically small, and some specialized books disappear from the shelves almost at once.

The routine at FDAD is much the same now as it was when Feshbach worked there. Each morning, all the new Soviet materials are laid out on a big table. One of the staff will settle down with the *Journal of the International Laboratory of Strong Magnetic Fields and Low Temperatures*, perhaps, and then move on to the *Journal of Baking and Macaroni and Yeast Production*, and then pick up something else—*The Whistle*, a newspaper for railroad workers, say. He or she reads through everything quickly, marking passages to be copied. Then the material is passed on to someone else on the staff, who does the same. When everybody has finished, the pages are covered with marks.

The researchers' reading is indiscriminate: scientific



journals, children's magazines, textbooks, driver-education manuals. They never know when they are going to find some trivial fact that in tandem with another trivial fact already known will produce a third fact never guessed before. One of them might read, for example, that the average Soviet doctor earns about 80 rubles a month, less than the average wage of a *rabochi*, or worker, and then, over coffee, the same person might hear from a recent visitor to Central Asia that a young woman in Tashkent nevertheless paid a 10,000-ruble bribe to get into medical school—that's eight years' pay at a state-run *poliklinika*—and suddenly the dimensions of the black market in health care become a bit clearer.

At FDAD, all work spaces are defined by makeshift walls of pulp, and no space is very big. Viewed from above, the floor plan would resemble the circuitry on a silicon chip. Scholars thrive in the interstices, shopping baskets full of files on their desks. The staff is diverse: quiet, middle-aged analysts, such as Louvan Nolting or Stephen Rapawy, both of whom have worked closely with Feshbach for years, their specialties Soviet research and development and the nationality aspects of military manpower; relative youngsters, such as Rosemarie Crisostomo; retired staff members, such as Sophie Pevsner, eighty-five, who used to work at FDAD as a librarian and who still comes in once a week to help with the overflow. Mrs. Pevsner married one of Alexander Kerensky's diplomats in 1917, and when the short-lived Kerensky government fell to Lenin, she found work as a masseuse on an Italian ocean liner. "At sixty, she was a knockout," Feshbach said. "When she was nineteen, she must have absolutely stopped traffic."

Ludmilla Ivanovna Smith, an immigrant from Donetsk who years ago refurbished the basement of her Washington home to make a theater where her children could per-

form plays in Russian, is the guardian of the double-walled bank of gray metal cabinets around which life at the Soviet side of FDAD revolves. Every new fact for the centralized information-retrieval system brought to light by each scholar every day is typed verbatim in Russian by Ludmilla Smith on index cards and filed away according to a classification scheme invented by Feshbach in 1961 and later copied by other government agencies in the United States and France.

The cards are interlinked. O, for instance, denotes the Communist Party. K would be labor, with KO7 the subcategory labor turnover. Q10 is war losses. QO5 is migration. If somebody came across the number of Party members who left their jobs in 1978 and found work in another republic, it would be filed under O, KO7, and QO5, and possibly under K16 (labor law and regulations) and PO11 (management). The card supplies the information, indicates who found it, where the original source is in the library, and under what other rubrics it was filed. Theoretically, you could start one day with WO2 (abortion) and follow a gnarled trail of cross references until, six months later, having wound your way through each of the 250,000 cards in the system, encountering many of them several times, you would find yourself back where you started.

"I just got tired of going to the Library of Congress," Feshbach said. "I'd spend an hour driving to LC and finding a parking place, an hour looking through the card catalogue, an hour looking through the stacks and finding out the books were lost or stolen or being rebound, and an hour cursing on the way back to the office." Strapped for cash, the Library of Congress began cutting back. Where once scholars had their own offices, soon they had only desks; then shelves. By that time, it didn't matter. Feshbach had duplicates of all the Soviet economic and demo-

graphic materials (and then some) in his own office, and specialists could bypass the Library of Congress altogether.

"All of those just came in, Murray," Ludmilla Smith said, pointing to a fresh delivery from Kamkin's. Soviet publishers are not painstaking, Old World craftsmen. If they want to produce a truly fine book, something they can sell for hard currency—dollars or marks, not zlotys or quetzal—at one of the shops reserved to foreigners, they send it to the pros in Budapest or East Berlin or Helsinki. Scholarly works, on the other hand, are generally bound in chalky, poor-quality stock. Even the most evanescent memory of its texture sends a shiver up the spine. Three decades of handling such books has left Feshbach with a mild but apparently incurable form of eczema on his fingertips and lips.

Feshbach plunged into the new books recklessly. "Meat and milk industry, mechanization, computer systems, the metallurgical industry of the Ukraine, reprocessing slag and waste products of ferrous metals production, general military charter of the Soviet Armed Forces. Ha! Very interesting, the economics of Kirgizia." He thumbed through the tables of contents, making a few mental notes. (Feshbach reads so quickly in English, French, and Russian that the Census Bureau refused to sponsor him for government-subsidized speed-reading courses.) "I used to admire the Soviets," he said when he was finished. "They could write a book of 500 pages and not say a single thing, not *one thing*. It was beautifully done; you really had to admire it. How could they do it? Lo and behold, they did."

As he made his way among the offices, Feshbach had the air of a popular commander come back to his troops. "You're looking well, Murray," someone said. He frowned. "I'm too fat." Down a few more doors. "Murray, you still getting those Radio Liberty reports?" Down a hallway. "Well, look who's here. We're still holding all your mail." Everyone was solicitous, probing with questions, concerned that he might be frustrated with ten miles separating his Georgetown University office from those 250,000 beloved index cards. The concern is justified. Feshbach misses the information-retrieval system—misses watching it grow—and he is drawn back frequently just to have a look.

MURRAY AND MURIEL SHREINER FESHBACH LIVE with the younger of their two sons in the Kemp Mill section of Silver Spring, Maryland. If pressed, Feshbach will deliver himself of a demographic treatise on the neighborhood, explaining that most of the residents are either Catholic or Jewish and that many of them are employed at the National Institutes of Health, Walter Reed Medical Center, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and the Naval Ordnance Lab. Kemp Mill was the first racially integrated subdivision in

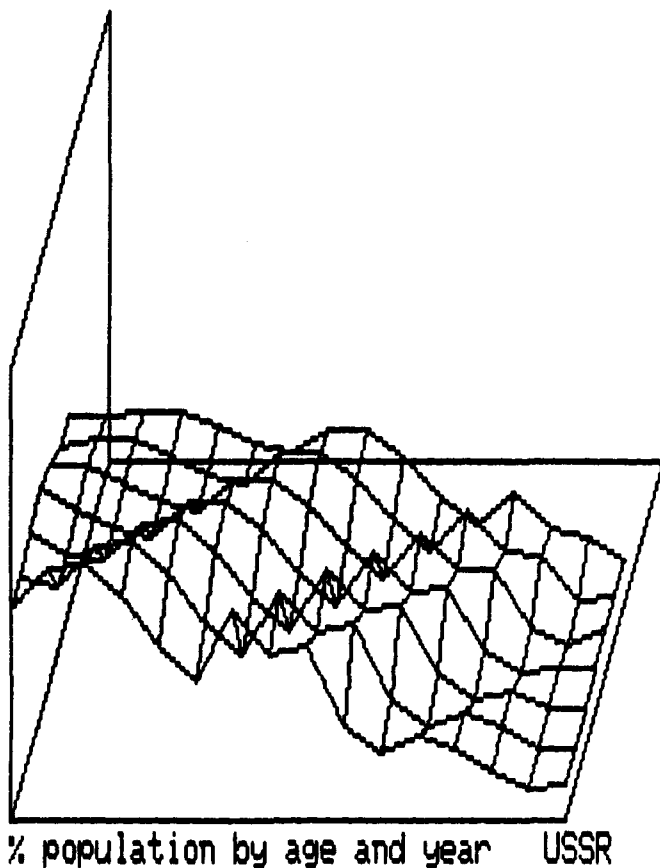
Montgomery County. It is otherwise unremarkable, and the Feshbach home is in most respects conventional. The only unusual thing that a visitor might find on the main floor—at least the only unusual thing I saw there when I joined the Feshbachs for supper one evening—is a short-wave radio, and if one turned it on between 11:00 P.M. and 1:00 A.M., one would hear Radio Moscow's *Moscow Mailbag*. After dinner, Murray fixed some Russian tea, seventy kopeks the box, and led the way downstairs.

The basement is about the size of the average new apartment in the Soviet Union (50.2 square meters, or about 540 square feet). It is Feshbach's clubhouse, his Monticello, his I Tatti. There are files on chairs and tables, on windowsills, on the floor. Labeled cartons lie about: "Moslems of the Soviet East"; "Soviet Uzbekistan Today"; "Religion (Moslems, Christians, Others) and Atheism (Jews and Judaism, see special box)." If data were dust, Miss Havisham might await her wedding here.

Winding above more paper in an adjoining room is 150 feet of railroad track on a chest-high platform, its 5,000 ties cut and laid by Feshbach under the direction of his son David. (The elder boy, Michael, is a graduate student at Brandeis.) Villages prosper along the junctions. Six drawers close by sag with calcites from Indiana, Spain, New Jersey, Romania: flower calcites, honey calcites, fluorescent and phosphorescent calcites. Elsewhere, under glass, are seashells: murexes, cones, cowries, pectens. The bookshelves hold arrangements of Russian souvenirs; glass bottles; antique cameras, some beyond repair. Feshbach's photographs are either squeezed onto the walls, slim alleys of white between the frames, or stacked in cartons hither and yon. The picture that emerges from his several thousand snapshots of the USSR is of a country bereft of bridges, ships, airports, train stations, or anything military, since one is forbidden to photograph any of these things; statues of Karl Marx, on the other hand, abound. "This is the man who made my life possible, so to speak," Feshbach said, holding a transparency up to the light.

Stamps have several cupboards to themselves. They fell out when Feshbach opened the doors and had to be stuffed back in when he closed them, with a prayer that the magnet would hold. One volume hitting the floor contained a Swiss collection nearly complete back to the turn of the century. The attraction of philately to someone like Feshbach is that not only can he collect stamps, but he can collect stamps of all the other things that he collects—stamps of railroads, stamps of books and writers, stamps from Russia, and stamps depicting seashells and minerals. And this, indeed, is what he does.

The latest addition to the clubhouse was an Apple II Plus computer. Now Feshbach is never far away from his favorite collection of all. Now if he wants to show someone what the Soviet Union's demographic landscape looks like, for example, all he has to do is punch in a few codes and it comes right up:



Feshbach shook his head. "When you think what the Soviet people have endured." The series of horizontal lines from front to back represents 1970 through 2000 in five-year intervals. The distance above zero of each vertical line running from left to right is the proportion of population accounted for by a specific age group: the first line is birth to age four, the second ages five to nine, and so on. What the graph portrays, then, is a string of demographic setbacks. The dip at the beginning reflects the Soviet Union's falling birthrate. The next big dip is an echo of World War II—all of the unborn children who would now be thirty-five or forty. The dip after that is their parents' generation, 20 to 30 million of whom perished in the Great Patriotic War. The final, tiny deflection is what remains of the trough opened up by World War I and the October Revolution. It is vanishing as the elderly survivors die off.

If he liked, Feshbach could have brought up a graph for Latvia or any of the fourteen other republics. Each graph would have been different. The Tadzhiks, Uzbeks, and Kazakhs have not fought many battles lately, and they value large families. Ethnic Russians, by contrast, are hardly bothering to replace themselves. They and the other Slavs also bore the brunt of war, purge, and revolution. Estonia, meanwhile, is slowly withering away. All in all, by Feshbach's estimate, it will take 265 children from every 100 couples, assuming that the mortality rates remain constant, simply to keep the population in the USSR steady

over the long term. The Soviets are already cutting it close—fifty of those 100 couples are having only one child or having none—and without the 40 million Moslems along the southern tier, they would be looking at net deficits. Ethnic Russians evince a grudging admiration for Asian fecundity. The late Boris Urlanis, a Soviet demographer, wrote that Moslem women were pushing to its limits "the physiological potential of the female organism."

The higher Moslem birthrate has the Russians greatly worried, however. They did not expand from the petty duchy of Muscovy in the thirteenth century to embrace a sixth of the planet's land mass in the twentieth only to be overrun by people they refer to as *chernye* (blacks) in the end. Yet by the turn of the century, according to Feshbach's projections, seventeen Moslems will be born for every twenty Russians, and the Great Russians by then will account for less than half of the USSR's total population. Naturally, the Russians are jealous of their status as "elder brothers," of their virtual monopoly on political power, and of the Russian language's dominant position in the Soviet Union. When Leonid Brezhnev, at the twenty-fifth Party congress, in 1976, called for "an effective demographic policy," everybody knew what he meant.

The Russians' response has been two-pronged: trying to keep the lid on the Moslem population while "Sovietizing" the children they cannot forestall—giving them a "Communist upbringing," instilling a "correct world outlook." The means to both ends, as the strategy began to unfold, were to be education and urbanization. Everywhere else in the world, these are linked with low birthrates. Theoretically, both would encourage young Central Asians to learn Russian and to adopt a "socialist way of life." The language issue, meanwhile, has been stressed over and over again. Russian, wrote the first secretary of the Uzbek Communist Party, Sharif Rashidov, "is a language as vivid as the rainbow after a spring shower, as true as an arrow, melodious and rich and gentle like a song carried over linen." Since 1977, five new scholarly journals devoted to methodological questions relating to the teaching of Russian have begun publication—all of them outside the core Russian Republic. That, Feshbach said, is a good sign, if one is needed, that the Russians mean business. "I mean, do you know how hard it is to get an authorization for paper?"

Thus far, the only problem with the Kremlin's approach is that it has not worked. Most of the Moslem children are being educated in their native tongues—indeed, one third of all Soviet children attend "nationality schools," where Russian is a "foreign" language—and it is impossible to turn that practice around overnight. Simply adding more hours of Russian-language classes in Turkmenistan does as little good as mandatory French does in Yonkers. It might help if the Central Asians actually began moving to the cities, but finding an urban job in Central Asia usually requires knowledge of Russian to begin with, since a majority of those living in Frunze, Dushanbe, Tashkent, and the



other capital cities of the Asian republics are ethnic Russians. Besides, housing is scarce in Soviet cities, especially for Moslem families with eight children. There is plenty of room in the countryside. (Kazakhstan alone is the size of Western Europe). Nor, it seems, has education greatly curbed fertility. Even though rural women in Uzbekistan, for example, now have more formal schooling than rural Russian women, according to one study, those who have higher education and who work still bear an average of five children.

Alexandre Bennigsen, a French scholar and a close friend of Feshbach's, once observed that in Central Asia, "culture is not merely folklorics." It is not merely Islam, either, nor is it merely literature, language, drama, music, or art. Instead, all these elements seem to function together as a kind of mass immunization against the whole "socialist way of life." Indeed, there has been a resurgence of nationalism outside the Soviet heartland. Muammar Qaddafi's fundamentalist *Green Book* is widely circulated in Moslem regions. Local scholars have begun a campaign to rid their languages of Russian loanwords. Cultural pride runs deep. The Uzbeks in 1980 celebrated with great pomp the one-thousandth anniversary of the birth of Avicenna, the Moslem poet and philosopher and a native son. When Avicenna screamed his first, the Russians were still pagan and illiterate.

Resistance to Russian preeminence exists outside the Moslem areas, as well—in the Transcaucasus, for example, where Armenians and Georgians successfully resisted the Cyrillic alphabet, and, to some extent, even in the Ukraine and in the Baltic republics. Living standards, values, aspirations, histories: all of these vary greatly from republic to republic within the Soviet Union. "Sometimes," Feshbach said as he switched off the machine, "it makes more sense to think of them all as different countries."

FESHBACH'S ROOTS GO BACK TO ONE OF THOSE DIFFERENT countries—to Bessarabia. "Give me a year and I'll give you a place," he says, when asked where, precisely, Bessarabia is. It went back and forth for centuries between Romania and Russia, and even now that Bessarabia is firmly Soviet, the Kremlin remains uneasy about this contentious bit of turf and looks kindly on efforts by Russian ethnologists to prove that the Wallachians, putative ancestors of the present-day Moldavians, were originally Slavs, thus cousins of the Russians. (Bessarabia is now divided between the Moldavian SSR and the Ukrainian SSR.) Whatever the technicalities, Bessarabia was part of Soviet Russia when Benjamin Feshbach, Murray's father, abandoned it in 1919 at the age of sixteen and walked, rode, ran, and hid for a thousand miles from the *shtetl* to Hamburg, thence to New York. Benjamin's ninety-two-year-old grandmother had begged to be taken along. Skeptical of her endurance, he refused. The old woman communicated her disappointment by post for another sixteen years.

A brother already worked in New York, and Benjamin went to work for him at what would become Feshbach & Ackerman, Furriers, 333 Seventh Avenue. He quickly moved up to foreman, supervising the fleshers and greasers, the matchers, nailers, finishers, and glazers. Much of the cutting he did himself, the skin dampened and stretched in front of him—"dropping" a short and broad mink pelt to make it long and narrow, or working two pelts into one without a trace. It took most cutters two and a half days to cut enough pelts for a Persian-lamb coat. Benjamin Feshbach could do it in eight hours. "When I saw him with a knife in his hand, I stood back in awe," his son recalls.

Like 2,500 other furriers in New York, Feshbach & Ackerman did half of its work in June and July, anticipating the

August fur sales and the fall buying season. Murray worked during the summers as a delivery boy, dodging the crowds on 28th and 29th streets as he carried finished coats from place to place. He yearned for school to start. "Walking around in ninety-degree weather covered with mouton or mink was a good lesson in academic orientation," he says. "They did that with our entire family. It was a very clever idea." Many of the young Feshbach cousins decided education was a good thing, indeed. Herman Feshbach is chairman of the physics department at MIT, Seymour is chairman of the psychology department at UCLA, Sidney teaches English at the City College of New York, Paul is special assistant to Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers. Murray's sister, Charlotte, teaches mathematics in Rockland County, New York.

In Pelham Parkway, where the Feshbachs owned a small, red-brick, semi-detached house on Muliner Avenue, Murray hung around with Manny Bandel, Bill Kosloff, Herb Green, and a score of other bright children who joined the Boy Scouts together, skipped grades, went to college young, and are now doctors, lawyers, engineers, sociologists, and businessmen. They remain friends. Pelham Parkway—"Pawkway," some pronounce the word—was a middle-class Jewish ghetto. The men worked in the city as jewelers, tailors, and furriers. Many of the boys attended Rabbi Meltzer's Hebrew school five days a week, after six hours in public school. On Saturdays, Murray and "the crowd" would walk to the library, or take the subway into Manhattan and roam through a museum, or visit the bookstalls on lower Fourth Avenue. They might end up at Feshbach & Ackerman and come home with Murray's father.

"Murray's house was the hangout," says Herbert Green, now a podiatrist in Yonkers. "Everybody else had, you know, three rooms—one bedroom, a living room, and a kitchen—but *they* had a dining room. And *they* had a porch. So you can imagine what happened. I mean, a bunch of gorillas came to his house every night." Murray's mother, Lilly, who had emigrated from Poland in 1923 and was married five years later, died on his fifteenth birthday. His stepmother, Sarah, put up with the boys gamely. "She was a saint," Green recalls. "You've got to wonder where you find somebody like that to marry."

Pelham Parkway was the kind of ideal ethnic community that one might think existed only in a civics textbook. Jack Cohen had his Scout troop at P.S. 105 and P.S. 105 was a good school; Miss Goodwin (the principal) and the parents insisted on it. Yankee Stadium was only a short ride away on the IRT. The first game Feshbach attended without his father was in 1936. Joe DiMaggio hit a triple and the Yankees beat Detroit 14–3. Feshbach began memorizing sports statistics, then moved up to bridge, then chess. He was good because he made it a point to be, and because he had a knack for remembering. He held every trick and every move in his head. He is the kind of person who today remembers not only the addresses and phone numbers of

at least fifty friends and colleagues but also two or three *previous* addresses and phone numbers for each.

In fact, in that neighborhood, Feshbach was not all that unusual. As a young boy, for example, he often played chess with Arthur Bisguier, who lived a block away, on Matthews Avenue. Bisguier, who took chess seriously, soon left Feshbach behind and went on to win the U.S. Championship in 1954. In Pelham Parkway, roving bands of brainy, upwardly mobile youngsters were as plentiful as shad roe. "It was the old ethic, you know," says Green. "You've got to go to school, you've got to do better than your parents, that sort of thing. The parents didn't realize that they did pretty well themselves. Who knows if we could have swung it if we had to do what they did?"

FESHBACH'S NEW OFFICE AT THE CENTER FOR POPULATION Research of the Kennedy Institute of Ethics is on the third floor of a red-brick Victorian building in Georgetown—the old trolley barn. It is set into a hill, so one can enter it from Prospect Street (to discover, in the elevator, that one is already on the fourth floor and must descend) or from M Street between a law office and a travel agency. Either way, one will probably smell the cordite and hear the echoing thud of weapons being fired on the premises of Anti-Aggression Systems, Inc., lodged in the same building. Feshbach's window overlooks the Potomac and the approach to National Airport. Where there are no bookshelves, the walls are covered with Russian maps. On his desk, an eighteen-inch square is cleared for writing.

"Shifrin is a zealot about this," Feshbach said one day, offering me a paperback for inspection. It was a beef-and-tomatoes day, after a painful skim-milk-and-bananas day, and he had returned happily to his office, fortified for a long afternoon of conversation. A book had arrived from West Germany, edited by Avram Shifrin, a Russian expatriate, and forwarded forthwith by a former student of Feshbach's. It was *A Guide to Labor Camps and Prisons in the Soviet Union*, archly designed to mimic *Fodor's*: how to get there, what to see, where to stay. ("Psychiatric Hospital No. 5 [is] located on the train route to Kursk.") Shifrin angrily describes one patient's being committed to a mental institution merely for walking in front of the Bolshoi Theater with a sign reading "I want to leave the USSR." The official diagnosis, however—"misjudgment of the surrounding reality"—seems hard to dispute.

Books like this are the kitsch of Soviet studies. They give everyone a kick, and sometimes there are even a few nuggets to mine. No one else in Washington had seen a copy yet, and Feshbach reached for the phone. Within a few minutes, he had routed the book all over town. "That is the big difference between Murray and me," Herbert Block says. "I am an introvert. I stay in my library. But Murray knows everybody. He gets his hands on all sorts of outlandish literature. And he is generous in a field where many people hold their cards close to their chests."

It is also a field, Feshbach explained between frequent interruptions, that he had not intended to enter. He graduated from Syracuse University, in 1950, and then, a year later, received an M.A. in European diplomatic history from Columbia; he wrote his master's thesis on the Franco-German war scare of 1875. That autumn he was drafted. Feshbach realized in the Army that he was far more interested in the Cold War and the Soviet Union than he was in obscure war scares. Winston Churchill gave his famous Fulton, Missouri, speech in 1946, and Feshbach recalled and liked the part about the Soviet Union being "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." Furthermore—and this was not to be discounted lightly—it was going to be important to the United States to have people who understood the Soviet Union. There would be jobs available for such people; there would be foundations and government agencies willing to support them while they learned.

He heard about the U.S. Army Language School in Monterey, California, applied for the Russian program, and was selected—the only successful candidate from the entire Second Army. It was an intensive, year-long course: 1,320 hours; equivalent, Feshbach notes, to two and a half years at Georgetown. (He habitually depicts one thing in terms of another, the way chronic dieters instinctively intuit the parity of three-quarters of a cup of milk and an ounce of chocolate.) Inexplicably, after bothering to instill fluency in Russian, the Army sent Feshbach to do personnel work in France.

He got out of the Army in 1955 and found work at once as a junior clerk with the Soviet-economy project of the NBER. It was the last year of famine in Soviet studies, the last truly bleak year. Moscow had published virtually nothing about the country since 1936. A slim propaganda pamphlet had appeared in 1938. A handful of education statistics were published in 1940. In 1941, Stalin prepared a secret plan for the Soviet economy; the Germans captured it from the Russians, and, in 1944, the Americans captured it from the Germans. That was all there was.

For a long time, Feshbach said, no one knew how the few statistics that were released had been gathered or how reliable they were. Someone might discover that annual soap tonnage had suddenly increased and run around the office excitedly with the news that more bars of soap were being produced. But then another researcher might say, "What's the fat content? If the fat content has been reduced they'd probably substitute something heavier; there could be just as many bars, maybe fewer." There was a joke about a collective farm that had raised three pigs one year. The farm director told the Gosplan agent for this particular *rayon* that it had raised five. The agent told his superior at the *oblast'* level that the total was eight. He in turn pronounced the figure ten and passed it on to Moscow, which sent word back to the collective: "Good work, comrades. We'll take only three of your pigs, and you can keep the rest."

Fluency in Russian was essential but not enough; one

also had to pick up the jargon. Euphemisms were often opaque. "Enterprises and Organizations on a Special List," for example, meant the military. A dictionary defined a *rabotnik* as a "worker," implying a laborer, but the Russians used it to include the salaried staff of a factory—even the clerical help, the guards, and the engineers—and if one didn't know this, one's employment estimates would be off by about 20 percent. The word *instruktor* for years was taken as referring to a junior official of some kind. Then it turned out that ministers took orders from these *instruktory*, that "instructors of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union" were very senior indeed. "Now when I see something signed by an *instruktor* I look twice," Feshbach said. "I look *more* than twice."

To the pioneers of Soviet studies, little triumphs were important—coming across an occupational category no one had ever heard of before, figuring out how much farm produce was hauled by barge. One fellow spent weeks trying to determine the population of a Soviet "secret city," which was a center for nuclear research. No luck, until he realized that figures existed for every other city in that republic, and that a "total urban" figure had also been published. It all seems rather inconsequential in retrospect, and that is the point. Matters of little or no consequence were at least as hard to settle as the large and crucial questions, such as how many people lived in the Soviet Union, or how big the army was.

Feshbach spent his first nine months at the NBER trying to determine the caloric equivalents of Soviet coal, moving beyond the gross tonnage figures to estimate its real value—what share was lignite and what was bituminous—and what the Soviets could really *do* with what they mined: how many factories they could run on it; how many homes they could heat. He had no sooner finished his study than the Soviets rendered it superfluous.

IN MAY OF 1956, THREE YEARS AFTER JOSEF STALIN'S death, and only a few months after Khrushchev's secret speech denouncing Stalin at the twentieth Party congress, Moscow published the first of its annual statistical handbooks, *The National Economy of the USSR*. Only then did scholars begin to appreciate what had happened to the country during the twenty-year blackout. The population was virtually the same at the beginning of 1956 as it had been in 1936. A living generation had been decimated in the field, an unborn one shrunk by the dearth of new parents. There were fifty-five women in the Soviet Union for every forty-five men. (By the year 2000, the sex ratio is expected to be ninety-one males for every hundred females—less skewed than it was, but still abnormal.) The economic damage the nation had sustained was staggering. Industry lay in ruins; the fertile Black Earth Zone had been a battlefield for four years. The U.S. Civil War had not bled the South so white nor set it back so far.

Wheat farmers in seven states listen to me.
I listen to E.F. Hutton.

When EF Hutton talks, people listen.



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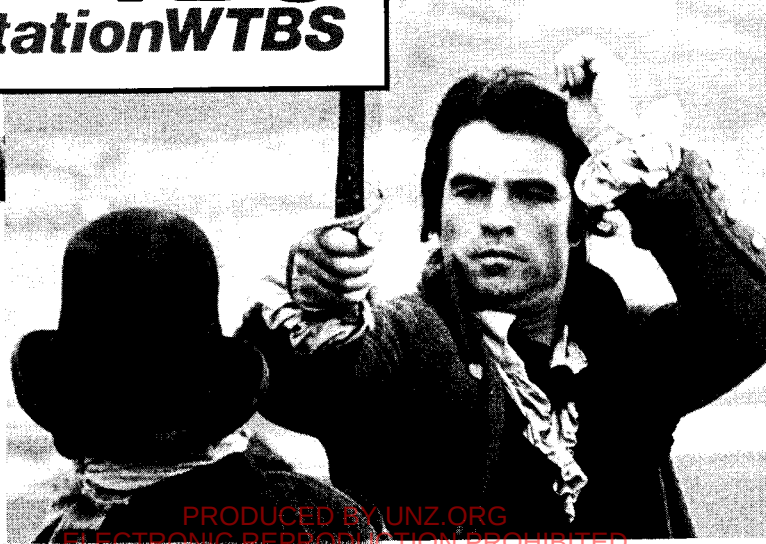
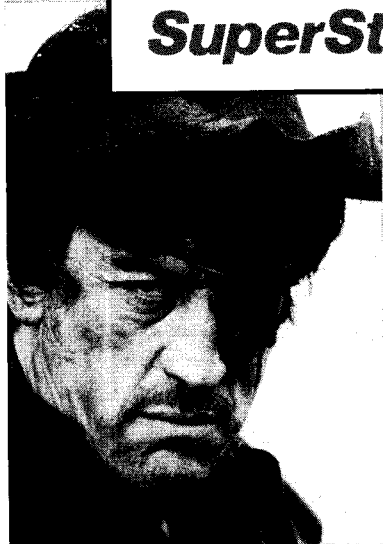
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The Soviet handbook was hardly flawless; it was incomplete, contradictory, sometimes duplicitous (although it did seem to corroborate the estimates in Feshbach's coal study). It was also mum about the blackout years. A great deal of information had apparently been "lost during the war," the standard and still quite serviceable evasion. Scholars continue to fill in the 1936–1956 period rather like a crossword puzzle. Information turns up unexpectedly. Feshbach once found a table on the Soviet population in 1948 and 1949 buried in an article on the Soviet watch industry.

Subsequent volumes of the Soviet handbook did not always represent an improvement. The 1960 edition—the last one to give any military data at all—put the number of women in the armed services at 632, which was ludicrous on its face. Feshbach eventually figured out that as many as 800,000 military personnel (including doctors, nurses, and construction troops) were being statistically "hidden" within the civilian economy. Misleading data were an occupational hazard, but the silver lining was that if the Soviets had scrupulously followed the guidelines of Stalin's 1947 secrecy act, they would not have divulged anything at all. "The 1950s were a time for stockpiling," Feshbach said. "It was the training period. The job was simply to get a basis for understanding. Only when we had this could we go on to other questions."

The evolution of Soviet studies since then is reflected in the titles of Feshbach's published work, written alone or with collaborators. The early nuts-and-bolts studies, such as *The Role of Trucks, Buses, and Aircraft* (1958) and *The Soviet Statistical System* (1960), gave way to more ambitious efforts, such as *Women in Soviet Agriculture* (1966), which in turn took a back seat, once enough pieces of the puzzle were in place, to broad evaluations of pressing policy issues in the USSR: *Prospects for Outmigration from Central Asia During the Next Decade* (1977), *Soviet Population Trends and Military Manpower* (1978), and the forthcoming survey of the quality of life in the Soviet Union. These days, enough information is in hand about most aspects of life in the USSR to imply the basic picture. Even when some crucial piece of evidence is missing, people like Feshbach often can find ways to reconstruct it. The abbreviated 1979 census (publication stopped in mid-1981 without explanation and then resumed haphazardly in 1982) provides ample opportunity to do so.

One of the many items deliberately left out of the few census pages published so far in *Vestnik statistiki* is population by age, and Feshbach was keen on knowing how many children there are under the age of ten. He spent a night combing through the journal until he came across a couple of entries under education. One was "population with higher education." Another was "number per thousand aged ten or older with higher education." Simple arithmetic produced the desired result. Feshbach divided the first figure by the second, multiplied by 1,000, subtracted the product from the total USSR population, and

thereby estimated the number of children under ten at 44 million. Then he broke it down by republic. "Of course," he said, "I was assuming that not many kids under ten had higher education, but that was pretty safe; I mean, Norbert Wiener's there aren't too many."

The interesting thing about the number of children under ten, of course, is how widely it varies from place to place. In the six Moslem republics, which are rural and where the cradles are perpetually full, one of every three people is younger than ten. In the urbanized Slavic and Baltic republics, where the divorce rate is high, where most women have to work, where families often must double up in apartments, and where "militant bachelorism" is a favorite complaint in social commentary, there are millions fewer children than there were ten years ago, and three times as many people over the age of sixty-five as there are in Central Asia.

"Here's the whole story," Feshbach said, grabbing a Soviet decree from his desk. He likes to punctuate his conversation by producing documentary exhibits and, surprisingly, given the chaos, he can lay his hands instantly on whatever he wants. "This is from the weekly *Report of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR*, announcing the latest recipients of the Mother-Heroine medal, which is given to mothers who have borne and raised ten or more children," Feshbach continued. "The Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet . . . confers the title Mother-Heroine on 66 multi-child mothers living in the Russian Republic, 55 in the Ukrainian SSR, 690 in the Uzbek SSR, 382 in the Kazakh SSR, 19 in the Moldavian SSR, 138 in the Turkmen SSR, and 1 in the Estonian SSR.' I really think Estonia is going out of business."

The irony is that all of the "pro-natalist" policies that the Soviet Union has adopted to get the Slavs to breed—the hundred-ruble bonus for a second child, the monthly payments to families with more than three children, the fines that witnesses to marriages in Moscow must sometimes pay when the newlyweds divorce within three months—have proved useless in the Russian Republic while working all too well where they were not needed: along the southern tier. A. I. Smirnov, the Gosplan spokesman, compared the enterprise with "irrigating a field during a rainstorm." A new batch of inducements was promulgated in 1981, and this time the Russians are taking no chances: the incentives go into effect at different times for different regions, with Central Asia, Kazakhstan, and the Transcaucasus bringing up the rear, a full year behind the Slavs and Balts.

THE FERTILITY DIFFERENTIAL IS NOT JUST A CURIOSITY, Feshbach explained; it has enormous consequences. For one thing, there could be 22 million more Moslems by the year 2000, while the total population of the country, thanks to the sluggish Slavs, is likely to be between 40 million and 50 million less than the 350 million

that was estimated by the Soviets only a few years ago. As late as 1976, the USSR's passenger-transportation experts were basing all their plans on projections that suddenly shrank by 15 percent. A serious labor shortage is already apparent (there were 2 million job vacancies in Soviet factories last year), especially in the industrial north, which is the source of 60 percent of the Soviet gross industrial product. During the 1980s, the labor situation will only worsen, with the population in the "able-bodied ages" (sixteen to fifty-nine for men, sixteen to fifty-four for women) growing every year at one fifth the rate it did during the 1970s, and almost all of that increment coming from the south.

The Moslems are not inclined to make up the deficit, however. They believe their land to be the cradle of civilization; to leave it is regarded as a sin against the *Ulus*, the community. The Russians have been trying with little success to put southerners to work on the Baikal-Amur railway, on the huge Non-Black Earth Zone agricultural project (a costly attempt to enlarge the Soviet Union's inadequate breadbasket), and at many new industrial sites in Sayansk, Ust-Ilimsk, and elsewhere. Apparently, you can send a Tadzhik to work at a factory in Sverdlovsk, double his pay, give him a twelve-room apartment for his growing family, and buy him a subscription to a Tadzhik newspaper, but six weeks later he will want to go home.

Reluctantly, the Kremlin has started relocating its industrial plant—moving highly labor-intensive enterprises, for example, into Central Asia. There is still the problem of getting the Moslems off the farm, however. Meanwhile, the Soviets are pulling in thousands of "guest workers" from fraternal socialist neighbors: Bulgarian lumberjacks, North Korean coal miners, Vietnamese laborers. (Hanoi is reportedly paying off its \$3 billion war debt to Moscow with people.)

The labor crunch poses a special dilemma for the army. Moscow does not publish many details, but Feshbach estimates that the Soviet military needs to draft some 1.7 million eighteen-year-old males every year to sustain its 4.5 million-man armed forces. In 1987, only 2,012,000 young men will be of draft age. Given the rate of exemptions and deferments (once around 30 percent, although steps are being taken to reduce this proportion), that means a shortfall for the army even if the needs of the civilian economy are ignored. There are obvious solutions to the problem, of course—limiting deferments and extending the length of service beyond the present two years. The hard part is setting priorities: making the tradeoffs between the Red Army and everything else.

"The military in the past largely got what the military wanted, but the present is not necessarily the past," Feshbach said. "A whole generation of young Soviets has not suffered the deprivations their parents and grandparents did. Their knowledge of what life is like in Eastern Europe—much better than it is in Russia, and many Soviets have seen this with their own eyes—and in the West is far more complete than it ever used to be."

Jokes about the lack of consumer goods have a hard edge to them. There is the story of a woman who left Russia as a child and returned fifty years later to a class reunion at her grade school. An official asked her if she could pick out her old boyfriend, and she did so at once. "How could you tell?" he asked, surprised. "Oh," she replied, "I recognized his overcoat." Shortages of basic commodities—food and clothing, primarily—mean long lines, a form of inflation in a society where prices are set by the state and do not rise with demand. "Time-budget" studies (based on interviews with immigrants from the USSR) reveal that Soviet women on the average spend 20 percent of their leisure time queueing up.

The fecund nationalities promise further woes for the military. Every year a growing proportion of all newborn children is going to be Moslem. Problems of language, education, and culture already plague the increasingly "yellow" Red Army. Even during the darkest days of World War II, when Stalin desperately needed more men, the Russians rarely deployed Central Asians as front-line troops (90 percent of all riflemen, for example, were Slavs). Today, Moslem draftees, lacking both the skills and the fluency in Russian required by a modern Soviet army (the driver-education course for new recruits now takes up to a year), are frequently assigned to construction details. They are virtually barred from any of the elite units, such as the strategic-rocket forces.

Recent experiments have changed few minds. While it has been Soviet policy since 1938 not to send reserve troops into adjacent territory, in December of 1979, Moscow sent two Central Asian regiments into contiguous Afghanistan along with regular army units. Those regiments have since been withdrawn. "There was a question not only about their fighting ability but also about what was happening to them as they were exposed to contemporary Moslem practice," Feshbach said.

HOLDING A CONVERSATION WITH FESHBACH—more accurately, letting him hold one with you—is like watching three television programs at once. At college, Feshbach's friends joked that he could hold a conversation while listening to a basketball game on the radio, and, somehow, when the game was finished, and the conversation was finished, all of Feshbach's homework would also be finished. As we talked that afternoon in his office, the phone was in use much of the time, incoming calls occurring randomly, outgoing ones apparently scheduled ("I have to make a call at 2:17"). He asked a Moscow-bound colleague to convey condolences to the widow of a friend. He talked to someone else about resettling a Russian-Jewish immigrant. He read aloud from an acerbic review of *Gorky Park* in the weekly *Literaturnaia Gazeta* ("a piece of ridiculous trash" designed to "discredit détente"). As he talked on the phone, he made little notes to himself and gestured to visitors. The computer down the

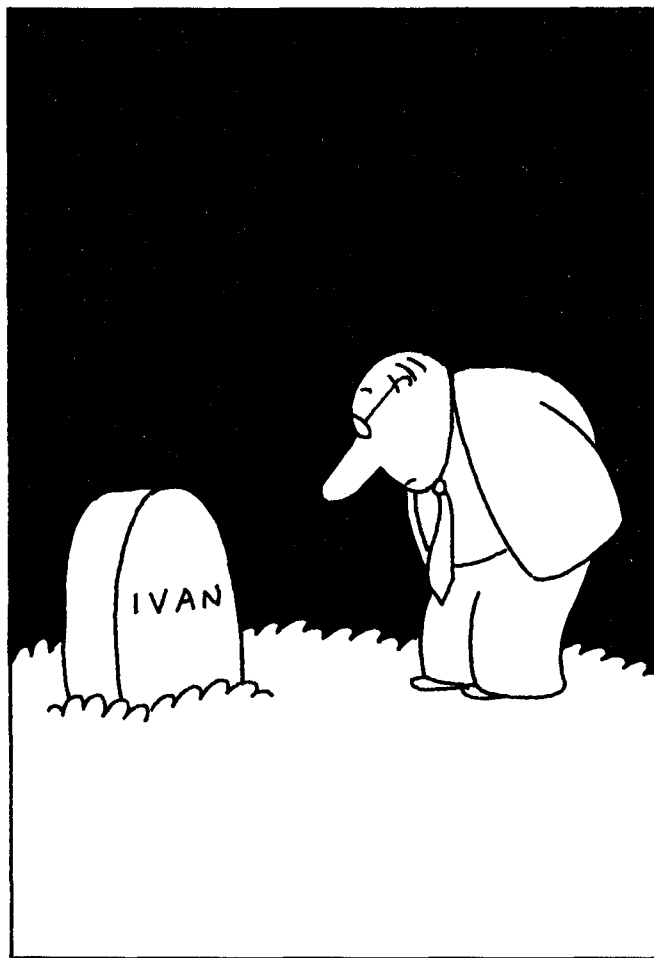
hall had generated some graphs illustrating another dimension of the population problems, and Feshbach spread them out for me while he spoke to someone in Chicago.

They showed a population being eaten away from two directions: not only by the enormous increase in infant mortality but also by premature deaths among twenty- to forty-four-year-old males. The men are in bad shape. Unlike the situation that has prevailed in the rest of the industrialized world since the 1950s, more women in the USSR become heads of household because their husbands have died than because of divorce. Moscow stopped publishing age-specific mortality data in 1975–1976, but Feshbach has re-created the missing statistics for the years since. If anything, his infant-mortality estimate may be too low, since the Soviets do not consider as having been born any child of less than twenty-eight weeks gestation, less than 1,000 grams in weight, or less than 35 centimeters in length who dies within seven days of birth.

"Infant mortality is a very good social barometer," Feshbach said—a point the Soviets used to emphasize, in very nearly the same words. "There has clearly been a serious deterioration in health. The Soviets have some very bad habits. They smoke and drink too much, even the women. They don't eat properly, especially the pregnant women. The environment is very bad. Plus the health-care system has serious problems. They're short of x-ray film and surgical instruments and even aspirin. They have none of the throwaway technology—the plastic syringes, the paper bedding, and so on. A lot we don't know, because the information was dropped from the yearbook."

Feshbach has been in a Soviet hospital only once—Botkin Hospital, the leading institution for those who lack access to the closed system reserved for the elite. He had twisted his ankle in a pothole while avoiding an onrushing car. A doctor at the British Embassy immobilized his foot with an elastic bandage and then the State Committee on Science and Technology ordered Feshbach to Botkin for an x-ray. He waited three hours. Finally his turn came. It was not the wait that has stuck most vividly in Feshbach's mind. It was not the paucity of lead shields in the radiology lab. It was the radiologist saying to her assistant as she removed the elastic bandage, "I've heard of these."

When it comes to bad health, the Soviets seem to stack the odds against themselves. Because no other means of contraception is made readily available (the result, perhaps, of the state's wish to increase population rather than to help limit it), the Soviets rely on abortions. Some 10 million or more are performed every year, between two and three for every live birth. The average Soviet woman will have four to five abortions in her lifetime, compared with 0.75 for U.S. women. The more abortions a woman has, the greater the chances of premature delivery when she chooses to bear a child, and the greater the chances then that the child will die. This problem is exacerbated by the abortion procedure employed by physicians in the USSR: frequently dilation and curettage rather than the



far less traumatic (for the mother, anyway) vacuum aspiration. Because most mothers must work, moreover, millions of infants are left in day-care centers. When a virus sweeps across the country, day-care centers take it on the jaw.

"You can understand why the Soviets have been holding back on the census," Feshbach said. "The results are so implicitly negative for the Russian leadership. As the problems of their economy and society get worse, they cut back on information. Since the signing of the Helsinki accords, in 1974, about thirty major items have disappeared from the statistical yearbook—this is in addition to things that *never* used to appear. The number of doctors by specialty has disappeared, together with some national income data and employment by industry. When I see something disappear, I get even more curious than I was."

NORTON DODGE HAD INVITED A SMALL GROUP OF Soviet scholars to Cremona, his nineteenth-century farmhouse on the Patuxent River in southern Maryland, for oysters on the half shell, oyster stew, crab casserole, cornbread, and chicken. The pilings offshore wore caps of osprey nests against the late-autumn wind. Feshbach was talking about Eurocurrency speculation by

Moscow's Bank Narodny in London when owlish Alexandre Bennigsen—an Orson Welles grown old, not fat—swept in from Paris. He embraced Feshbach; they kissed, Russian-style. Bennigsen is an authority on Soviet Moslems, who, he likes to say, had a thriving culture “when the Russians were still in the forest.” He ducked out for a radio interview and returned proudly to Feshbach a half-hour later. “I defended the Turks,” he declared. “You have a very broad definition of Turk,” Feshbach said, smiling. “He did very well,” Dodge said. “The interviewer always asked him the same question, but fortunately Alec came prepared with different answers.” It occurred to me that Feshbach himself has been doing just that for twenty-five years—coming up with different answers to a single question: What lies on the other side of the screen?

This is what all Sovietologists ask themselves, and a good place to hear them do it is at the Kennan Institute for Advanced Russian Studies. (The institute is named not for George F. Kennan, the historian and former ambassador to Moscow, but for his grandfather's first cousin of the same name, who was an explorer of Siberia and the author of the book *Siberia and the Exile System*.) I have stuck my head in there at least once a day for about five years. There is always some scholar around just aching to share a humorous morsel gleaned moments before from *Pravda*; or to display an article by Art Buchwald that *Literaturnaiia Gazeta* has reprinted as straight news on page one; or to explain for no reason in particular that when the Russians want to refer to the “big cheese,” they say instead the “big pine cone.” It is the lot of one staff member there to ascertain periodically the proficiency of the American translators on the Washington–Moscow hot line.

The Kennan Institute, an arm of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars, where I work, is lodged in the upper floors and towers of the old red-brick Smithsonian castle, on the Mall, and it was at the institute that I first observed Feshbach, a Kennan Fellow for a year. At meetings and conferences, under the rose window and Renaissance tapestry of the Wilson Center's library, he carefully worked the crowds, not flitting from group to group—Feshbach *never* flits—but making his way by a kind of peristalsis. “He's like a Jewish Lyndon Johnson,” someone once remarked from the sidelines, watching Feshbach throw himself into a reception.

After I was introduced to Feshbach, we would linger long over lunch in the fellows' dining commons, Feshbach diagramming points on napkins, explaining three unfavorable projections of Soviet GNP in the year 2000, and wondering if the Soviets would this time muddle through as they always had before or if the burden of military spending on a sluggish, low-growth, low-investment economy would ultimately force a major change in policy. “There are ‘muddle-through’ believers in this town,” he would say, “and there are ‘burden’ believers. I happen to be a burden believer, and I think the people in Moscow are going to modify the practice of giving the military a blank check.

Even though I believe this, they still haven't done it. It isn't logical that they still haven't done it, but, nevertheless, they haven't.”

The better one gets to know Feshbach and his colleagues, the more one appreciates the fragility of Soviet studies as an enterprise. Its practitioners are spread thin, as if to ensure that there will always be someone to hear the tree falling in the woods. Its sources are brittle, its methods often improvised. It is undermanned and largely at the mercy of external circumstance: the Korean War and Sputnik sent its fortunes soaring, while détente and recession have acted as a drogue parachute. Owing to budget cutbacks in both government and academe, jobs for younger specialists today are scarce. College students are going into other fields. The number of Ph.D.s granted annually in Soviet studies has sunk to pre-1965 levels, and enrollments in Russian-language courses at American universities have declined by more than a third during the past decade. Latin is now more popular on campuses. The depletion in the ranks is so serious that Congress is considering a bill to create a \$50 million “Soviet Bloc Research and Training Fund.” Last October, W. Averell Harriman and his family gave \$11.5 million to Columbia University's Russian Institute (which, as a result of the gift, was renamed in Harriman's honor), in order to help revive Soviet studies in this country. Meanwhile the first generation of Sovietologists is fading into retirement. Hedrick Smith says, “There won't be many Murray Feshbachs around a decade from now, and we will pay dearly for that.”

Over the desk in Feshbach's office is a photograph, taken at a conference, of most of the men and women in Feshbach's field, and he will be sitting underneath it for the next ten years or so, as many of those faces drop out of active research. That disturbs him. But for the time being he has other fish to fry. He has a class to teach every semester, dissertations to supervise, and a half-dozen projects of his own to finish. Possibly the Soviets will release the rest of their 1979 census results for Feshbach to go to work on, though he is not optimistic, remembering that most of the data from the 1959 census are still under lock and key.

“When are you going to publish some more?” Feshbach once asked Petr Pod'yachikh, director of the USSR's Census Administration, about the 1959 data. Pod'yachikh smiled, went to his safe, and pulled out a bulky mimeographed document. “We have it all,” he said, “down to the county level.” Feshbach asked, “Can I have a copy?” Oh no, the answer came, it doesn't pay to make just one copy. “All right, I'll take three, I'll take five.” But Pod'yachikh coolly returned the papers to the safe and spun the dial. “No, Murray,” he said.

Peering from behind his bifocals, sifting among the drifts of paper on his desk, Feshbach stifles the memory of that playful act of cruelty. “They're trying to keep me from understanding,” he explains, “and I'm not going to let them.” □

So much for the voice of doom

According to the doomsayers of this or any other age, the world is forever coming apart, if not always coming to an end.

The world, in its topsy-turvy way, goes on nevertheless—in spite of human crises and natural catastrophes that might, in many cases, be averted.

There are those who would toll the bells prematurely for industries, too, as if the rise of something new must inevitably bring about the fall of something that came before.

In the eyes of many short-sighted seers, for example, Thomas Edison's invention of the kinetoscope was sure to lead to the rise of the talking picture and the fall of radio; and, years later, Vladimir Zworykin's development of the first practical television system was sure to lead to the eclipse of the talking picture.

Each of those industries—radio, films and television—remains a dynamic force. So, significantly enough, does the industry that many once believed would be swept away, if not by radio, then surely by films, and if not by films, then surely by television.

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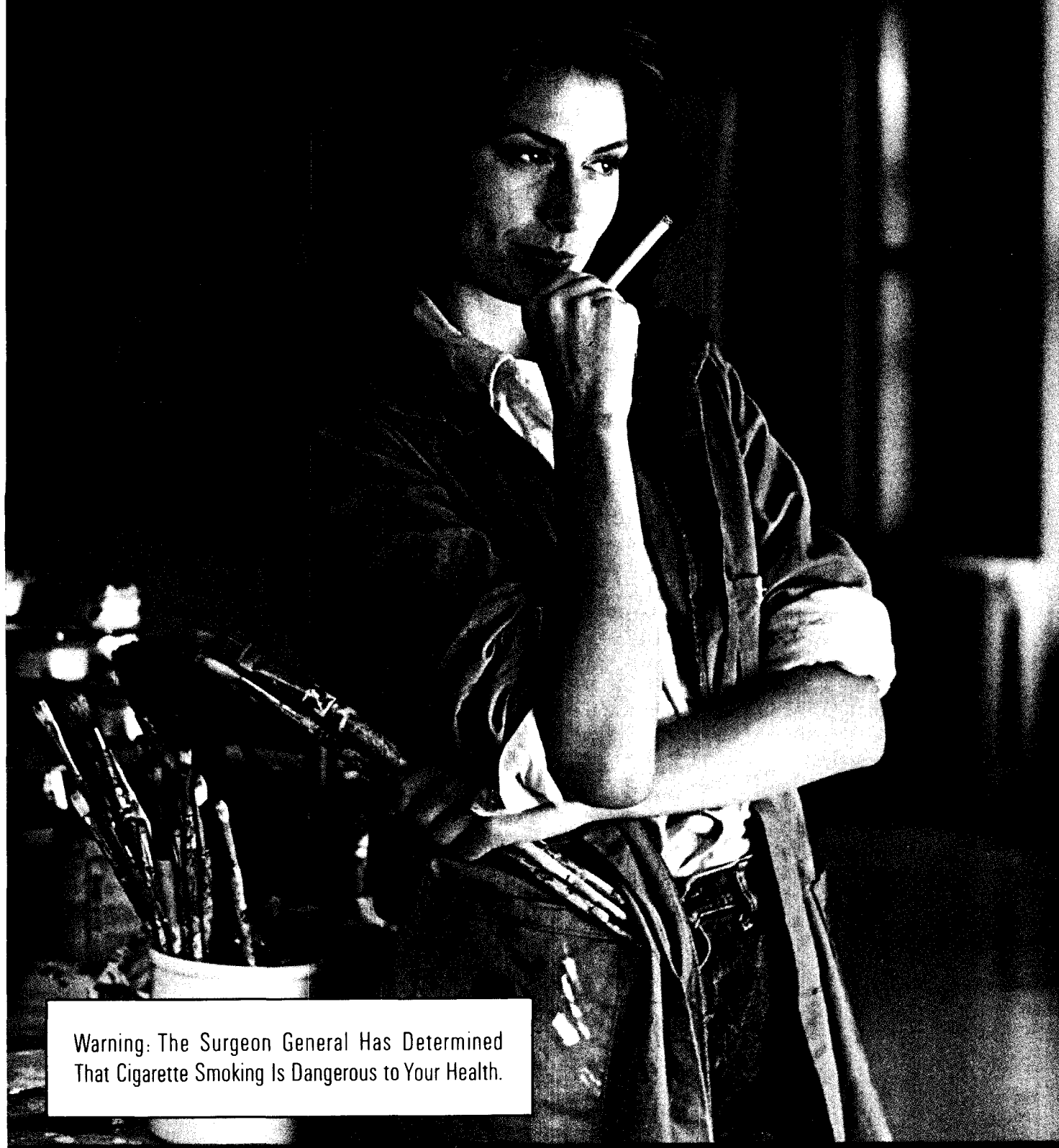
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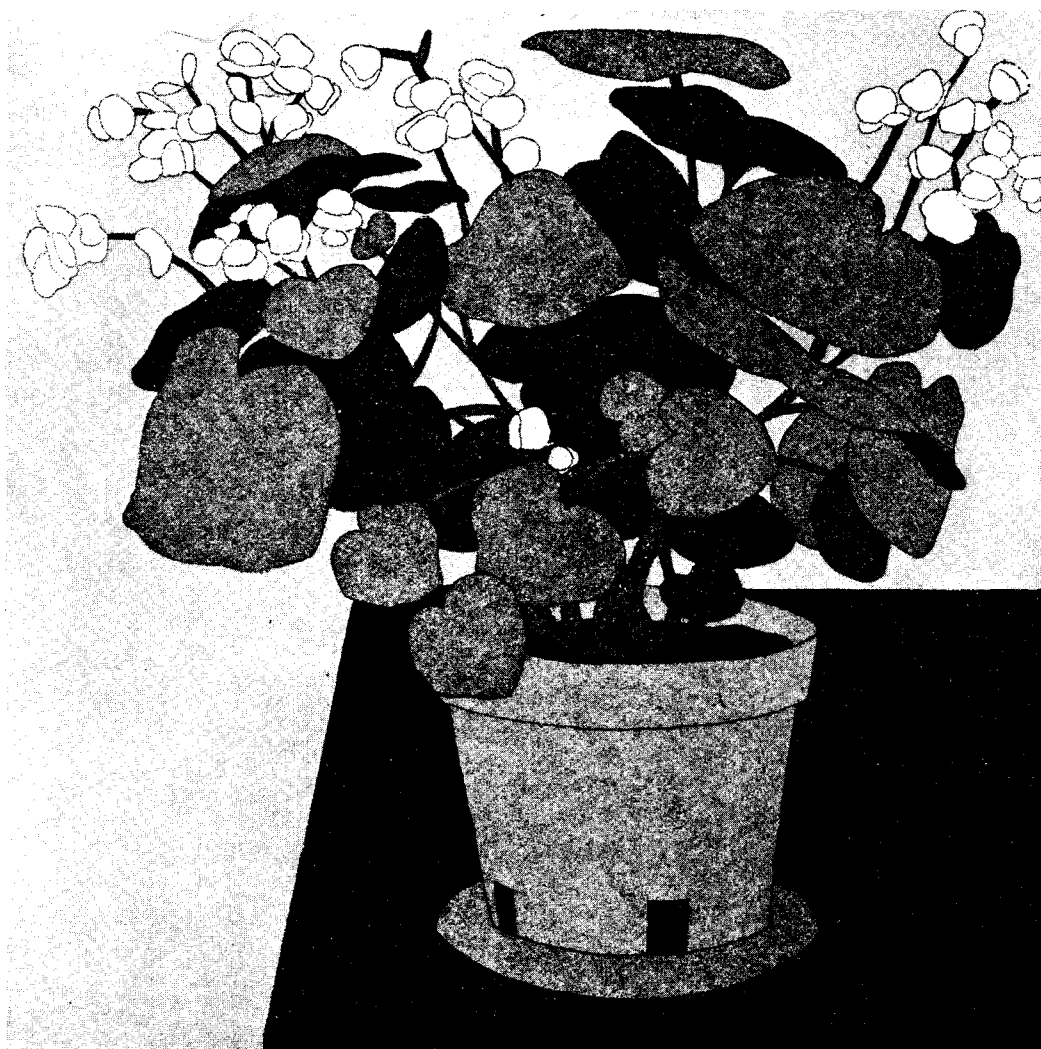
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MRS. SIX LEGS

A SHORT STORY
BY EDWARD MINUS

SHE LIKED TO STOP AT AN OPEN WINDOW, MOVE HER hands onto the cool metal at the front of the contraption she was leaning on, and imagine she was standing at the railing of a ship. She hated it when Helen, her daughter-in-law, failed to call her to dinner until the last minute, so that the others had to wait while she crept across the room; she felt as if she were stuck in a turnstile and never would get through. Helen often seized that time to fire questions at her: had she taken her pills? had she turned off the blanket? She might as well have been standing in a witness box, on trial.

Tonight, because she was wearing a long dress that hid her ugly shoes and because she was excited by the prospect

of guests, she imagined, as she moved down the hallway toward the living room, that she was on a bicycle. She gave the right rubber handgrip an extra little squeeze, fully expecting to hear a bell. And, indeed, she did hear a bell. Far off. Long ago. It made her think of her son Merrick's first bike. How old had he been then? Seven? Eight? That was close to fifty years ago. And yet she remembered it quite clearly. She really did have a remarkable memory. Unless, of course, she was imagining again. Seeing things. One of Helen's favorite games was to ask her for a specific recollection—her first day at school, her first ride in an automobile—and then to appear incredulous, almost indignant, if she said she didn't remember. So now, if she didn't

ILLUSTRATION BY GLENNA LANG

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remember, she simply made something up. And she noted, with a good deal of satisfaction, that Helen greeted the lies and the truth with precisely the same mixture of suspicion and boredom. She also noted that as soon as she had uttered one of these lies, it took on a sort of reality, and she could no longer be sure that it *was* a lie.

Merrick had built a fire. She heard it crackling even before she got to the doorway and saw the yellow flames.

"Oh, wonderful," she murmured. "I'm so glad to see you." She was seldom warm in this house.

Dazzled by the firelight, she had not noticed the young man, who now stood up. He thought she had been speaking to him.

"I'm glad to see you, too," he said. "You certainly do look nice."

"You're just too kind," she said. "I did want to look nice, but it's not very easy when you're eighty-nine years old."

She expected him to protest, as so many people did, that she did not look anywhere close to eighty-nine. But he said nothing. Just turned and stared into the fire.

"I thought I'd better get situated before the guests begin to arrive." Merrick had put her cushion in one of the chairs next to the fireplace, and, with a slow and awkward effort, bearing down on the walker, she lowered herself into place. Then the young man sat back down too. His name (she now remembered) was Belton. He was Helen's youngest brother. He had dropped in out of nowhere several weeks before, and showed no signs of leaving. He had bushy black hair and a bushy black beard and seemed to spend most of his time watching television. He was generally quiet, even sullen, but he was always very polite to her. More than polite, really: he acted as if they shared a secret. He was much less polite to Merrick, and she had decided that he must be Helen's pawn. Helen must have said to herself, If I have to put up with your mother, then you'll have to put up with Belton. And if you can't put up with Belton, even though you're off at work eight hours a day, five days a week, then how do you expect me to put up with Mrs. Six Legs?

At the dinner table, Belton and Merrick often got into arguments, usually on the subject of politics, and even though she could not follow these arguments, she could tell that Merrick almost always came out the loser—maybe just because he did most of the talking. He ended up stammering and sputtering while Belton and Helen laughed in his face. Poor Merrick had never been the brightest boy in the world. If he hadn't had his daddy's good solid business to ease into, there was no telling what might have become of him. But he had always been just as sweet as he could be. And friendly to everybody. And righteous as the day was long.

"Did you see the flower Merrick gave me?"

"No, ma'am, I don't believe I did."

"Merrick has always brought me flowers on his birthday, ever since he was a young man."

"What a lovely custom."

"Yes, I think so." She had the feeling that from now on Belton would give flowers to *his* mother on *his* birthday. It was so satisfying to see how easily thoughtfulness and kindness could multiply and spread.

Just then, Merrick himself came into the room, bringing her a glass of cranberry juice. He had on a baby-blue turtleneck sweater, a navy blazer, and light-gray pants. And what was left of his hair was combed even more neatly than usual. Combed with water.

"Well, now, don't you look handsome, though."

"You look pretty glamorous yourself."

"Oh, I know better than that," she said, ducking her head and holding her right hand palm up and bent back from the wrist, as if to deflect the compliment. Or carry a tray. "I was just telling Belton here about the beautiful plant you gave me. I wish you'd bring it out here, so everybody can enjoy it. Nobody ever goes back into my little cubbyhole."

"All right, then."

Belton was staring at the fire again.

"Would you like some cranberry juice, Belton?"

"No, thank you, ma'am. I've already had a glass of wine. Two, in fact."

"I'm afraid I'm always the sore thumb. I just can't seem to appreciate spirits. But I think this fruit juice is such a beautiful color."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Especially in the firelight."

"Yes, ma'am."

Merrick came back empty-handed.

"Helen says there's just not room enough here for your plant right now. She needs the tabletop space to put out some cheese and crackers and some pâté. Sorry, Mama."

"Oh." She sounded wounded, and glanced helplessly around the room. Her suspicion had been confirmed. The plant Merrick had given her, a small white begonia, loaded with blossoms, was artificial. She was sure of it now. She was not as blind or as dumb as they thought she was. She had caught those sidelong glances they shot at each other when he presented it to her. Her eyesight was still remarkably good; her mind, most days, was clear and sharp. It was Merrick, as much as she hated to say it, who just wasn't very clever. This was the first time he had ever given her artificial flowers. And to pretend that they were real made it even worse. Not only was he lying to her but he was also trying his best to make a fool out of her. No wonder Helen didn't want the plant out here where the guests could see how cheap and tacky Merrick and Helen could be when it came to doing things for her. And she did not doubt for a minute that getting something artificial had been Helen's idea. It seemed to cause Helen physical pain to spend money on anything that would just be thrown

away. Everything they gave her now was something they could use when she was gone. The clothes Helen gave her at Christmas and on her birthday were the colors and the styles that Helen herself liked best.

"Tell me again who's coming tonight, Merrick."

He went over the list of names once more, haltingly, and once more it seemed to her that many of Helen's friends had been invited, but few of his.

HELEN CAME INTO THE ROOM HOLDING A SMALL round tray in each hand, and set them down on the tables at the ends of the couch. Then she straightened up and looked around the room.

"Let's put this out of the way for the time being," she said. "It may get a bit crowded in here." And she whisked the walker out of sight before a word of protest could be uttered. Helen knew full well that she preferred to keep the walker within easy reach; she did not like having to ask someone to fetch it for her, disliked being reminded, and reminding others, of her helplessness, her dependency.

Merrick brought her cheese and a cracker on a napkin, and Helen came back in with a larger tray holding two carafes of wine and glasses.

"Do you remember your first bicycle, Merrick?"

"No, Mother, I'm afraid I don't."

"Bright blue. And with a silver bell on the handlebar." "Isn't she a wonder?" Helen said.

Do you remember your first wife, Merrick? I always thought Trudy was such a sweet girl. So considerate.

She knew, of course, what his response to that would be: You certainly kept that a deep dark secret while we were married, Mother. And he was right, of course, she would have to admit it. Not until after they had separated had she begun to find Trudy even halfway bearable. And now—in contrast to Helen—Trudy seemed an absolute angel. Absence certainly does make the heart grow fonder. Every single day, for example, when Merrick was at work, she missed him; and yet, when he got back home in the evening, he never really seemed altogether himself, and she could never be quite certain just what she had missed.

"Doesn't Helen look pretty tonight, Mother?"

"She certainly does, dear. Just as pretty as a picture."

Helen had on a long, pale-orange skirt and a long-sleeved white blouse with a panel of lace down the front and a large brooch at the neck. And perhaps just a shade too much makeup. Helen pretended that this whole affair was exclusively for Merrick—but it wasn't hard to see through that. It was really an occasion, almost an excuse, for Helen to show off. Her new clothes. Her new haircut. The new wallpaper in the dining room. Her excellence as a cook. Her charm as a hostess. Her devotedness as a daugh-



WHITE CLOVER

Once when the moon was out about three-quarters
and the fireflies who are the stars
of backyards
were out about three-quarters
and about three-fourths of all the lights
in the neighborhood
were on because people can be at home,
I took a not so innocent walk
out among the lawns,
navigating by the light of lights,
and there there were many hundreds of moons
on the lawns
where before there was only polite grass.
These were moons on long stems,
their long stems giving their greenness
to the center of each flower
and the light giving its whiteness to the tops

of the petals. I could say
it was light from stars
touched the tops of flowers and no doubt
something heavenly reaches what grows outdoors
and the heads of men who go hatless,
but I like to think we have a world
right here, and a life
that isn't death. So I don't say it's better
to be right here. I say this is where
many hundreds of core-green moons
gigantic to my eye
rose because men and women had sown green grass,
and flowered to my eye in man-made light,
and to some would be as fire in the body
and to others a light in the mind
over all their property.

—Marvin Bell

ter-in-law. Oh, yes, even Mrs. Six Legs herself was something to be shown off. Living proof—dying proof—of how kind and caring they were.

She had no doubt at all as to what was expected of her—she had only to act the humble and grateful (and remarkable) object of charity. But she knew as well as she knew her own name that charity had very little to do with her presence in this household. It was economy at best; avarice, pride, and hypocrisy at worst.

Soon after she had come here, less than two years ago, she had overheard Helen say to a friend, “Oh, no, we never even considered a nursing home. Even the best of them, I’m afraid, seem not much better than concentration camps. And besides, we feel it’s very important that the generations not be segregated. We want Mrs. Carr to be a part of our lives, and we want to be a part of her life. I mean, think of all those years of living, all those years of experience. She’s an invaluable resource—of understanding, of wisdom, of insight. We have no intention of letting such a resource go to waste.”

The fact was, neither of them could abide the thought of all that money going to waste, draining away into a nursing home. For her part, she had had several close friends who had lived out their days quite contentedly in nursing homes. And their fate seemed more and more attractive to her. She was especially impressed by Longview, where Aileen Kinnian had flourished cozily for fifteen years. If she could have been certain that the money would last as long as she did, she would have insisted on being shipped off posthaste. It was all a matter of timing. What she found especially appealing was the possibility that she and the money might somehow manage to expire simultaneously. But for the present, for the moment, she could put up with things as they were. She could endure being snubbed, ignored, pitied, patronized—if only for the sake of the opportunity to help Merrick see the error of his ways.

WHEN THE GUESTS BEGAN TO ARRIVE, THOSE who wanted something stronger than wine were ushered by Helen through the dining room and into the kitchen, and from there they wandered back up the hallway. The others came directly into the living room with Merrick. Sooner or later they all got presented to her. Several of them she knew by name, others looked vaguely familiar, and still others she thought she had never met before. Almost every one of them commented on how well she looked, and more than one of them said to Merrick something on the order of “Isn’t she remarkable?” As if she were his child, instead of the other way around.

A broad-faced man with bright blue eyes and whiskey on his breath said, “I find it hard to believe that anybody as young and lively as you are could have a son going on sixty.”

“Sometimes I find it a little hard to believe myself,” she

told him. She did not add that there were also times when it was all too easy.

She had started telling a couple named Maultsby about the years she and Merrick, Sr., had spent in Mexico, when Helen interrupted—interrupted not only her but everybody else as well. She had to have the attention of the whole room.

“Before we go in to dinner, I want to ask all of you to share a little surprise with Merrick. Pelham, Morris, will you do the honors?” Two of the men left the room, and a moment later she thought she heard the door to the terrace being opened. She did not understand what was happening, but she judged from the way the others were looking at each other and speaking in hushed voices that she was not alone.

When the two men came back, they were carrying a piece of furniture with a red ribbon around it. As they entered the room, everyone began to sing “Happy Birthday.” Not until they set the piece down in the middle of the floor was she able to tell what it was—a small desk. At the end of the song, everyone applauded, and Merrick gave Helen a hug and a kiss. He looked genuinely surprised and delighted. As well he might have been. It was a beautiful desk. Black walnut, she thought. Very plain. Small but solid. Graceful but sturdy. Everyone was ooohing and aaahing.

“Where in the world did you find it, Helen?” This was a woman named Gladys Welker.

“It’s from the old Hartlee place. I bought it several months ago. I’ve been working on it over in the Kizers’ garage.”

“You refinished it by yourself?”

“All by my lonesome. And it was in pretty dreadful shape, I can tell you.”

“Well, you’ve certainly done a marvelous job.”

“Absolutely professional.”

“It’s beautiful. Just lovely.”

And this, of course, was what she had done it for. For this praise, this attention. Not for Merrick at all. Even so, that did not detract from the object itself. The lines were perfect, and the dark, almost chocolaty, wood had been oiled and rubbed until it glowed with a deep soft luster.

“How old is it?” she asked Helen. “Do you know?”

“Carroll Hartlee says 1850s.”

“Goodness gracious,” she said, “even older than me.”

Everyone laughed. “I’m enormously grateful to you, Helen. I feel positively young by comparison. If only I looked that serviceable.”

And so, having snatched for herself at least a scrap of the limelight, she felt a bit soothed. Moments later, she motioned to Belton, who brought the walker and helped her get to her feet. She began to make her way toward the dining room. By the time she got to the table, Helen was placing the last of the dishes on the sideboard.

“Where do you want me, dear?”

“Down here at the end, please, ma’am.”

"And where is Merrick?"

"He's at the opposite end."

That was deliberate, of course. She had put them as far apart as possible, and once the candles were lighted they would not even be able to see each other. Ah, well. She had suffered worse deprivations. She took her place. The others had begun to drift in.

Helen set a plateful of food in front of her, and she realized at once that the main dish, of which she had been given a generous portion, was beef Burgundy. Ordinarily she ate anything and everything that was placed in front of her—for conscience' sake, if for no other reason. But she could never, as Helen knew quite well, bring herself to eat anything that reeked of alcohol. So the menu, too, was quite calculated. She would seem to the others to be persnickety, ungrateful—an impression Helen would doubtless confirm behind her back. There was also rice pilaf—that she could manage. But the vegetables were raw. Even the broccoli and the cauliflower. Raw. Hard as wood.

She considered, for a moment, asking Belton to bring the artificial begonia out of her room and set it in the middle of the table. But she soon thought better of that. She was afraid that if Helen were pushed too far she would trot out, in front of all these strangers, that dreadful joke she was so fond of.

Reverend Bride: Could I speak with Mrs. Carr, please, Helen?

Helen: I'm afraid Mrs. Carr is in bed with arthritis.

Reverend Bride: Arthur who?

She did not believe for a second that Reverend Bride had ever said any such thing. If he had, he was an even greater discredit to his calling than she already thought. But, of course, that was just what Helen wanted her to think, that was why she had invented that tasteless story in the first place: it was a clever way of insulting her and the preacher and the church all at the same time.

The room was becoming more and more crowded, most of the guests still waiting their turn at the sideboard. Merrick tapped a knife against a water glass.

"Since my mother is the one who bears the ultimate responsibility (some might say blame) for this occasion, I feel that she is the one who should have the honor of returning thanks."

This was not altogether unexpected. Even so, she could not resist a triumphant glance in Helen's direction before bowing her head.

"Our Gracious Heavenly Father. We ask an especial blessing tonight on the kind and generous soul whose birthday we are celebrating. May his life continue, as it has in the past, to be rich and good in thy service. We also ask thy blessing on his lovely wife, Trudy, who has worked so hard to prepare this delicious meal for our nourishment. And we ask thy blessing on the friends and loved ones who have gathered here to help us celebrate. We give thanks in Jesus' name and for his sake. Amen."

THE NEXT MORNING SHE STAYED IN HER ROOM UNTIL she heard Helen leave the house. (Merrick had left half an hour earlier.) She was still at the breakfast table when Belton came down. He looked as if he had just crawled out of bed; he was barefooted, puffy-eyed. He poured himself a cup of coffee.

"Would you do me a favor, please, Belton, before you go back upstairs?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Would you get the plant Merrick gave me—it's on the dresser in my room—and put it in the living room for me?"

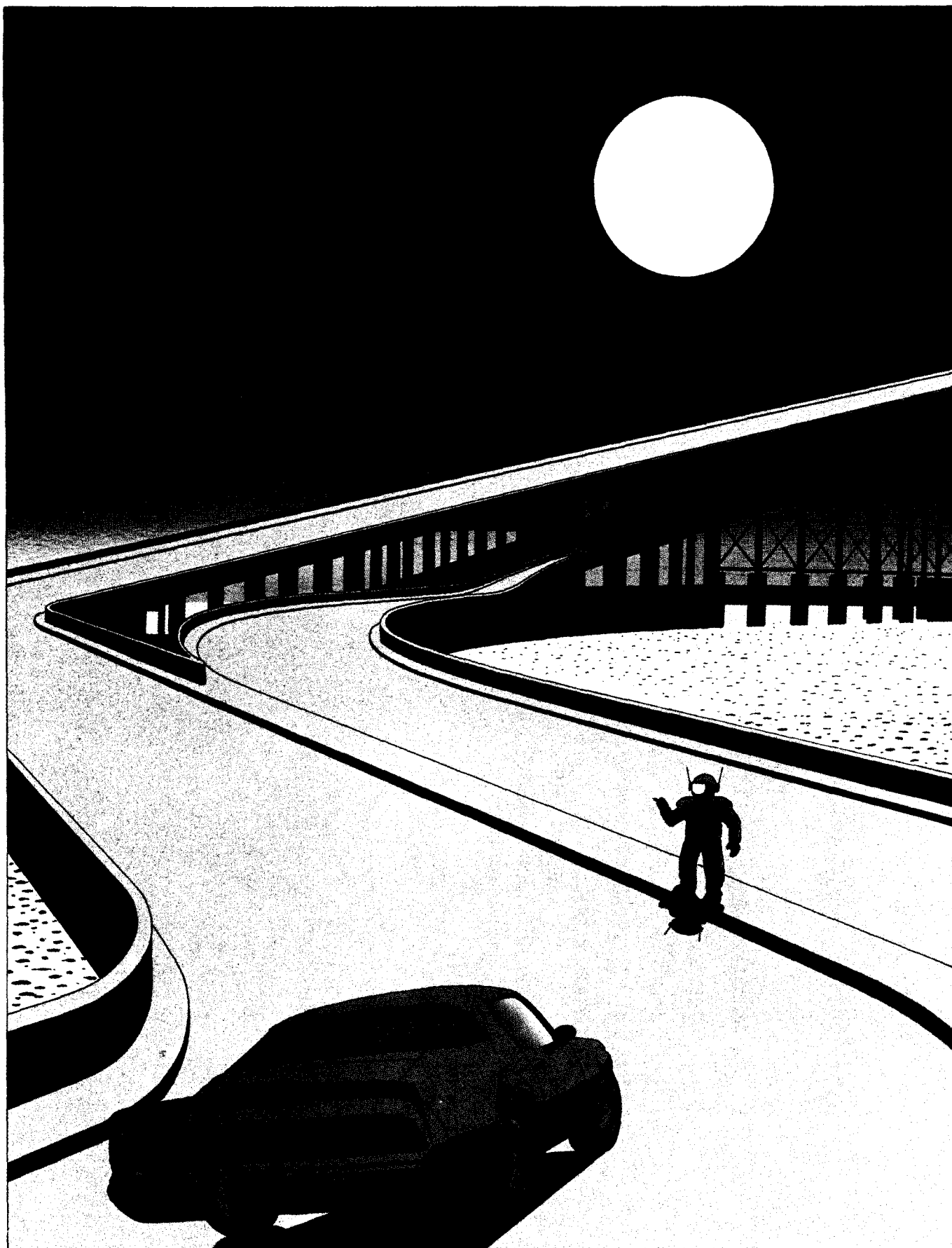
"Yes, ma'am."

After she finished her breakfast, she started up the hallway. She always moved even more slowly than usual early in the morning. Her legs felt like sticks.

She came to a stop at the doorway to the living room. The small bookcase that had sat between the two south windows had been wedged in beside the piano, and the new desk was in its place. In the morning sunlight, it looked even prettier than she had remembered. And Belton had set the begonia on top of it. Even the begonia looked pretty from a distance. She could not say the same for the room itself, which had not been touched since last night. The air was stale and bitter, the ashtrays unemptied, glasses here and there, half a piece of cake on the coffee table, and in one of the carafes perhaps a glassful of white wine. She picked up the carafe, held its neck in the circle of her thumb and fingers, and, with her forearm resting on the bar of the walker, moved even more slowly and awkwardly toward the windows. When she got close to the desk, she saw that Belton had very thoughtfully placed a round ceramic tile under the plastic container that held the begonia. Bracing her elbow in the angle where the desk top touched the wall, she poured a bit of the wine into the fabric-like leaves of the plant. Seconds later the liquid began to seep out of the bottom of the pot and to trickle across the tile. As each rivulet flowed over the rim of the tile and onto the desk, she was prepared to blot it with the sleeve of her bed jacket. But instead of running across the smooth dark wood, each tiny stream followed the curve of the tile, so that for a moment or two the ceramic disc was encircled by a shiny wire of water, which slowly disappeared. She was quite entranced. Then she remembered that the tile had a green-felt pad on the bottom. That pad was acting as a blotter. She poured some more of the wine into the plant and watched the phenomenon repeat itself, leaving only a barely perceptible film of moisture on the tile. Then she emptied the carafe. It occurred to her that she might be able to water the plant for several days, maybe longer, before being discovered. And when she was discovered, what would she say? If Belton had left by then, she might blame it on him. If not, she would simply say, "But the leaves felt so dry. How was I to know it wasn't real? It certainly looks real. Besides, you've never in your life given me anything artificial before. Now have you? Why didn't you tell me?" □

LIFT

BY GUY BILLOUT



"A masterpiece"

"When 'Least Heat Moon' (the translation of the tribal name in his mixed blood) lost his job in a college in Missouri, he got a half-ton Ford van, packed a few necessities including *Leaves of Grass* and Neihardt's *Black Elk Speaks*, and set out to follow the track of various ancestors and write a book about America. The book is called *BLUE HIGHWAYS*, and it is a masterpiece....Least Heat Moon has a genius for finding people who have not even found themselves, exploring their lives, capturing their language, and recreating little (or big) lost worlds, or moments. In short, he makes America seem new, in a very special way, and its people new. *BLUE HIGHWAYS* is a magnificent and unique tour."

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Blue Highways

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*Misguided environmental theory threatens
the survival of the grizzly*

THE LAST BEARS OF YELLOWSTONE

BY ALSTON CHASE



"IN THE YELLOWSTONE," WROTE A VISITOR IN 1909, "bears are as the autumn leaves," and indeed, since Yellowstone Park was founded, in 1872, bears and Yellowstone have seemed inseparable. For three generations of Americans, coming to the Park was nearly synonymous with coming to see bears. For these travelers, it was the black bear—*Ursus americanus*, the impish, appealing, but destructive and sometimes dangerous clown who prowled the campgrounds and begged along the roads, blocking traffic and causing "bearjams"—that provided many a vacation's thrills.

Few ever saw the grizzly—*Ursus arctos*, or silvertip, as westerners call him. But he remained in Yellowstone as a remnant of a species that once roamed throughout western North America. Much larger than the black, ranging up to 1,200 pounds, wilder and more unpredictable, this bear, easily identified by its humped shoulders, long hind feet, broad muzzle, and long gray guard hairs, usually stayed away from human beings. But his presence was felt. It instilled in the hearts of backcountry hikers the most authentic of wilderness emotions: awe. Knowing the silvertip was there, they knew they were in truly untamed country. The grizzly—with its reputation for ferocity, its intolerance of human beings, its need for great range—had rightly become a symbol of wild America.

As you enter the Park today, you will still be reminded of the bears. At the entrance, a familiar sign reads, "Bears and other large Animals are Dangerous . . . View from a Safe Distance." At the gate, the ranger will give you an information packet that includes a yellow sheet, "About Bears," warning you to "enjoy them at a distance." As you drive through or as you hike in the backcountry, you will most certainly see elk, deer, antelope, bison, mountain

sheep, eagles, and ospreys. But you almost certainly will not see any bears. Last summer, I drove more than 5,000 miles in Yellowstone. During each of the past dozen years, I have spent weeks in the Park. During the past decade, I have hiked more than 1,000 miles of the Yellowstone backcountry. Yet I have not seen a bear by a road in Yellowstone since 1972. I have not seen a bear in the backcountry since 1974. Nor have I met anyone, except National Park Service employees, who claims to have seen a bear along a road in years. Larry Roop, a bear biologist for the state of Wyoming and a member of the Interagency Grizzly Bear Study Team, who flies over the Park several times a week looking for bears in areas best suited for them, has not, he tells me, seen a black bear in two years.

Where have all the bears gone?

If you ask a ranger at one of Yellowstone's visitor centers where the bears are, he will tell you the bears have gone wild: that they are there, but out of sight. The Park, he will say, has for twelve years pursued a policy of weaning bears from human food, to produce free-ranging populations of blacks and grizzlies. This program has been successful, you will be told: now all bears are truly wild, afraid of man, and living in the backcountry.

If you want to study the situation, the ranger will supply you with "fact sheets." From these you will learn that "all our information indicates that about as many black bears inhabit the park now, approximately 650, as when the park was established," and that "an estimated 350 [grizzlies] inhabit the Yellowstone ecosystem."

Unfortunately, I'm afraid, there is not a shred of truth in what you will have been told. The bears have not gone wild. They are simply gone. There never was a scientific field study that claimed there were 650 black bears in Yellowstone, and no scientific study of the black bear has been done since 1967. According to Richard Knight, director of the Interagency Grizzly Bear Study Team, a group that for

Alston Chase, the author of Group Memory, is at work on a book about Yellowstone.

nine years has been conducting all Park research on the bears, fewer than 200 grizzlies inhabit the entire Yellowstone area; of these, fewer than seventy are adults and fewer than thirty are adult females. Nineteen cubs are born a year, and grizzly-bear fertility and longevity are declining. About thirty grizzlies, he thinks, are killed each year.

These grizzlies belong to a small population that inhabits parts of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, and Washington. Currently, not more than 600 to 1,000 live south of Canada, and numbers throughout this area are declining. Although substantial populations still exist in Canada and parts of Alaska, most experts agree that their continued survival is in doubt.

For the Yellowstone grizzly this decline has been dramatic. As late as 1967, according to the National Academy of Sciences and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, grizzly-bear populations in Yellowstone were "viable and self-sustaining." Yet by 1975 the grizzly was declared a "threatened" species in the lower forty-eight states. Since 1975, its decline has, if anything, accelerated. No one today in a position to know is optimistic about its future.

The decline of the black bear, although it has drawn less attention, has been even more precipitous. In 1965, according to the only study done on black bears, there were 899 sightings of black bears in one season along the roads of Yellowstone. Yet Knight, Roop, and other researchers confirm that there are today even fewer blacks in the Park than there are grizzlies.

What has happened to the bears?

The answer, as we shall see, is freighted with paradox.



DURING THE WINTER OF 1961–1962, THE PARK SERVICE began what was intended to be a quiet hunt. Rangers were assigned the task of systematically culling the northern Yellowstone elk herd. Unfortunately, their work was neither quiet nor systematic. Many thought that the killing was indiscriminate, and word leaked out. Many elk that were to be butchered and sent to orphanages, prisons, and reservations were left to rot. Altogether 4,283 animals were killed. The public outcry was enormous.

This official hunt was part of a longstanding Park policy to contain the numbers of the northern Yellowstone elk. To prevent overgrazing, Park officials reduced the herd by periodic hunts such as this one, and by transfers of elk to zoos and game ranges. By the winter of 1961–1962, the herd

had grown to more than 10,000 on a range then believed to have a carrying capacity of 5,000. The reduction of 1962 brought their numbers down to 5,700, but word of the slaughter spread, and so did demands that it never occur again.

The secretary of the interior, Stewart Udall, established a committee to evaluate the Park Service game-management program. This committee, the Advisory Board on Wildlife Management, was chaired by A. Starker Leopold, professor of zoology at the University of California and son of the great naturalist Aldo Leopold.

Leopold saw his charge in broad terms. "We knew," he recently told me, "the world was looking at us. If we were to recommend public hunting of elk, parks in Africa would feel pressed to permit the public hunting of elephant. We decided that we would develop a philosophy of management that could be applied universally."

In March of 1963, the "Leopold Report," as it came to be known, was sent to Udall. This report's recommendations, its authors admitted, were "stupendous."

"As a primary goal," it said, "we would recommend that the biotic associations within each park be maintained, or where necessary re-created, as nearly as possible in the condition that prevailed when the area was first visited by the white man."

Managing parks as original ecosystems, it continued, required that "observable artificiality in any form must be minimized and obscured in every possible way. Wildlife should not be displayed in fenced enclosures; this is the function of a zoo, not a national park. In the same category is artificial feeding of wildlife."

By these means, the report noted, "a reasonable illusion of primitive America could be re-created, using the utmost in skill, judgment and ecological sensitivity." Unfortunately, accomplishing this goal called for "a set of ecologic skills unknown in this country today." To develop these skills, the committee urged that "a greatly expanded research program, oriented to management needs, must be developed within the National Park Service itself. Both research and the application of management methods should be in the hands of skilled park personnel."

The committee, in short, was advocating that natural ecosystems be re-created while admitting that knowledge of how to do this did not exist. And at the same time it was advocating closing the parks to scientific research and putting research under control of the Park Service.

Udall was reluctant to accept the committee's findings. The report, Leopold said, "was so potentially controversial it scared the Secretary to death. But later that spring I presented it as an address to an environmental conference in Detroit. The environmental community received it so enthusiastically that Udall changed his mind. Within three months, it was official Park Service policy."

It is not surprising that the Leopold Report was so appealing, for it presented a credo that coincided with a sentiment shared by a growing number of Americans—

distrust of human intervention in the natural world. The parks, the report was saying, should no longer be managed as they were at the turn of the century—as game preserves, where hunting was permitted, good animals were protected, and bad animals were exterminated. Nor should parks be run as they were during many decades of this century—as farms, where trees were planted, forest fires fought, pastures plowed and harvested. Nor should they any longer be zoos, where animals were fed for the benefit of tourists. We must play a humbler role, it was telling us, not presuming to make judgments about what species are good and what species are bad; not presuming to decide what lives and what dies. Man must stop meddling with nature.

This was philosophy, not science. It was not science that demanded a return to natural conditions. After all, what is an ecosystem? Few biologists, when they are pinned down, will claim to know. There are different ecosystems for every species. Some, like that of the Devil's Hole pupfish, are no bigger than an average-sized living room; others, like that of elk, encompass hundreds of miles. The range of the grizzly, for instance, is huge. The home range of the average Yellowstone male grizzly is 318 square miles, and some individuals have ranges of more than 600 square miles. Is there any park in the country big enough to be a natural ecosystem for all the species it contains? According to a report of the First World Conference on National Parks, held in Seattle in July of 1962, "few of the world's parks are large enough to be in fact self-regulatory ecological units."

What about Yellowstone? As America's first national park, protected almost from the moment the white man found it, surely it could be a model of natural, primitive America, if any place could. Yet even Yellowstone was not large enough to be "self-regulatory," and, more important, it was no longer in original condition. The white man had changed it in countless ways. He drove off the Indians. He introduced exotic species of trout, many in waters originally barren of all fish, and eliminated several subspecies of arctic grayling and cutthroat trout. He killed all the wolves. He sprayed the forests with DDT and eliminated numerous species of insectivorous birds.

He nearly eliminated the mountain bison (paring its numbers from a historic level of 1,000 to twenty-three by 1902) and then spent fifty years breeding bison like cattle—plowing under the native grasses of the Lamar Valley to plant crested wheatgrass, and feeding the buffalo hay in winter.

The white man also fed the bears. For nearly a hundred years, garbage dumps were maintained in the Park, and there the bears—both grizzlies and blacks—came to feed. The bears, natural scavengers, became the welcome, wild camp followers of the Park.

Restoring Yellowstone to its original condition would have been an impossible task. It would also have been an unpopular one. It would have entailed bringing back the wolf—and that would send shivers down the spines of local citizens. It would have entailed the elimination of many

fishes and perhaps the end of fishing in the Park—and fishing groups would not stand for it. And, although this was overlooked, it would require reintroducing the Indian. Instead, the Leopold philosophy was applied selectively.

In fact, little happened until Jack Anderson, the superintendent of Grand Teton National Park, was made superintendent of Yellowstone, in 1967. Anderson was the first superintendent in Yellowstone history to have, following the suggestion of the Leopold Report, his own "supervisory research biologist" to help develop and support management policies.

With Anderson's arrival, new policies were quickly put into effect, the most controversial of which were the changes in management of elk and bear.

The Park now decided that the elk could manage itself as a wild population. Reductions would be ended for all time. Park biologists were assuming that even in the absence of the wolf—the greatest elk predator—this herd possessed some biologically determined "population-limiting factors." Over the past fifteen years, however, the elk have not exhibited such traits. The herd has grown from around 4,000 in 1968 to more than 16,000 today.

There was no threat that the bears would overpopulate the Park. But, having grown accustomed to human food, they were seen, following the report, to be unnatural. So the Park Service decided, in 1967, to wean the bears from garbage and transform them into a wild, free-ranging population. Unfortunately, weaning the bears would mean in effect killing many of them. Here, as with the elk, the biological compensatory mechanisms were supposed to help. It was hypothesized that weaning the bears from garbage would improve their diet and increase their fertility.

The major effect of the new eco-philosophy, so far as Yellowstone was concerned, was to end the killing of elk, of which there were too many, and begin the killing of bears, of which there were too few.

LYING BEHIND THE NEW BEAR POLICY, HOWEVER, was something other than ecological concern. As our society became more environmentally enlightened, its tolerance of bears diminished. There was a "bear problem," as Yellowstone officials called it. Bears sometimes damaged property or injured people. Very infrequently, they killed, though the extent of this danger has been greatly exaggerated. In the ninety-five years of Park history preceding the new bear policy, three people had been killed by bears in the national parks (all of them, as it happened, in Yellowstone). The last death had occurred in 1942. Yet, on average, each year around a half-dozen people die in Yellowstone from every conceivable cause: drownings, falls, traffic accidents. People are also gored by buffalo and savaged by moose and occasionally die from these mishaps.

In the 1950s, approximately one out of every 24,000 visitors was injured by a bear, according to my calculations

based on Park Service figures. During the first seven years of the 1960s, this rate went down 50 percent. Yet as the rate went down, concern over it went up.

The first person known to be killed by a bear in the Park was a young man, in 1907, out for a walk with his wife. He chased a grizzly cub up a tree and began poking it with an umbrella. The sow appeared and tore out the man's breastbone and one lung with a single swipe. Although considerable pressure was put on the chief ranger (or scout, as he was then called) to kill the bear, he refused to do so. The bear, he said, had the right to protect her young. That was forest justice.

By the 1960s, the Park was less willing and less able to invoke forest justice. By that time, we had become a litigious people. If, as has happened, Sequoia National Park could be sued by the family of someone who was killed by lightning there, think what a liability the bear must be. He was to Park Service lawyers what icy doorsteps are to homeowners. A bear injury often resulted in a tort claim against the Park. So when a bear hurt someone, the bear was removed, to prevent further liability. The new policy, as described by Starker Leopold and Durward Allen, both of the National Parks System Advisory Board, was to be one that "protects the people from the bears; protects the bears from the people; and protects the National Park Service from tort cases in the event of mishap." In 1968, the Park began to phase out the garbage dumps, to "bear-proof" waste containers, to increase efforts to educate visitors on sanitation and the danger of bears, to remove all "nuisance" bears.

During this time, the noted naturalists John and Frank Craighead, twins, had been conducting the first scientific study of the grizzly ever undertaken in the Park. Their research—independently financed—had begun in 1959. By 1968, employing techniques of tagging and radio tracking individual bears, they had accumulated a data base that even today provides the most complete information available on grizzly population, fertility, and behavior.

But the Craigheads were to run afoul of the new policy. The Park Service, which by this time had its own biologists, felt no need to follow the advice of independent researchers. It was, in fact, anxious to close out independent research on the grizzly. Its decision to change bear policy was made against the Craigheads' advice.

The grizzly population, the Craigheads argued, was fragile, numbering not more than 175 animals. Over the past century they had become dependent on garbage as an important source of food. Maintenance of the dumps in remote locations was the most effective way to keep bears away from human beings. And, the Craigheads argued, it was not necessarily unnatural to do so. Bears naturally eat almost anything, and probably have always eaten human garbage. To the Craigheads the dumps were "eco-centers"—centralized sources of high protein where bears might go at critical times of the year to develop the fat reserves necessary to survive hibernation. The grizzly

that visited the dump, they argued, was no different from the Kodiak bear in Alaska that, at certain times of the year, goes to his favorite stream to catch salmon.

So long as the dumps were in remote areas, the bears did not associate garbage with human beings and were not tempted to invade human settlements. But if the dumps were closed, the bears, deprived of a traditional food source, would be forced to wander looking for food. This would bring them into contact with human beings, endangering both people and bears.

The Craigheads suggested a controlled, gradual closing of some dumps with a simultaneous careful study to monitor the effect on the bears. During the transition period, and longer if necessary, supplemental carrion feeding in remote areas, or the continued operation of some dumps, might be used to help the bears.

"We recognize," they said, in a 1967 report to the Park Service,

the artificiality of this [maintenance of the dumps] as a management technique. However, any purposeful management of wildlife populations or their habitats can be considered "unnatural." Moreover, within Yellowstone some of the natural population regulating processes have been so altered since the establishment of the park that these are not now effective. Since there is no possibility of these being wholly restored and since management must do the job, artificiality becomes inevitable. Maintenance or reestablishment of the natural situation, although a commendable ideal to work towards in national parks, and we fully endorse this concept, does nevertheless have limitations that must be recognized.

The Park Service rejected the Craigheads' advice on the basis of objections voiced by Glen Cole, the supervisory research biologist. The Natural Sciences Advisory Committee of the National Park Service, chaired by Starker Leopold, reviewed the issue in September of 1969 and declined to recommend reversal of the new program.

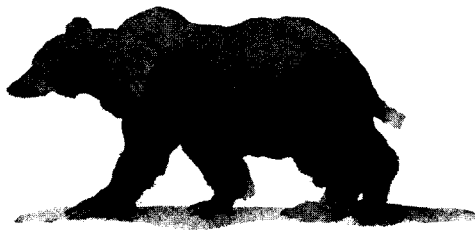
The underlying issue was, how do you count bears? They are not easily found. If walking through the woods you see five bears, have you really seen five different bears? The only way to avoid duplicate counting is to do what the Craigheads (and only the Craigheads) did: capture a bear and collar it. But when do you know that you have collared them all? You never do. If you somehow managed to put collars on so many bears that after continued search you found none without collars, you might assume that you had found them all, but you could not be certain. And by the time you had reached that point you would have no way of knowing if the first bears you counted were still alive.

Where do you go to find a bear? To collar bears, the Craigheads went to the dumps. Then, by conducting back-country censuses, on the basis of the observed ratio of dump (collared) bears to those without collars, they concluded that the bears that came to the dumps amounted to 75 percent of all Yellowstone grizzlies.

This is where the Interior Department parted company with the Craigheads. There was, it said, a much greater backcountry population. The Craigheads had, it said, fed only garbage-dump data into their computer. "If you put garbage-dump data into the computer," Cole said, "you'll get garbage-dump data out." By killing large numbers of these bears, therefore, the Park Service would not be endangering the population. It would only be making room for the backcountry population of unspoiled bears the Craigheads never found.

Unfortunately, there was no sound evidence that this backcountry population existed. The Park Service claim was based on a study of black bears conducted between 1965 and 1967 by Victor Barnes and Olin Bray, both graduate research assistants at Colorado State University. During this study, researchers observed, but did not tag, twenty-seven grizzlies in the backcountry, only one of which had a Craighead collar. On the strength of this evidence, the Park argued that dump bears were only a small percentage of the population.

The use to which the Barnes and Bray study has been put by the Park Service has produced much misinformation. This study, which was not even concerned with grizzlies, could not rule out duplicate counting. The sample was also too small to have statistical significance. Part of the black-bear study was conducted in some of the best habitat of the Park, where researchers counted an average of one bear every 5.2 square miles. Government biologists took that density figure—among the best density figures researchers could find—and applied it to the entire Park. In this way they extrapolated a black-bear population of 650—a completely unscientific conclusion that is still the basis for official estimates.



BY 1971, ALL THE DUMPS WERE CLOSED. IN THE same year, the Craigheads' research permit came up for renewal. The Park agreed to renew it only if they would sign an agreement not to speak to the public or publish without first obtaining Park Service permission. The Craigheads, seeing this as an infringement of academic freedom, refused. Their twelve-year study came to an end.

As the dumps were closed, the bears began to wander. More came into campgrounds. More people were injured. In response, the Park began to kill more bears. The number of "control actions," according to a report of the National Academy of Sciences, rose from an average of thir-

teen a year in 1967 and earlier to 63.3 a year between 1968 and 1970. The number of grizzlies reported to have been killed by control actions rose from an average of three a year before 1967 to nine per year in 1968–1970. In all, 189 grizzlies were reported to have been killed between 1968 and 1973.

This was a period that even by official estimates was bloody, but there is good reason to believe that not all bear kills were reported. According to Harry Reynolds, a district ranger in Yellowstone during the late sixties, "Cole, with or without the approbation of Superintendent Anderson, endorsed or initiated a Park practice of not making records of all 'controlled' or otherwise deceased grizzlies." Consequently, according to Reynolds, many bear kills went unrecorded, especially those due to an accidental overdose of tranquilizer. "By this time," he said, in a letter to the National Academy of Sciences, "bears were not infrequently killed in this way by the use of drugs in inexperienced hands."

Reynolds's story has been confirmed by many working with the Park at this time. Others tell of finding burial pits filled with bear carcasses in the backcountry. James June, a biologist for the state of Wyoming, has told me of finding piles of bear carcasses near Turbid Lake on two separate occasions during the late sixties, when he was doing field research on geese.

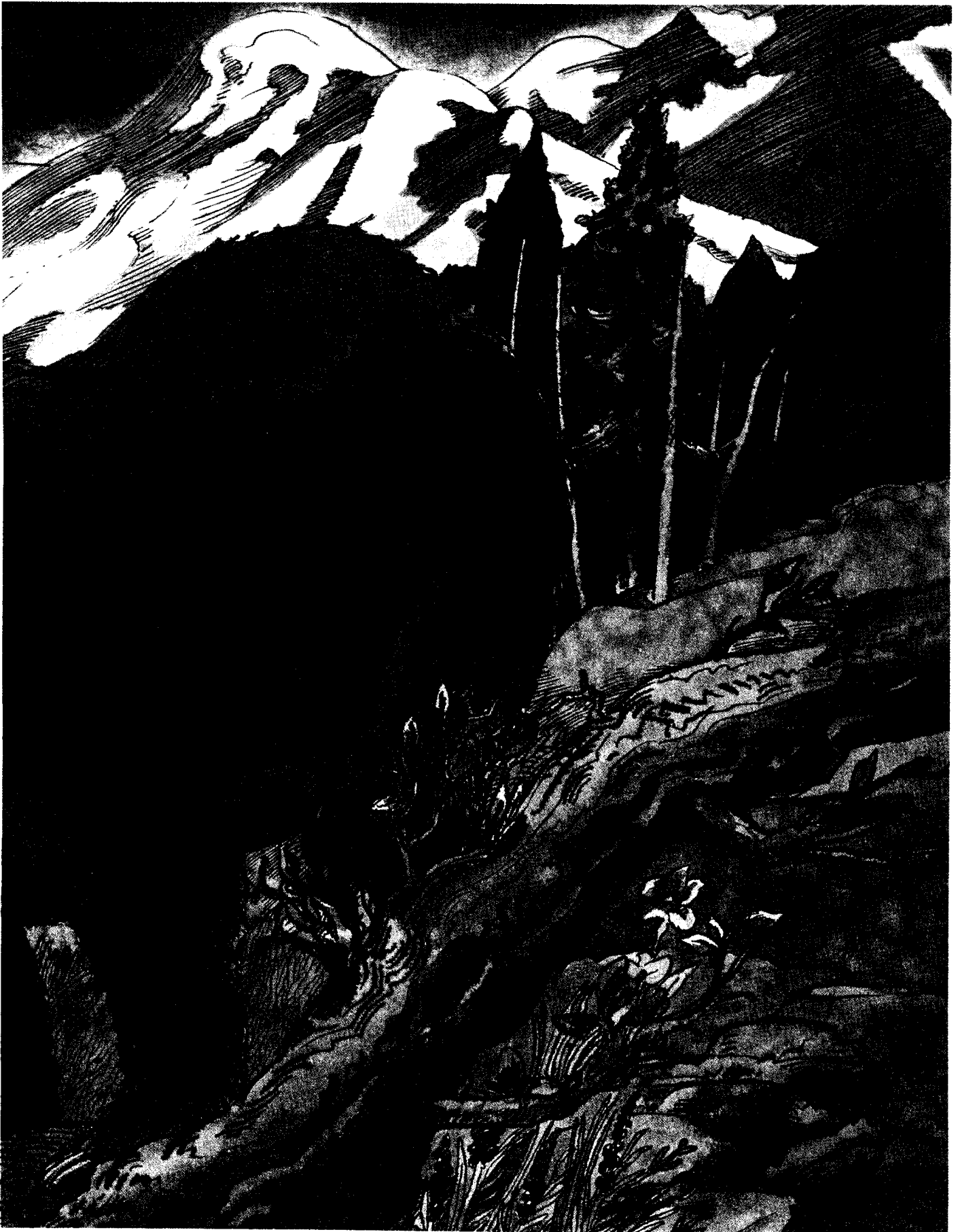
According to Ben Morris, one of the helicopter pilots who transported bears during this period, grizzlies would be hauled to the backcountry three times. "If they came back a fourth time, they were killed. But so far as I could tell, if a black bear caused trouble they just killed it. The Park VIPs felt they couldn't waste helicopter time and money hauling black bears."

Usually, Morris says, they would take a grizzly to a steep divide on the Park border that sloped out of the Park. After the bear was revived from the tranquilizer, they would chase it downhill, out of the Park. "Many of the bears," he adds, "were killed by accidental overdoses of tranquilizer." The problem, he thinks, was inexperienced Park personnel. "But the people working with the drug called it a bad batch of tranquilizer." Morris recalls a time in 1971 when three grizzlies died in two days from tranquilizers, and he suspected there were more. He remembers also another pilot accidentally dropping a grizzly, killing it.

The Park has, or makes available, little information about this period. Superintendent Anderson, according to Park archivist Tim Manns, discontinued in 1967 the long-established practice of requiring monthly reports from district rangers. To this day, the Yellowstone archives have no records on bears after 1967. Whatever materials exist, according to Manns, are said to be in the research biologists' office. When he requested them, he was told they were still in use.

The lack of data from this period reflects the Park's declining interest in science. Immediately after the Craig-





heads' research terminated, the Park Service began to remove the collars from bears the Craigheads had studied. This was done, it was said, in preparation for the Park's centennial. Collars were considered unsightly and every effort was being made to spruce up bears for the celebration.

With the collars gone, there was no way to settle the numbers dispute between the Park and the Craigheads; there was no way to gather fertility or longevity figures; no further information on the bears' movements and population dynamics was available.

Three years into the new era of official government biology, science was moving relentlessly in the wrong direction. Now all population statistics were kept by Cole. These consisted of reported sightings by "qualified observers." This was a system that invited double counting; thus, not surprisingly, the Park came up with numbers that, if believed, were reassuring to those concerned about the bears.

The Craigheads, meanwhile, continued to sound the alarm. The grizzly-bear dispute became a public controversy. To settle it, the Interior Department created in 1973 the Committee on the Yellowstone Grizzlies, a division of the National Academy of Sciences.

The committee's report was nearly a complete confirmation of the Craigheads' conclusions. It described Cole's population estimates as possessing "little if any meaning." It suggested that he exaggerated the number of back-country bears, agreeing with the Craigheads that the dump bears were between 65 and 75 percent of the population. It criticized lax record-keeping by the Park Service of both control actions and injury rates. It suggested that both black-bear and grizzly kills may have been higher than reported. It suggested that "uncontrolled sources of bias" in the figures on bear-caused human injuries "make any comparison of injury rates valueless." It asserted that man-caused mortality rates of grizzlies were too high; that by 1974 they were averaging more than thirty a year, and that the population could not, over the long run, endure a man-caused mortality rate greater than ten.

Included in the committee's recommendations were these: First, "we urge the creation of a nongovernmental coordinating body . . . directed toward the well-being of Yellowstone grizzlies. It must be chaired by a respected neutral individual." Second, "the National Park Service and the U.S. Forest Service [should] pursue a policy of supporting and encouraging independent research on Yellowstone grizzlies. The freedom of scientists to conduct research throughout the Yellowstone ecosystem is imperative if the data essential to successful management of Yellowstone grizzlies are to be obtained."

These recommendations of course conflicted with the policy of government control of scientific work in the Park, as laid down in the Leopold Report, and the Park Service rejected them both. It continued to make inflated population estimates on the basis of unscientific sightings by

"qualified observers." It continued to prohibit radio collaring or tagging of bears, even by its own scientists, until 1976.

Meanwhile, in place of an independent research effort, the Interior Department had created, in 1973, the Inter-agency Grizzly Bear Study Team, composed of personnel from the Park Service, the Forest Service, the Fish and Game departments of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming, and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and directed by a Park Service employee, Richard Knight. This team in turn is supervised by a Grizzly Bear Steering Committee, coordinated through Interior Department offices in Washington.

In 1975, seven years into the new bear-management program, the grizzly was declared a threatened species by the Fish and Wildlife Service. The Park Service objected to the classification, seeing it rightly as official acknowledgment that its bear program had failed. But bear policy did not change.

The plight of the bears worsened. Their hunger made many of them mean, and less afraid of man. Often invading human settlements in the Park, they became the victims of control actions and removals. More wandered out of the Park, to be killed by shepherds, ranchers, hunters, and poachers. More mauulings occurred outside the Park. Bears wandered into border communities such as West Yellowstone and Cooke City, attracted by garbage dumps, where they were sometimes shot.

"Grizzly bears," Roop told me recently, "are wandering farther each year. We are finding them in the northern part of the Beartooth Mountains, also near Bozeman—seventy-five air miles from the Park. These are places where grizzlies haven't been seen in a hundred years."

As more moved out, the number killed outside the Park rose dramatically. John Craighead, using Park Service estimates of man-caused mortalities (excluding deaths due to legal hunting, which ended when the grizzly was declared a threatened species in 1975), recently calculated that the number of grizzlies killed outside the Park in the decade since the closing of the dumps is two and a half times what it was during the decade prior to the closing of the dumps.

Shortly after the study team began its real research, in 1976, disturbing trends began to surface. The life expectancy of bears was dropping, possibly due to poor nutrition as well as to human predation. The average life expectancy of bears studied by the Craigheads was more than twenty-five years. But the team was finding no bears over sixteen. "Few bears," the 1980 report noted, "are reaching the older age classes."

Contrary to the sanguine assumptions of Park biologists that biological compensatory mechanisms would lead to an increase in bear fertility, the team found that fewer cubs were being born, apparently because the quality of the bears' diet had declined.

There was a growing imbalance in the sex ratio, a dangerously low number of sows relative to boars. "It is evident," the team noted, "that females are being produced

and recruited into the population at a lower rate than males and that they are dying at a higher rate than males." This, Roop told me, was probably a result of control actions. Sows, protective of their cubs, were often seen as nuisance bears, and were therefore more likely to be removed from the population.

Even Leopold and Allen began to sense that things were not working out as they had hoped. In 1977, as members of the National Parks Advisory Board, they wrote, "It would appear that progress in bear management is far from satisfactory. We seem to have grossly underestimated the problem. In the past 10 years grizzlies have killed more people in the parks than in the previous century . . . The task ahead is still enormous."



MEANWHILE, AS THE STUDY TEAM AND THE ADVISORY board were becoming more pessimistic, the Park Service—particularly the staff biologists (and naturalists trained by these biologists)—was displaying fresh optimism.

A 1980 paper by Mary Meagher (a former pupil of Starker Leopold's who by then had succeeded Cole as supervisory research biologist at Yellowstone) and Jerry Phillips, a Yellowstone resource-management specialist, concluded that "the bear management program within Yellowstone National Park during the 1970s had achieved the goal of restoring populations of grizzly and black bears to natural foraging conditions. Concurrently the management program reduced bear-caused injuries to humans in developed areas." Likewise, the bear fact sheet used to train naturalists in 1982 states, "The results [of Yellowstone's bear management] thus far have been encouraging—for the first time in almost a century these truly magnificent creatures are living relatively wild and undisturbed lives."

Clearly, to Park Service officials, the operation is a success even as the patient is dying. How have they managed to persist in this delusion? In part by the way they measure success. Bureaucratic boundaries serve to limit responsibility. Park policy is to protect the bear *in the Park*—and to reduce human injuries caused by bears *in the Park*. There are fewer bear mortalities and maulings in the Park because there are fewer bears in the Park. Their bear program will be a total success when they have eliminated all bears: zero bears, zero bear mortality; zero bears, zero maulings.

Over the past few months, Knight has been stating in

increasingly forceful terms that the number of grizzlies has reached critically low levels. But Interior Department officials have been reluctant to accept his conclusions. From Knight's point of view, this is merely because he is "coming up with the wrong numbers."

"They want me to continue with research," he told me recently, "until I find more grizzlies. They want to do this because as long as they can say 'We don't know enough' they can postpone making any management decisions. But I can't find any more grizzlies, because there aren't any more. Between the Craigheads and me, twenty-one years of research have been done on the grizzly. We have both, independently, come up with the same figures. But people in management still won't believe them. So they want more research. But enough research has been done. Now is the time for management to make some policy decisions that will end the killing of bears."

The Grizzly Bear Steering Committee has been pressing Knight to conduct a "saturation trapping" or "grid trapping" program on the grizzly. The idea is to trap every bear so as to settle the numbers dispute once and for all. Knight refuses to do it.

"I don't want to do the trapping," he has told me. "There is no way to remove all doubt about grizzly numbers. To put traps every place in the Park they want me to I'd have to use snares—because culvert traps can't be lifted by helicopter. But snares injure bears. Besides, every time you tranquilize a bear you risk killing it with an overdose."

Other bear experts agree with Knight. "Our studies have not shown that tranquilizers hurt the bear," John Craighead told me a few months ago, "but you cannot rule it out. The fact that few bears seem to be living past fifteen years suggests that they have been severely stressed by research and transfers. I agree with Dick Knight—we knew enough about the bear to save it fifteen years ago. Now the question is: Are we going to count bears until we have counted the last one?"

Hank Fabich, a Montana game warden and a veteran of eight years of trapping bears, believes trapping is the single greatest source of man-caused bear mortality. "Every time you catch a bear," he told me recently, "in a snare or culvert trap, you risk killing it. Sometimes you overdose it. Other times the bear goes berserk and breaks a leg or tears out its claws or teeth in the cage. I have found a couple with useless limbs because they had been hobbled and released with the hobbles on. How do you think bears without teeth or claws or good legs can make it? They can't hunt well. So they go into human settlements looking for easy food. They are hungry and mean—they have a reason not to like us. Then they are killed by administrative removals because they are nuisance bears. Others are never listed as being killed by humans. They just die of starvation. I've seen bears—young bears that should have been perfectly healthy—dying in their sleep, in hibernation. Why did they die? Well, some were missing teeth, others

claws. One we found with a broken foot. I love the bear and I hate to see this happening. But you can't convince me that we are not doing this to the bear."

Nevertheless, saturation trapping is still on the steering committee's agenda.

THE PLIGHT OF THE BLACK BEAR HAS BEEN ALL BUT forgotten, except by those Yellowstone visitors who look for the bears in vain. But today there is renewed interest in the grizzly. Last summer, a memorandum from the steering committee, reflecting Knight's view that the number of grizzlies had fallen below critical levels, was leaked to the press. For the first time in seven years, there are renewed public demands to do something to save the bears. Government agencies and environmental groups have rediscovered the problem and are jumping on the bandwagon.

Unfortunately, the bandwagon is heading in the wrong direction.

The grizzly's problems are now perceived to lie outside the Park. Black-bear hunters in Wyoming bait bears to their blinds and sometimes kill grizzlies "by mistake." The Forest Service continues its practice of leasing land for sheep-grazing around the edges of the Park, where shepherds shoot grizzlies. People who live in border communities shoot hungry bears visiting town dumps in search of food. Poachers continue to kill bears that wander out of the Park, so long as a carcass can bring \$15,000 when sold in parts. (The pancreas, for instance, is prized in the Orient as an aphrodisiac.) Grizzly habitat around the Park is being nibbled to death by geothermal development, oil and gas exploration, construction of new ski resorts and summer homes, grazing, and increased backcountry use by hikers and sportsmen.

Indeed, all this activity now threatens bears, and every effort must be made to stop it, not only to protect the grizzly but to protect other wildlife and the Park as well. But the obstacles to success in halting these killings and this loss of habitat are enormous. Betting the future of the grizzly on our ability to control human behavior in this region is not fair to the animal.

Since bears have no respect for administrative boundaries, pursuing a coherent policy means achieving agreement among the states of Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming, five national forests, two national parks, and the Fish and Wildlife Service. No one knows how decisions on the bears are to be reached, much less how a coherent change of policy might be achieved.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the architects of present policy sound despairing.

"I wish I knew what the solution was," Leopold says. "If I knew, I'd be out there, banging on doors."

"The grizzly's decline," Mary Meagher says, "is part of a long-term trend, and there is little reason to believe it will be reversed."

"It may be too late to save the grizzly," Nathaniel Reed says, though he urges a last-ditch effort to end illegal hunting. (Reed, an assistant secretary of the interior under Presidents Ford and Nixon, was instrumental in the decision to implement the new bear policy, and is now on the board of directors of the National Audubon Society.)

Although various agencies are considering piecemeal measures, no one is optimistic. The Fish and Wildlife Service continues to lobby without success for stiffer legal penalties for poachers and better sanitation in border communities. The Audubon Society is offering a \$10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of poachers. The Wilderness Society and other environmental groups are lobbying for legislation that would protect the greater Yellowstone ecosystem—an area about twice as large as the Park. Wyoming is considering the prohibition of black-bear hunting in its Jackson district and of bearbaiting in the Cody district.

As important as efforts to reduce human predation and to protect wildlife habitat along Park boundaries may be, these actions alone will not save the bears. For the source of the bears' decline lies not outside the Park but inside it. Park policy is killing the bears, because it is driving them into human settlements. And no matter how strong the efforts to protect the bears outside the Park, if policy remains unchanged and they continue to wander, they will continue to be killed.

For these reasons, nearly all biologists working with Yellowstone grizzlies believe that saving the bears will almost certainly require, among other things, a program of supplemental feeding to re-establish the Park as an ecocenter. This need not mean reopening the dumps. It might entail, as first suggested by the Craigheads in the sixties, killing a few surplus elk and leaving their remains in a central, remote area of the Park, to encourage grizzlies to stay there and to give them the essential protein necessary to raise their reproductive rate and to endure hibernation.

The concern of these men is not only that past Park policy has been mistaken; they also note that the present grizzly habitat in the Park is deteriorating. There may simply not be enough food to keep a fragile population from perishing. The Park is now constructing a new settlement (Grant Village) on the site of five prime grizzly fishing streams. In a few years, Knight says, the pine bark beetle, which is already widespread throughout the Park, will begin to infest the whitebark pine, whose nut is the principal fall grizzly food. When that happens, he says, the effect on the grizzly will be "devastating."

Yet supplemental feeding, although it is sometimes mentioned, is not likely to be made policy unless there is a public outcry. To introduce supplemental feeding is to admit that a system of official government biology has produced fifteen years of deception; that hundreds of bears died in vain; that a beautiful environmental ideal does not work, and worse, is responsible for the near elimination of

a species; that prominent individuals, still influential in the Park Service and the environmental movement, were dreadfully mistaken.

In 1981, the late John Townsley, then superintendent of Yellowstone, an outspoken and powerful voice in the Park Service, tried unsuccessfully to introduce supplemental feeding of the grizzly. Although both Interior Department and independent biologists with whom I have talked reacted favorably when they heard of Townsley's plan, I cannot find anyone in management or in the environmental movement in favor of it. Many, confusing the symptoms with the cause, put all the blame on what is happening outside of the Park. Many still do not accept, or do not want to accept, Knight's numbers. Some are simply timid, not wanting to be the first to favor a radical departure from existing policy. Others suggest that supplemental feeding would not keep bears in the Park a significant length of time, or they note, perhaps rightly, that it may be too late to reverse the migration. Still others argue that favoring one animal group over another—killing elk to save bears—could destabilize both populations.

Yet the most common objection to supplemental feeding raised by those to whom I have talked is a philosophical one. They do not want to interfere with nature. "If we are not going to have wild bear," Durward Allen (who serves on both the National Parks System Advisory Board and the board of directors of the National Audubon Society) told me, "we are going to have no bear at all!"

To Mary Meagher, feeding the bears is unthinkable: "We cannot play God," she told me.

To Roland Wauer, chairman of the Grizzly Bear Steering Committee, and Christopher Servheen, grizzly-bear-recovery-plan coordinator for the Fish and Wildlife Service, the prospect of supplemental feeding poses a problem of classification. "We don't want to make Yellowstone a zoo," they said.

These people, and others working within Yellowstone wildlife management, are well intentioned and dedicated to the preservation of our wilderness species. It is both paradoxical and sad, therefore, that they are, in the case of the bear, pursuing an illusion. "Not playing God," "keeping the bears wild," and not "turning Yellowstone into a zoo" are the catchphrases of a philosophy that, slowly but surely, is killing black bears and destroying the grizzly as a species. It is based on a distorted environmental logic that claims it is natural to kill a bear but not natural to feed it,

that it is not hubris to re-create an ecosystem but that killing an elk is playing God.

This philosophy is tripping over its own semantic distinctions because it is based on myth, yet myth so attractive that few want to be disillusioned. The vision of the pristine wilderness and the self-regulating ecosystem still holds many environmentalists in thrall. That is why we hear so little from those who might help the bear.

The story of the bears ought to tell us that pristine wilderness is gone forever. There is no place on earth that man has not touched, not changed. The grizzly, whose intolerance of man so aptly symbolizes true wilderness, is dying because we have driven him from his home.

There are many reasons why the death of wilderness is difficult to accept. The environmental ethic rejects the Judeo-Christian view that nature was created for our use, to be subdued or consumed. But having removed man from the center of the universe, environmentalists all too often do not know where to place him. Presumably human beings, too, are part of the great web of life, but all too often the environmentalist perspective excludes them. The Leopold Report excluded them when it implied that man was not part of the primitive scene. The Park Service excludes them when it rules that human garbage is an unnatural food for bears. This philosophy generates dichotomies, in which man and nature are kept apart. The world is divided into the wild and the tame, the natural and the unnatural.

This kind of thinking has theoretically given the bears but two options: to live in a zoo or to live in a natural ecosystem. Our national parks, however, are neither zoos nor natural ecosystems. They are, as John Townsley once suggested to me, social institutions. They are laboratories where we learn how we might coexist with other creatures. Yellowstone demonstrates for the rest of the country how a community that is visited by more than 2 million people a year can remain beautiful, so nearly unchanging; how a settlement that can generate 5 million gallons of sewage a day can still have pure water; how streams that receive hundreds of thousands of fishermen a year can still be natural fisheries. It is in this way, as a model society side by side with nature, that Yellowstone serves as hope for the future. It shows that what people touch need not be made ugly by the touching, and that there is still a place where we might live in peace with other creatures. I think it would be nice, too, if, once again, the bears were included in this scene. □



THE MISSING PERSON

A SHORT STORY
BY TOBIAS WOLFF

FATHER LEO HAD STARTED OUT WITH THE IDEA OF becoming a missionary. He had read a priest's account of his years among the Aleuts and decided that this was the life for him—trekking from trapper's hut to Indian village, a dog for company, sacramental wine in his knapsack, across snowfields that gleamed like sugar. He knew it would be hard. He would suffer things he could not imagine in that polar solitude. But that was the life he wanted, a life full of risk among people who needed him and were hungry for what he had to give.

Shortly before his ordination he asked to be sent to Alaska. The diocese turned down his request. The local parishes were short of young priests, and their needs came first. Father Leo was assigned to a parish in West Seattle, where the pastor took an immediate dislike to him and put him on what he called "crone duty"—managing rummage sales, bingo, and the Legion of Mary, and visiting old parishioners in the hospital. Father Leo worked hard at everything he put his hand to. He hoped that the old priest would notice and begin to soften toward him, but that never happened.

He stayed on in the parish. The old priest kept going, though his mind had begun to wander and he could not walk without a stick. He repeated his sermons again and again. There was one story he told at least once a month, about an Irishman who received a visitation from his mother the night after her death, a visit that caused him to change his whole life. He told the story with a brogue, and it went on forever.

The parishioners didn't seem to mind. More of them came every year, and they kept the old priest busy from morning to night. He liked to say that he didn't have time to die. One night he said it at dinner and Father Leo thought, *Make time*. Then he felt so ashamed that he couldn't eat the rest of his meal. But the thought kept coming back.

Finally the old priest did die. Father Leo collected his papers for the diocese and found copies of several reports the old priest had made on him. They were all disparaging, and some of them contained charges that were untrue. He

sat on the floor and read them through carefully. Then he put them down and rubbed his eyes. It was the first warm night of the year. The window was open. A moth fluttered against the screen.

Father Leo was surprised at what he'd found. He couldn't understand why the old priest had hated him. But the more he thought about it the less strange it seemed. Father Leo had been in love once, before entering the seminary, and remembered the helplessness of it. There had been no reason for him to be in love with the girl; she was no better than other girls he knew, and apart from loving her he didn't like her very much.

Still, he probably would have married her if he had not felt even greater helplessness before his conviction that he should become a priest. He thought that as a priest he would be necessary to people. She didn't seem to need him all that much. Nevertheless, she was desolate when he told her what he was planning to do, to the point that he nearly changed his mind. Then she lost interest. A few months later, she married another man.

Vocation was a mystery, love was a mystery, and Father Leo supposed that hatred was a mystery. The old priest had been pulled under by it. That was a shame, but Father Leo knew better than to ponder its meaning for him.

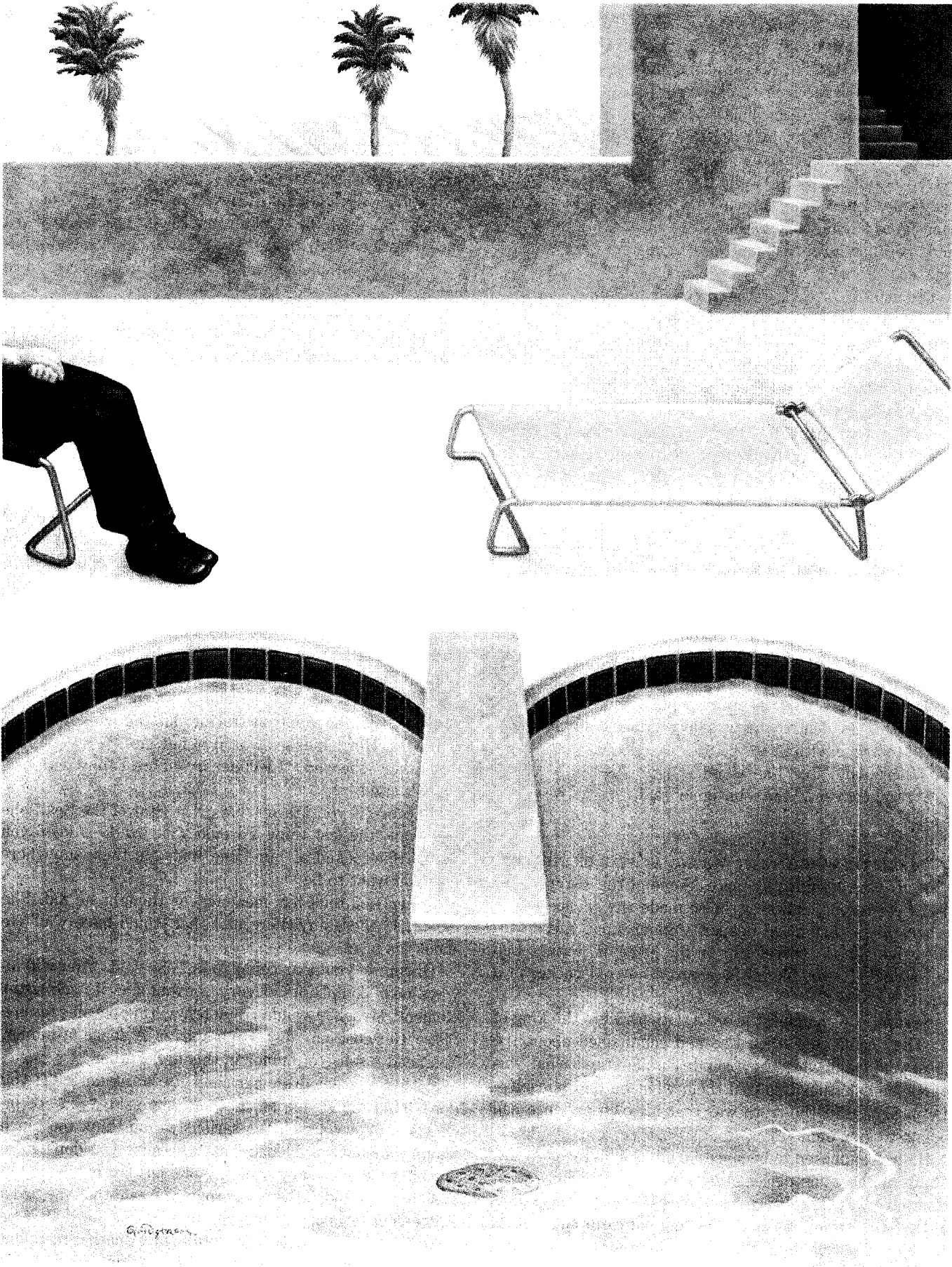
A monsignor from the chancery was named to succeed the old priest. Father Leo brooded. He began to fear that he would never get his own parish. One night, driving back to the rectory from a visit to the home of a sick woman, he suddenly began to shake. He was shaking so badly that he had to pull off the road until it passed. For the first time, Father Leo considered leaving the priesthood, as many of his friends had done. But he could not get it out of his head that he was meant to be a priest. *Patience*, he told himself.

The monsignor asked Father Leo to stay on and teach religion in the parish elementary school. Father Leo agreed. At the end of their interview, the monsignor asked if there were any hard feelings.

"Not at all," Father Leo said, and made himself smile.

When school began in September his feelings of resentment left him. The students liked Father Leo. They were troubled and cruel to each other but they were still curious about things that mattered: what they should believe in, how they should live. They paid attention to what Father Leo said, and he felt happy enough to be where he was.

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EVERY COUPLE OF YEARS OR SO THE DIOCESE SENT out new books to religion teachers. Father Leo found the changes confusing and stopped trying to keep up. When the books came in he put them on a shelf and forgot about them. That was how he got fired. His classes were inspected by a priest from the education office that sent the books, and soon afterward Father Leo received a summons. He went before a committee. After they questioned him, the chairman sent a letter to the monsignor saying that Father Leo's ideas were obsolete, and peculiar. The committee suggested that he be replaced.

The monsignor took Father Leo out to dinner at a seafood house and explained the situation to him. The suggestion of the committee was actually a directive, he said. The monsignor had no choice in the matter. But he had been calling around and had found an open position, if Father Leo was interested. Mother Vincent at Star of the Sea needed a new chaplain. Their last chaplain had married one of the nuns. It so happened, the monsignor said, looking into his wine, swirling it gently, that he had done several favors for Mother Vincent in his days at the chancery. In short, if Father Leo wanted the position he could have it. The monsignor lit a cigarette and looked out the window, over the water. Gulls were diving for scraps.

He seemed embarrassed, and Father Leo knew why. It was a job for an old priest, or one recovering from something: sickness, alcohol, a breakdown. Father Leo looked at his hands folded on the tablecloth. He thought of Bishop Thangbrand, who had come among the savage Vikings of Iceland and converted the entire population in three weeks by beating to death with a heavy crucifix anyone who dared to argue with him.

"Where will I live?" he asked.

"At the convent," the monsignor said.

SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG AT STAR OF THE SEA. It was an unhappy place. Some of the sisters were boisterous, and their noise made the silence of the others seem that much deeper. Coming upon these sad, silent nuns in the corridor or on the grounds, Father Leo felt a chill. It was like swimming into a cold pocket in a lake.

Several nuns had left the order. Others were thinking of it. They came to Father Leo and complained about the noise and confusion. They couldn't understand what was happening. Father Leo told them what he told himself—Be patient. But the truth was that his own patience had begun to give out.

He was supposed to be spiritual adviser to the convent. Many of the nuns disregarded him, though. They went their own way. The director of novices described herself as a "Post-Christian" and at Easter sent out cards showing an Indian god ascending to the clouds with arms waving out of his sides like a centipede's. Some held jobs in town. The

original idea had been for the nuns to serve the community in some way, but now they did what they wanted to do. One was a disc jockey.

The rowdy nuns ran around together and played pranks. Their jokes were good-natured but often in bad taste, and they didn't know when to stop. A couple of them had stereos and played weird music at night. The hallways echoed with their voices.

They called Father Leo "Padre," or just "Pod." When he walked past them they usually made some crack or asked a cute question. They made racy jokes about Jerry, the fellow Mother Vincent had hired to raise funds. They were always laughing about something.

One evening he went to Mother Vincent's office and told her, again, that the convent was in trouble. This was his third visit that month, and she made it plain that she was not glad to see him. She neither rose to meet him nor invited him to sit down. While he talked she gazed out the open window and rubbed the knuckles of her huge red hands. Father Leo could see that she was listening to the crickets, not to him, and he lost heart.

Mother Vincent was strong, but old and drifting. She had no idea what was going on downstairs. Her office and rooms were on the top floor of the building, separate from the others, and her life took place even further away than that. She lived in her dream of what the convent was. She believed that it was a perfect song, all voices tuned, sweet and cool and pure, rising and falling in measure. Her strength had hardened around that dream. It was more than Father Leo could contend with.

He broke off, though he hadn't finished what he had come to say. She went on staring out the window at the darkness. Her hands grew still in her lap.

"Father," she said, "I wonder if you are happy with us."

He waited.

"Because if you are not happy at Star of the Sea," she went on, "the last thing I would want to do is keep you here." She looked at him. She said, "Is there anywhere else you want to be?"

Father Leo took her meaning, or thought he did. She meant, Is there anywhere else that would have you? He shook his head.

"Of course you hear complaints," she said. "You will always hear complaints. Every convent has its sob-sister element. Myself, I would trade ten wilting pansies for one Sister Gervaise any day. High spirits. A sense of humor. You need a sense of humor in this life, Father."

Mother Vincent drew her chair up to the desk. "If you don't mind my saying so, Father," she said, "you are inclined to take yourself too seriously. You think too much about your own problems. That's because you don't have enough to keep you busy here." She put her hands on the desk top and folded them together. She said that she had a suggestion to make. Jerry, her fund-raiser, needed some help. The convent could not afford to hire another man, but she saw no reason why Father Leo couldn't pitch in. It

would be good for him. It would be good for everyone.

"I've never done any fund-raising before," Father Leo said. But later that night, back in his room, he began to like the idea. It meant that he would meet new people. He would be doing something different. Most of all, it meant that he would be getting out every day, away from this unhappy place.

FATHER LEO HAD COFFEE WITH JERRY A FEW MORNINGS later. Though the weather was warm, Jerry had on a three-piece suit, which he kept adjusting. He was nearly as tall as Father Leo but much thicker. There were lines across the front of his vest where the buttons strained. Rings sparkled on his thick, blunt fingers as he moved his hands over the sheets of paper he had spread on the table. The papers were filled with figures showing what the convent's debts were, and how fast they were growing.

Father Leo hadn't known any of this. It came as a surprise to him to learn that they could owe so much—that it was allowed. He studied the papers. He felt good bending over the table with Jerry, the smell of coffee rising up from the mug in his hand.

"That's not all of it," Jerry said. "Not by a long shot. Let me show you what we're actually looking at here." He took Father Leo on a tour. He pointed out the old pipes, the warped window frames, the cracked foundations. He dug at the crumbling mortar in the walls and even pulled out a brick. He turned a flashlight on pools of scummy water in the vast basement. At the end of the tour, Jerry added everything up—debts, operating expenses, and the cost of putting the physical plant back in shape.

Father Leo looked at the figures. He whistled.

"I've seen worse," Jerry said. "Our Lady of Perpetual Help was twice as bad as this, and I had them in the black in two years. It's easy. You go where the money is and you bring the money back."

They were standing beside an empty greenhouse with most of the windows broken out. Shards of glass glittered at their feet. It had rained earlier, and now everything seemed unnaturally bright: the snowcap on Mount Rainier, the grass, the white sails of the boats on Puget Sound. The sun was at Father Leo's back, shining into Jerry's face. Jerry squinted as he talked. Father Leo saw little scars under his eyes. His nose was puffy.

"I should tell you," Father Leo said. "I've never raised funds before."

"Nothing to it," Jerry said. "But first you have to make up your mind whether you really want the money. You ask yourself, is it worth going after or isn't it? Then, if the answer is yes, you go after it." He looked at Father Leo. "So, what is it? Yes or no?"

"Yes," Father Leo said.

"All right! That's the big step. The rest is easy. You don't mess around. You don't get hung up on details. You do

whatever you have to do and keep going. It's the only way. The question is, can you work like that?" Jerry brushed some brick dust off his jacket. He straightened his vest. He looked down at his shoes, then at Father Leo.

"I think so," Father Leo said.

"You have to be a gunslinger," Jerry said. "No doubts. No pity."

"I understand," Father Leo said.

"All right," Jerry said. "Just so you know how I work. My philosophy." He pulled a flask from his jacket pocket, drank from it, and held it out to Father Leo. "Go on," he said. Father Leo took it. The flask was silver, half-covered with leather, and engraved with initials below the neck. They weren't Jerry's initials. The liquor burned. Father Leo became aware of the sun on the back of his neck, the sighing of the trees. They each had another drink, then Jerry put the flask away. "Cognac," he said. "Napoleon's brand. So, what do you think? Partners?"

"Partners," Father Leo said.

"Bueno," Jerry said. He slapped his leg and brought his hand up like a pistol. "Okay," he said, "let's ride."

The plan was for Father Leo to go with Jerry and watch how he approached potential donors. Then, once he got the hang of it, he could go out on his own. Jerry coached him on the way to their first interview. He said that the big thing was to make it personal. Nobody wanted to hear about old furnaces. You had to do your homework, you had to know your man—in this case, your woman. Here they had a lady who went to Lourdes every year. She'd been to Lourdes more than twenty times. That meant she had a special interest in crippled people. She had a big heart and she had money. Going to France wasn't like going to Mexico.

The woman was standing at the door when they arrived. Father Leo followed Jerry up the walk, moving slowly, because Jerry had assumed what appeared to be a painful limp. He had endless trouble with the steps but refused the woman's help. "I can manage," he said. "There's plenty worse off than me. I just think of them and it's easy."

Jerry did all the talking when they got inside. Now and then the woman looked over at Father Leo, but he would not meet her eyes. Jerry was describing a number of projects that Star of the Sea had developed for the handicapped, all of them imaginary. He implied that most of the nuns were devoted to this particular work and that he himself had been rescued by their efforts. Jerry's voice cracked. He looked away for a moment, then went on. When he finished, the woman served tea and wrote out a check.

Not everyone they visited gave them money. One old man laughed in their faces when Jerry told him that the convent had been built on orders from the Blessed Mother, and that she was taking a personal interest in the fund drive. When the old man stopped laughing he threw them out. "You must take me for an idiot," he said.

Not everyone gave, but most people did. Jerry would say anything. He said that the convent helped orphans, lepers, Navahos, earthquake victims, even pandas and seals. There was no end to what he would do.

Jerry had a saying: "If you want the apples, you have to shake the tree."

Father Leo knew that he should disapprove of Jerry's methods, but he didn't. That is, he felt no disapproval. The people they visited lived in Broadmoor and Windermere. They had plenty of money, too much money. It was good for them to share it. Anyway, Jerry was a performer, not a liar. Lying was selfish, furtive, low. What Jerry did was reckless and grand, for a good cause.

Father Leo did not want to go out on his own. He would never be able to carry on the way Jerry did in front of complete strangers. He did not have the courage. He would fail.

Besides, he was having the time of his life. Jerry called him "Slim," and he liked that. He liked getting into Jerry's big car and driving through the convent gate with no idea what would happen that day. He looked forward to the lunches they ate downtown—club sandwiches, fruit platters, big salads covered with diced cheese and ham. Then the coffee afterward, and one of Jerry's stories about his days in the Navy. Father Leo came to need these pleasures, most of all the pleasure of watching Jerry have it his way with people who were used to having it their way.

As it happened, they did not split up after all. Jerry tallied their take for the month and decided that they should stick together. The receipts were almost double the average. He said that as a team they were unbeatable. He had the blarney and Father Leo had the collar, which Jerry called "The Persuader."

They would go on as before. Father Leo's job was just to sit there. He didn't have to say anything. If someone should look at him in a questioning way, all he had to do was close his eyes. No nodding. No murmuring.

"We'll rake it in," Jerry said, and they did.

WHEN THEY FINISHED THEIR ROUNDS, JERRY AND Father Leo usually had a drink at a fern bar on the wharf. They sat in a booth and Jerry told stories about his life. He'd sold cars and worked as a private detective. For two years, he had been a professional fighter. He had been everywhere and seen everything. In Singapore he had witnessed a murder, one man shooting another man right in the face. "Just like you'd shoot a can," Jerry said. Later he'd heard the men were brothers. He had seen men make love to each other on board ship. In Dakar he'd watched a woman with knobs where her arms should have been paint pictures of sailors, take their money, and give them change, all with her toes. He had seen children chained to a wall, for sale.

So he said. Father Leo did not believe all the stories Jerry told him. He couldn't. Roughly speaking, he believed

about half of what he heard. That was fine with him. He didn't mind having his leg pulled. He thought it was the sort of thing men did in lumber camps and on ships—sitting around, swapping lies.

Just before Thanksgiving they had a meeting with a vice president of an airplane corporation. The man wore sunglasses during the interview. It was hard to tell what he was thinking. Father Leo guessed that he was trying to keep his temper, because in his opinion Jerry had chosen the wrong line to follow. Jerry was going on about missiles and bombers and instruments of destruction. He suggested that the man had a lot to make amends for. Father Leo wanted to get out. When Jerry was through, the vice president sat there behind his desk and stared at them. He said nothing. Father Leo became uncomfortable, then angry. This was obviously some technique the vice president used to bully his subordinates. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Father Leo said.

The vice president suddenly bent over. He buried his face in the crook of his arm. "You don't know the half of it," he said. His shoulders began to jerk.

Jerry looked at Father Leo and gave the thumbs-up. He went around the desk and stood behind the man. "There, there," he said.

Finally the vice president stopped crying. He took off his sunglasses and wiped his eyes. "I needed that," he said. "By God, I needed that." He went into the adjoining room and came back with a plastic garbage bag. It was full of money, but he would not let Jerry count it in the office or give him a receipt. He insisted that the gift remain anonymous. As he showed them out of the office he took Father Leo by the sleeve. "Pray for me," he said.

They counted the money in the car. It came to almost seven thousand dollars, all in twenties. Jerry locked it in the trunk and they went to the fern bar to celebrate. Jerry's cheeks were red and they grew redder as he drank cognac after cognac. Father Leo did not try to keep up with him, but he drank more than usual and became a little giddy. Now and then the young people at the bar turned and smiled at him. He could see that they were thinking, What a jolly priest! That was all right. He wanted to look like someone with good news, not like someone with bad news.

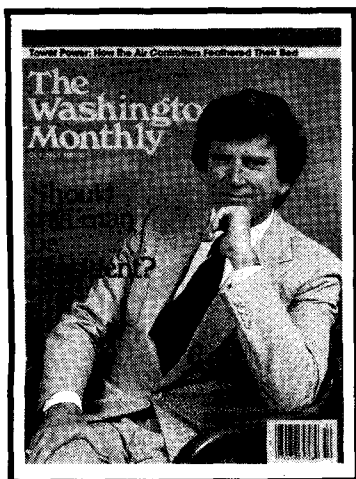
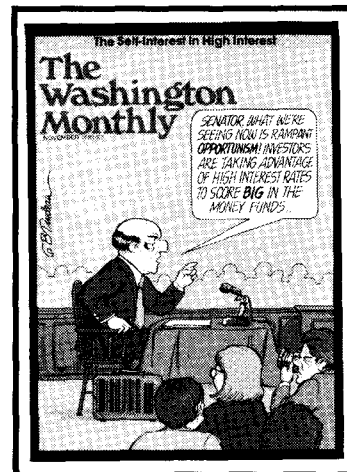
Jerry held up his glass. "The team," he said, and Father Leo said, "The team." They toasted each other. "I'll tell you what," Jerry said. "We have a bonus coming, and I'm going to see that we get it if I have to break Vincent's arm." When Father Leo asked what kind of a bonus Jerry had in mind, Jerry said, "How about Thanksgiving in Vegas?"

"Las Vegas?"

"You bet. We're riding a streak. We've made plenty for Vincent, why shouldn't we make a little for ourselves?"

Father Leo knew that Mother Vincent would never

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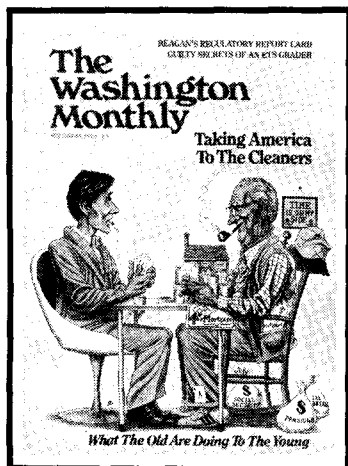
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agree, so he said, "Sure. Why not?" and they touched glasses again.

"Slim, you're something," Jerry said. "You're really something." He shook his head. "You're as bad as I am."

Father Leo smiled.

Jerry said, "I'm going to tell you something I've never told anyone before. Maybe I shouldn't even tell you." He lit a cigar and blew smoke at the ceiling. "Hell with it," he said. He leaned forward. In a low voice he told Father Leo that Jerry was not his real name. Royce, his last name, was also made up. He'd taken it from Rolls-Royce, his favorite car.

It happened like this. He had been selling insurance in San Diego a few years back, and some of his clients complained because they didn't get the benefits he had promised them. It was his own fault. He had overdone it, laid it on too thick. He would be the first to admit that. Anyway, he'd had to change names. There was no choice, not if he wanted to keep working and stay out of jail. The worst of it was that his wife left town with their son. He hadn't seen them since, had no idea where they were. In some ways, looking back on it, he thought that it was for the best. They didn't get along and she was holding him back. Always criticizing. If she'd had her way he'd still be in the Navy, pulling down a hundred and forty dollars a month. "She loved it," he said. "So did I, at least for a while. We were just kids. We didn't know from Adam."

Jerry looked at the people in the next booth, then at Father Leo. He said, "Do you want to know what my real name is?"

Father Leo nodded. But just when Jerry was about to speak he interrupted. "Maybe you'd better not tell me," he said. "It's probably not such a good idea."

Jerry looked disappointed. Father Leo felt bad, but he didn't want that kind of power, the power to send a man to jail. He was also afraid that Jerry would start wondering about him all the time, whether he could be trusted, whether he would tell. It would spoil everything. They sat for a while without talking. Father Leo knew that it was his turn. He should open up and talk about himself for a change. But there was nothing to tell. He had no stories. Not one.

Outside it was raining. Cars went past with a hissing sound. Father Leo said, "Jerry?" His throat felt scratchy. He did not know what he would say next.

Jerry moved in his seat and looked at him.

"You've got to keep this to yourself," Father Leo said.

Jerry pulled his thumb and forefinger across his lips as if he were closing a zipper. "It stops here," he said.

"All right," Father Leo said. He took a sip from his drink. Then he started talking. He said that when he was a senior in high school he had been waiting for a bus when he heard someone scream across the road. He ran over and saw a woman on her knees, hanging on to the belt of a man with a purse in his hand. The man turned and kicked the woman in the face. "I guess I went berserk," Father Leo

said. The next thing he knew, the police were dragging him off the man's body. The man was dead. Father Leo said that they'd had to pry his fingers off the man's throat one by one.

"Jesus," Jerry said.

Father Leo looked out the window. "That's why I became a priest," he said. "To atone for the blood on my hands."

"Jesus," Jerry said again. His face dissolved and came together in a way that was new to Father Leo. He looked young and amazed, fresh as he must have been when he stepped for the first time onto a strange land, before his name was Jerry. There were tears in his eyes. He looked at Father Leo and tried to smile but his mouth wouldn't hold the shape. Finally he reached out and squeezed Father Leo's shoulder. He squeezed it again, then got up and went to the bar.

Oh, no, Father Leo thought. What have I done?

Jerry came back with fresh drinks. He sat down and slid one over to Father Leo. His eyes were still misty. "Vegas," he said, and raised his glass.

"Vegas," Father Leo said.

MOTHER VINCENT GAVE THEM THE BONUS. Thanksgiving weekend in Las Vegas, all expenses paid—air fare, hotel, meals, and a hundred dollars apiece in gambling coupons. The trip was arranged at discount by a nun who worked as a travel agent.

When Jerry picked Father Leo up for the ride to the airport he shook his head. "I knew it," he said.

"Knew what?"

"The outfit," Jerry said. "There's nothing in the rules that says you have to wear your outfit on vacation, is there?" He stopped at a clothing store and bought Father Leo two Western shirts with mother-of-pearl buttons and a pair of Western pants. The store did not carry boots. Father Leo was glad, though he could see that Jerry didn't think much of the square black shoes showing beneath his cuffs.

"Something is going to happen," Jerry said later, on the plane. "I feel it. Something big. We're going to come home with gold in our saddlebags."

"I don't know," Father Leo said.

"Listen," Jerry said. "We are two serious hombres and we are about to bust this town wide open. We'll never work again. It is written." He leaned past Father Leo and looked down at the cluster of lights that pulsed in the darkness below. "Vegas," he whispered.

They found a commotion in the hotel lobby when they arrived. A woman was yelling that her room had been broken into. Two men in fringed leather jackets tried to calm her down, and finally managed to lead her to an office behind the registration desk. As he stood in line Father Leo could hear her voice, high and breaking. He picked up

the room keys and meal coupons and gambling chips, and turned around just in time to see Jerry win twelve dollars at one of the quarter slots by the Hertz counter. The coins slid out of the machine onto the tile floor with a steady ringing sound and rolled in every direction. Jerry got down on his hands and knees and crawled after them. Nobody paid any attention except a red-haired man in silver pants who went over to Jerry and touched his shoulder, then hurried away.

They ate dinner in the hotel, the only place where their coupons were good. Jerry spent his winnings on a bottle of wine, to celebrate. He couldn't get over it—a jackpot the first time around. "Figure the odds on that," he said. "It's an omen. It means we can't lose."

"I'm not much of a gambler," Father Leo said. It was true. He had never won a bet in his life. The chips they'd been given were negotiable and he intended to cash them in just before he left and buy his sister something nice for Christmas, something he would not usually be able to afford. For now they were squirreled away in the bottom of his suitcase.

"Who's talking about gambling?" Jerry said. "I'm talking about fate. You know what I mean."

"I guess I don't," Father Leo said. "Not really."

"Sure you do. What about the guy you killed? It was fate that put you there. It was fate that you became a priest."

Father Leo saw how the lie had grown. It had taken on a

meaning and the meaning was false. He felt tired of himself. He said, "Jerry, it isn't true."

"What isn't true?"

"I never killed anyone."

Jerry smiled at him. "Come off it."

"I've never even been in a fight," Father Leo said.

Jerry looked at him. "Then why are you a priest?"

Father Leo wanted to explain, but the words wouldn't come. The moment passed.

Jerry leaned forward. "Look," he said, "you shouldn't feel guilty about it. It was that kind of a situation. I would have done the same thing in your shoes. That's what I told Sister Gervaise."

"No," Father Leo said. "You didn't."

"Don't worry," Jerry said. "She promised not to tell anyone. The thing is, she made a crack about you and I wanted to set her straight. It worked, too. She went white as a ghost. She looked about ready to hemorrhage. You should have seen her."

"She's a gossip," Father Leo said. "She'll tell everyone. She'll tell Mother Vincent."

"I made her promise," Jerry said. "She gave her word."

"So did you."

Jerry tore out a coupon and put it on the table. He ground out his cigar. "This conversation isn't going anywhere," he said. "What's done is done. We're in Get Rich City now, and it's time to start raking it in."

There was a small casino on the other side of the lobby. Jerry suggested that they start there. He sat down at the blackjack table. Father Leo moved up and watched the play. He was pretending to study Jerry's tactics, but none of it made any sense to him. He could think only of Sister Gervaise turning white. He felt as if he must be turning white himself. "I'm going upstairs," he told Jerry. "I'll be back in a little while."



MINA BELL'S COWS

O where are Mina Bell's cows who gave no milk
and grazed on her dead husband's farm?
Each day she walked with them into the field,
loving their swayback dreaminess more
than the quickness of any dog or chicken.
Each night she brought them grain in the dim barn,
holding their breath in her hands.
O when the lightning struck Daisy and Bets,
her son dug such great holes in the yard
she could not bear to watch him.
And when the baby, April, growing old
and wayward, fell down the hay chute,
Mina just sat in the kitchen, crying "Ape,
Ape," as if she called all three cows,
her walleyed girls who never would come home.

—Wesley McNair

FATHER LEO SAT ON THE BALCONY OUTSIDE HIS room. In the courtyard below he saw a pool, turquoise, heart-shaped, lit by underwater lights. He gripped the armrests of his chair. His body felt strange to him and far away. He could not stop thinking of Sister Gervaise, stricken and pale. What was he supposed to do? He couldn't have Mother Vincent and the others believing that he had killed a man. It would terrify them. On the other hand, he didn't want them to think that he went around telling crazy lies about himself. In its own way, that was just as bad. He put his head in his hands. He couldn't think. Finally he gave up and went back downstairs.

Another man had taken Jerry's place at the blackjack table. Father Leo couldn't find Jerry at any of the other tables and he wasn't at the bar or in the lobby. On the chance that he'd gone to his room, Father Leo called upstairs on the house phone. No one answered. Finally he went outside and stood under the awning beside the doorman. A greyhound wearing a sweater and pulling an old

woman behind him stopped and lifted his leg over a small border of flowers in front of the hotel. While the dog relieved itself, the woman glared at the doorman. He looked back at her but didn't say anything.

People spilled over into the street, all moving in different directions. Everyone was shouting and the cars were blowing their horns. All along the street colored lights flashed names and pictures. Farther down was a sign that must have been twenty feet high, showing a line of girls in cowboy boots and bikinis. Every so often they kicked up their legs this way and that. They were smiling, and every tooth was a little light.

There was no point in looking for anyone out there. Father Leo went back inside and took a seat at the bar. From the bar he could keep an eye on both the lobby and the casino. He sipped at his drink and glanced around. A young couple in identical Hawaiian shirts sat silently side by side. A heavy-set Indian was poking out numbers on a punchboard. At the end of the bar a pretty woman was ransacking a handbag and muttering to herself. Finally she found what she was after—cigarettes. She lit one, pursed her lips, and blew out a long stream of smoke. She had on bright red lipstick. Her hair was blonde, almost white against her sun-darkened skin. She noticed that Father Leo was looking at her, and she looked back. She smiled. He gave a little nod. His drink was almost full, but he finished it off and left the bar.

Father Leo sat in the lobby for an hour, reading newspapers. Every time someone came in he looked up. When he felt himself beginning to doze off he went to the desk and talked to the clerk. Jerry had left his key, but no message. "That's strange," Father Leo said. He walked across the lobby to the elevator. The woman from the bar was standing inside, holding the door for him. "What floor?" she said.

"Five. Thank you."

"Coincidence," she said. "That's my floor, too." She smiled. Father Leo stared at himself in the mirrored wall. Next to him the woman kept smiling at his reflection. She was about his age, older than he'd thought. He saw that she was badly sunburned except for a white circle around each eye. He could almost feel the heat coming off her pink skin. She was tapping one foot.

"Been here long?" she asked.

He shook his head. The elevator stopped and they got out. She walked beside him down the corridor. "I flew in two days ago," she said. "I don't mind telling you I've been having a ball." When Father Leo put his key into the lock she read the number of his door. "Five-fifteen. That's easy to remember. I always leave work at five-fifteen. I could leave at five but I like it when everyone's gone. I like to just sit and look out the window. It's so peaceful."

"Good night," Father Leo said. She was still talking when he closed the door. He sat for a time on his balcony. High palms surrounded the pool, and overhead shone a silver crescent moon. Father Leo thought of a band of marauders camped by a well in the desert, roasting a lamb

over a spitting fire, the silver moon reflected in the chasing of their long inlaid rifles; veiled women moving here and there in silence, doing as they were told.

Before he went to bed Father Leo called the desk. Jerry's key was still on its hook.

"It's only twelve-thirty," the clerk said. "You could try later."

Father Leo turned out the lights. The ceiling sparkled. He was staring at it when he thought he heard a sound at the door. He sat up. "Who's there?" he called. When no one answered he said, "Jerry?" The sound did not come again, and Father Leo lay back on the bed. After a while he slept.

On his way to breakfast the next morning Father Leo stopped by the front desk. Jerry still hadn't come in. Father Leo left a message—"I'm in the coffee shop"—and when he finished eating he changed it to "Went out. Be back soon."

Though it was just after eleven, the street was already jammed with people. A dry breeze blew, bearing a faint smell that was strange to Father Leo but made him think of the word "sage." The light shimmered. Off in the distance, purple mountains floated on a lake of blue that appeared and vanished to the beat of Father Leo's pulse, which he felt in his temples and wrists. The sidewalk glowed.

For the rest of the morning Father Leo searched the casinos across the street. He thought that Jerry might have wandered over and got caught up in one of those games that went on forever. But he didn't see him, or if he saw him he didn't recognize him. That was possible. There were so many people. Bent over their machines, faces fixed and drained by the hot lights, they all began to look the same to Father Leo. He couldn't make out who he was looking at, and it wore him out to try. At two o'clock he went back to the hotel, intending to search the casinos on the other side of the street after he'd eaten lunch.

He sat at the counter and watched the crowd move past outside. It was noisy in the coffee shop, which was full of Japanese men in business suits. They all wore cowboy hats and string ties with roadrunner clasps. At the back of the room a bunch of them were playing slot machines. There weren't enough machines to go around so they took turns, standing behind each other in little lines. Finally one of them hit a jackpot and all the others, including those at the tables, stopped talking and applauded.

"If it isn't five-fifteen." The woman from the night before sat down at the next stool and offered Father Leo a package of Salems with one cigarette sticking halfway out. He shook his head. She slipped the cigarette from the pack, tapped it once on the countertop, and put it in the ashtray. "For later," she said. "I can't smoke on an empty stomach." The color of her face had gone from pink to red. It was painful for Father Leo to look at her and to think of how hot and tight her skin must feel, and how it must hurt her to keep smiling the way she did.

"By the way," she said, "I'm Sandra."

Father Leo did not want to know this woman's name and he did not want her to know his name. But she kept waiting. "Slim," he said.

"Then you must be a westerner."

He nodded. "Seattle and thereabouts."

She said, "I met a fellow in the casino named Will. In Chicago you just don't hear names like that. Will and Slim. I love it. It's so different."

The waitress took Sandra's order and slipped Father Leo's check under his plate. He picked it up and looked at it.

"Let me treat you to a refill," Sandra said, pointing at his coffee cup.

He stood. "No thanks," he said. "I've got to be going. Much obliged."

Jerry hadn't called in yet or used his key. Father Leo left another message for him and went upstairs to his room. He thought he would lie down for a while before making another tour of the casinos. When he stepped inside he saw that his suitcase was open, though he could remember closing it. On the table next to the suitcase a cigarette was coming apart in a glass of water.

He knelt and went through the suitcase. He sat back for a moment, caught his breath, and searched the suitcase again. The chips were gone.

Father Leo flushed the cigarette down the toilet and dropped the glass in the wastebasket. His heart was jumping; every time it struck it surprised him and shook him as if he were hollow. He sat on the bed and felt the hollowness spreading up from his chest into his neck and head, down into his legs. When he stood he rose up and up. He saw his shoes side by side on the rug, a long way below. He walked over to the balcony door and back. Then he began to talk to himself, just to hear the sound.

The things he said didn't make any sense. They were only noises. He kept pacing the room. He struck himself over the heart. He gripped his shirt in both hands and tore it open to his waist. He struck himself again. Back and forth he walked.

The sounds he made grew soft and distant, then stopped. Father Leo stood there. He looked down at the front of his shirt. One button was missing. Another hung by a thread. The room was hot and still smelled faintly of the thief's cigarette. Father Leo slid open the glass door and went out onto the balcony. The desert was hidden by casinos but he could feel it all around him and taste its dryness in the breeze. The breeze ruffled the surface of the pool below, breaking the sun's reflection. The broken light glittered on the water.

Two young girls came into the courtyard. One of them had a radio as big as a briefcase. She turned it up full blast and they started doing cannonballs off the diving board.

When the desk clerk saw Father Leo coming he shook his head. Father Leo walked up to him anyway. "No message?"

"Not a thing," the desk clerk said. He went back to his magazine.

Father Leo had meant to report the theft, but now he didn't see the point. The police would come and make him fill out a lot of forms. They would ask him questions, and he felt uneasy about that, about explaining his presence in Las Vegas.

For the rest of the afternoon he went up and down the street, looking for Jerry. Once he thought he saw him going into a casino but it turned out to be somebody else, a much older man with a pink, shiny face. Father Leo returned to the hotel. He didn't feel like going back to his room, so he sat in the lobby for a while. Then he bought a copy of *Omni* and went out to the pool.

The two girls were still at the pool. The radio sat there screaming. Father Leo tried to read an article about the creation of the universe but he couldn't keep his attention fixed. After a time he gave up and watched the girls, who sensed his attention. They began to show off. First they did swan dives. Then one of them tried a flip. She hit the water with a loud crack, flat on her stomach. Father Leo started out of his chair, but she seemed to be all right. She pulled herself up the ladder, grabbed the radio, and left the courtyard crying. Her friend walked carefully out to the end of the board, turned around, bounced twice, and executed a perfect backward flip. Then she walked away from the pool, feet slapping on the wet cement.

"Coincidence," Sandra said. "Looks like we've got the pool to ourselves." She was standing beside the next chair, looking down at him. She stepped out of her high-heeled clogs and took off her robe. Then she raised her arms above her head and stood on her toes. Her head blocked out the sun. She dropped her arms and touched her feet several times.

"You shouldn't be out here," Father Leo said. "Not with that burn of yours."

"This is my last day," she said. "I wanted to catch the sunset."

Father Leo glanced up. The sun was just touching the roof of the hotel across from them. It looked like another sign.

Sandra sat down and took a bottle of baby oil out of her tote bag. She rubbed the oil along her arms and across her chest, under the halter of her bathing suit. Then she raised her legs one at a time and slowly oiled them until they glistened. They were deep red. "So," she said, "where's the wife?"

"I'm not married."

"Me either," she said.

Father Leo closed his magazine and sat up.

"What shows have you been to?" she said.

"None."

"You should go," she said. "The dancers are so beautiful. I don't think I've ever seen such beautiful men and women in my whole life. Do you like to dance?"

Father Leo shook his head.

Sandra drew her legs up. She rested her chin between her knees. "What do you like?"

Father Leo was about to say, "I like peace and quiet." He stopped himself, though. She was lonely. There was no reason to hurt her feelings. "I like to read," he said. "Music. Good music, not weird music. Eating in restaurants. Talking to friends."

"Me too," Sandra said. "Those are the same things I like." She lowered the back of the deck chair and rolled onto her stomach. She rubbed baby oil over her shoulders, then held the bottle out toward Father Leo. "Could you give a lady a hand?" she said.

He saw that she wanted him to oil her back, which looked swollen and painful, glowing in the little sun that was left. "I'm afraid I can't do that," he said.

"Oh," she said. She put the bottle down. "Sorry I asked."

"I'm a priest," he said.

"That's a new one," she said, not looking at him. "A priest named Slim."

"Slim is my nickname," he said.

"Sure," she said. "Your nickname. What kind of a priest are you, anyway?"

Father Leo began to explain but she cut him off. "You're no priest," she said. She sat up and began stuffing things into her tote bag—lighter, cigarettes, baby oil, sunglasses. She put her robe on and stepped into her clogs. "If you were a priest you wouldn't have let me go on like I did. You wouldn't have let me make a fool of myself." She stood there, looking down at him. "What are you, anyway?"

"I came here with a friend," Father Leo said. "He's been gone ever since last night. I don't have any idea where he is. Then, this afternoon . . ." He shook his head. "I think I'm a little confused."

"I don't know what you are," she said, "but if you come near me again I'll scream."

She left. The sun went down. Father Leo sat by the pool and stared up at the window of Jerry's room, which was next to his own. The breeze picked up, rustling the palm fronds overhead. The water slapped softly against the sides of the pool. A boy and a girl came into the courtyard, holding hands, and sat on the diving board. They stared down at the water. After a while they started to kiss.

Father Leo didn't know what to do. He was afraid to call the police, because if they did find Jerry they might discover his real name and put him in prison. He borrowed a telephone book from the desk clerk and wrote down the numbers of all the hospitals in town. There were seven, including one convalescent home and one women's hospital. He tried them all. There was no Jerry Royce registered at any of the hospitals, but at Desert Springs the nurse who took the call said that on the previous night they had admitted a John Doe with what she called "a sucking chest wound." Father Leo asked for a description of the man, but she did not have his file and the line to

Intensive Care was busy. "It's always busy," the nurse said. "If you're in town, the easiest thing to do is just come over."

Father Leo rode up to Intensive Care in a padded elevator. When he stepped out, a gurney almost ran into him. He moved aside and watched it pass. One nurse was pushing it at a brisk pace while another adjusted a strap across the knees of the man lying on the gurney, who smiled at Father Leo.

The John Doe was dead. He had died that afternoon and they had sent his body to the morgue. Father Leo put his hands on the desk. "The morgue?" he said.

The nurse nodded. "We have a picture," she said. "Would you like to see it?"

"I guess I'd better," Father Leo said. He was afraid to look at the picture, but he didn't feel ready for a trip to the morgue. The nurse opened a folder and took out a large glossy photograph and handed it to him. He looked at it. The face was that of a boy with narrow features. His eyes were open, staring without defiance or shyness into the blaze of the flash. Father Leo knew that the boy had died before the picture was taken. He gave the picture back.

The nurse looked at it. "Not your friend?" she asked.

He shook his head. "What happened?"

"He was stabbed." She put the folder away.

"Did they catch the person who did it?"

"Probably not," she said. "We get over one hundred murders a year in town."

On his way back to the hotel Father Leo watched the crowd through the window of the cab. A group of sailors ran across the street. The one in front was throwing coins over his shoulder and the rest were jumping for them. Signs flashed. People's faces pulsed with reflected light.

Father Leo bent forward. "I just heard that you get over one hundred murders a year in town. Is that true?"

"I don't know," the cabby said. "I suppose it's possible." He shook his head. "This place has its drawbacks, all right. But I'm glad to be here. They've got a foot of snow in Albany right now and there's more on the way." He grinned at Father Leo in the mirror.

There were no messages. Father Leo sat in the lobby for a while, then went up to bed.

At a little past two in the morning Jerry called. He said that he was sorry about the mix-up, but he could explain everything. It turned out that while Father Leo was upstairs that first night Jerry had met a fellow on his way to a poker game outside town. It was a private game. The players were rich and there was no limit. They'd had to leave right away, so Jerry wasn't able to tell Father Leo. And after he got there he'd had no chance to call. The game was that intense. Incredible amounts of money had changed hands. It was still going on, he'd just broken off to catch a few winks and let Father Leo know that he would not be going back to Seattle the next morn-

ing. He couldn't, not now. Jerry had lost every penny of his own savings, the seven thousand dollars from the airplane executive, and some other cash he had held back. "I'm really sorry," he said. "I know this is going to put you in an awkward position."

"I think you ought to come home," Father Leo said. "We can make it up. We can work something out."

"No," Jerry said. "I don't think so. I still have four hundred left. I've been down further than that and bounced back. I'm just getting warmed up."

"Jerry, listen."

"Look," Jerry said, "haven't you ever had the feeling that you're bound to win? Like you've been picked out and you'll get taken care of no matter what?"

"Sure," Father Leo said, "I've had that feeling. It doesn't mean a damn thing."

"That's what you say. I happen to feel differently about it."

"For God's sake, Jerry, use your head. Come home."

But it was no good. Jerry said good-bye and hung up. Father Leo sat on the edge of the bed. The telephone rang again. He picked it up and said, "Jerry?"

It wasn't Jerry, though. It was Sandra. "I'm sorry if I woke you up," she said.

"Sandra," he said. "What on earth do you want?"

"Are you really a priest?" she asked.

"What kind of a question is that? What do you mean by calling me at this hour?" Father Leo knew that he had every right to be angry but he wasn't, not really. The sound of his own voice, fussy and peevish, embarrassed him. "Yes," he said.

"Oh, thank God. I'm so frightened."

He waited.

"Someone's been trying to get into my room," she said.

"At least I think they have. I could have been dreaming," she added.

"You should call the police."

"I already thought of that," she said. "What would they do? They'd come in and stand around and then they'd go away. And there I'd be."

"I don't know how I could help," Father Leo said.

"You could stay."

"My friend still isn't back," Father Leo said. "We have to leave tomorrow morning and I should be here in case he calls. What if you were dreaming?"

"Please," she said.

Father Leo slammed his fist into the pillow. "Of course," he said. "Of course, I'll be right down."

After Sandra unlocked the door she told Father Leo to wait a second. Then she called, "Okay. Come on in." She was wearing a blue nightgown. She slid into bed and pulled the covers up to her waist. "Please don't look at me," she said. "And in case you wondered, I'm not making this up. I'm not so desperate for company. Almost but not quite."

There were two beds in the room with a night table in between. Father Leo sat at the foot of the other bed. He

looked at her. Her face was red and puffy. She had white stuff on her nose.

"I'm a sight," she said.

"You should have that burn looked at when you get home."

She shrugged. "It's going to peel no matter what. In a couple of weeks I'll be back to normal." She tried to smile and gave it up. "I thought I'd at least come home with a tan. This has been the worst vacation. It's been one thing after another." She picked at the covers. "My second night here I lost over three hundred dollars. Do you know how long it takes me to save three hundred dollars?"

"This is an awful place," Father Leo said. "I don't know why anybody comes here."

"That's no mystery," Sandra said. "At a certain point it's the logical place to come."

"The whole thing is fixed," Father Leo said.

Sandra shrugged. "At a certain point that doesn't matter."

Father Leo went over to the sliding glass door. He opened it and stepped out onto the balcony. The night was cold. A mist hung over the glowing blue surface of the pool.

"You'll catch your death out there," Sandra called.

Father Leo went back inside and closed the door. He was restless. The room smelled of coconut oil.

"I have a confession to make," Sandra said. "It wasn't a coincidence when I came out to the pool today. I saw you down there."

Father Leo sat in the chair next to the TV. He rubbed his eyes. "Did somebody really try to break into the room?"

"I'm scared," Sandra said. "Can't you tell I'm scared?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then what difference does it make?"

"None," Father Leo said.

"This has been the worst vacation," Sandra said. "I won't tell you all the things that happened to me. Let's just say the only good thing that's happened to me is meeting you."

"This is a terrible place," Father Leo said. "It's dangerous, and everything is set up so you can't win."

"Some people win," she said.

"That's the theory. I haven't seen any winners. Do you mind if I use your phone?"

Sandra smoked and watched Father Leo while he talked to the desk clerk. Jerry had not called back. Father Leo left Sandra's room number and hung up.

"You told him you were here?" she said. She was smiling. "I wonder what he'll think."

"He can think whatever he wants to think," Father Leo said.

"He probably isn't thinking anything," Sandra said. "I'll bet he's seen it all."

Father Leo nodded. "I wouldn't be surprised."

"It's strange," she said. "Usually, when I'm about to go home from a vacation, I get excited—even if I've had a



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great time. This year I just feel sad. How about you? Are you looking forward to going home?"

"Not much," Father Leo said.

"Why not? What's it like where you live?"

Father Leo thought of the noise in the refectory. Sister Gervaise shrieking at one of her own wisecracks. Then he saw her face go bone-white as she listened to the lie he'd told Jerry. It would be all over the convent by now. By now Mother Vincent would have heard. There was no way to undo it. When you heard a story like that it became the truth about the person spoken of. Denials would only make it seem more true.

He would have to live with it. And that meant that everything was going to change. He saw how it would be. The hallways empty at night and quiet. The sisters falling silent as he walked past them, their eyes downcast.

"What are you smiling at?" Sandra asked.

He shook his head. "Nothing. Just a thought."

Sandra stubbed her cigarette out. "To get back to what we were talking about before," she said. "Some people do win. You just have to be in the right place at the right time, that's all. A friend of mine met her husband at the dentist's. They were both in the waiting room and got to talking about one thing and another. If either he or my friend hadn't made an appointment for that particular morning, they wouldn't have met. If the dentist hadn't taken so long with the patient he was working on, they wouldn't have discovered all the things they have in common, music and so on. It happens all the time. Take you and me. Say you weren't a priest. I know you are, but say you weren't. If we were to meet and you were to fall in love with me, think how lucky I would be. I would have the man I always dreamed of."

"You don't know me, Sandra."

"Not in the usual way, maybe. But I recognize you. I have these dreams, and the person I dream about is like you. Intelligent. Kind. Gallant. He even looks like you."

"Gallant," Father Leo said.

Sandra nodded. "You're here, aren't you?"

A group of people went past the door, talking loudly. When it was quiet again Father Leo said, "Too many ifs. We would have to be different people. Everything would have to be different."

She said, "Don't you think you could love me?"

"That's not the point," Father Leo said. "That's not what I'm talking about."

"But could you?"

"Yes," he said.

"What for? What is it about me that you would love if you loved me?" She leaned forward and clasped her arms around her knees. She watched him. Her blue eyes glittered.

"It's hard to put into words," Father Leo said.

Sandra said, "You don't have to." She shook another cigarette out of the pack, stared at it, and put it down on the night table.

"I like the way you talk," Father Leo said. "Straight out—just what's on your mind."

She nodded. "I do that all right. Let the chips fall where they may."

"Your spirit," Father Leo said. "Coming here all alone the way you did."

"Last year I went to Nassau."

"How friendly you are," Father Leo said. "The way you listen."

She leaned back against the pillow.

"Your eyes," he said.

"My eyes? Really?"

"You have beautiful eyes."

Father Leo went on. He did not think, he just listened to himself. His voice made a cool sound in the stuffy room. After a time Sandra whispered, "You won't leave, will you?"

"I'll be right here," he said.

She slept. Father Leo turned off the lights and moved his chair in front of the door. If anyone tried to break in he would be in the way. They would have to get past him.

He sat and listened. Every so often, faintly, he heard the elevator open at the end of the hall. Then he tried to hear the voices of people who got out, to see if they were men or women. Whenever he heard a man's voice, or no voice at all, he tensed. He listened for sounds in the corridor. Several people went by Sandra's door. Nobody stopped.

The only sounds in the room were his own and Sandra's breathing; his deep, almost silent, hers quick and shallow.

After a few hours of this he began to drift. Finally he caught himself dozing off, and went outside onto the balcony. A few stars still glimmered. The breeze stirred the fronds of the palm trees. The palms were black against the purple sky. The moon was white.

Father Leo stood against the railing, chilled awake by the breeze. A car horn honked, a small sound in the silence. He listened for it to come again but it didn't, and the silence seemed to grow. Again he felt the desert all around him. He thought of a coyote loping home with a rabbit dangling from its mouth, yellow eyes aglow.

Father Leo rubbed his arms. The cold began to get to him and he went back inside.

The walls turned from blue to gray. A telephone started ringing in the room above. He heard heavy steps.

Sandra turned. She said something in her sleep. Then she turned again.

"It's all right," Father Leo said. "I'm here." □

Worth's dresses gave shape to an extravagant era

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A REPORTER IN PARIS PAID a visit to the House of Worth, the world's leading couturier, and in February, 1884, published an account of that visit in this magazine. The article began: "It is October, and Paris is full of foreigners. The King of Dress holds a levee daily from two until five P.M., No. 7 Rue de la Paix, first story above the *entresol*. He is the only absolute monarch left in Europe, and his court is the most cosmopolitan." Indeed, Worth's reign over fashion, which began in 1860 under the patronage of the Empress Eugénie, had already outlasted the Second Empire; she now lived in exile. From the long windows of his showrooms, Worth could look out on the Place Vendôme, where a statue of Napoleon I stood atop the Vendôme Column, on the spot previously occupied by statues of Louis XIV and Liberty; the column, dashed to pieces by the Communards, had been re-erected under the Third Republic. To Worth, whose supremacy in fashion was undisputed during his lifetime, politics must have seemed a fickle business.

So, for that matter, is history, and though Worth is unanimously recognized as the founder of modern couture, his reputation today hardly compares with the celebrity that surrounds Coco Chanel, or even Paul Poiret, both of whom rebelled against the prevailing style, which was Worth's. In carved velvets, luminous silk satins, large-patterned jacquards and brocades, Worth gowns were gracefully cut and lavishly detailed, trimmed with pearl tassels, silk fringe, swansdown, pas-

sementerie braid, rosettes, and lace. They could only have been made in an era when everyone had more time—the designer to conceive a dress, his staff to make it, his customer to get into it, and her acquaintances to admire it. All life proceeded at a more leisurely pace.

That Worth's fame has now been eclipsed by Chanel's is understandable: she ushered in our idea of fashion—varying styles of dress in simple, classic, separate pieces that are unconstructed, easy to move in, and look different when worn with different accessories. The clothes Worth designed look foreign to us. They are the fashions of some other world, not the world we live in. That much is confirmed by fifty Worth gowns on view through September 5

at the Museum of the City of New York. "The House of Worth: The Gilded Age in New York" is composed entirely of dresses Worth designed for American women—his favorite customers, because, he claimed, they wanted only the best and never asked the price. The surprise is in seeing firsthand how magnificent the best clothes really were—not merely expensive-looking but well designed and often highly original. This retrospective begins in 1860, with a gown for the Prince of Wales ball, and ends with a YWCA uniform for World War I, spanning fifty-some years when clothes were more important in America than they had ever been before, or would be again.

Charles Frederick Worth was born in England, in 1825. The son of a solicitor who squandered all his money, Worth was forced to go to work at the age of twelve, as



Mrs. Calvin Brice in the infanta costume she wore to the Bradley Martins' ball, 1897

an apprentice to one of London's leading mercers. At twenty, he left for Paris, where he found a job at Gagein & Opigez, a firm that sold dress fabrics and ready-made capes. Within a few years, Worth had married one of the mannequins with whom he worked and had persuaded the firm's owners to let him design dresses for their clients. For the first time, a woman could select both a dress and the fabric for it under the same roof.

Worth soon made a name for himself. In 1858, with a Swedish partner who provided the financial backing, he struck out on his own. A gown he had designed for the Princess Metternich, a chic young woman at the French court, caught the Empress's eye and brought Worth a summons to the palace. From then on, for the final uproarious decade of the Second Empire, he made all of Eugénie's ball gowns, and his label bore the royal crest. Her court set the trends in New York and other provinces. In furniture, clothes, painting, and music, imperial taste ran to the ornate. Under the Empress Eugénie, who never wore the same dress twice, Worth was given free rein. His designs are to the shape of a dress what coloratura trills are to a melody's line—virtuosity that takes the shape of embellishment.

During the Third Republic, declared in 1870, the House of Worth continued to dominate international fashion. Worth died in 1895, leaving the business to his two sons. Jean Philippe, succeeding his father as designer, proved talented and capable. Even after his death, in 1926, the house continued, through two more generations, more or less the same. The world, however, changed beyond recognition.

BY THE TIME WORTH CAME TO POWER, THE SECOND Empire was in its heyday. Napoleon III, hailed "the Emperor of Europe," was resolved to dominate Mexico and most of the women he met. Paris was the capital of the world, inhabited by diplomats, society beauties, who were among the leading celebrities of the time, and



Mrs. William Storrs Wells's evening gown of black chiffon and white satin brocade, circa 1912

demimondaines, just as famous in their own right. Every afternoon, at five in the summer and three in the winter, the rich paraded in their satin-upholstered carriages around the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. In the wintertime, the Empress would go ice skating there with three ladies of the court, all in a row, holding on to a velvet-covered pole.

At the Emperor's invitation, certain favored acquaintances would quit Paris to spend a week at the "country" palace, at Compiègne. When Lillie Moulton, the young American wife of a banker, was so chosen, she took twenty-one dresses—eight for daytime wear, one for the hunt, five for tea, and seven ball gowns—packed in seven trunks. A single gown cost from 1,500 to 4,000 francs, at a time when two francs bought dinner. All this extravagance, the rich rea-

soned, supported the poor by providing jobs. They were not entirely wrong: the House of Worth alone employed 1,200.

Our correspondent on the scene in 1883 continued:

Mr. Worth himself is the centre of constantly changing groups of men and women, American, English, French, Russian, Spanish, and unclassified. They are not all speaking or listening to him—only those who understand English or can guess at his French do that; the others are waited upon by underlings, who address them in their native language. But the majority cluster round Mr. Worth. He is dressed in a blue flannel sack-coat, buttoned across his burly person, brown trousers, a turn-down collar, and crimson scarf, all shabby. The immediate object of his attention is a single lady of great wealth, from New York; gray-haired, quiet in dress and demeanor, but with something about her which marks her as being somebody, as distinguished from anybody.

However vain and willful his customers may have been on their own turf, they deferred invariably to "Monsieur Worth." His rule was autocratic. Affecting a "uniform" copied from a Rembrandt self-portrait, he dressed whom he pleased and turned away the rest, setting himself up as the first status designer. Even among his regular customers there seems to have been a good deal of jockeying for higher positions in his favor. Lillie Moulton wrote home to her

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mother in Cambridge about her costume for a ball at the court in 1862. She was frankly disappointed. Worth seemed to have lavished all his time and attention on several more socially prominent women and to have filled her own order perfunctorily. She described the gowns of a few celebrated guests, then her own:

Marquise de Gallifet, as the Angel Gabriel, with enormous real swan's wings suspended from her shoulders, looked the part to perfection. . . . Princess Metternich was dressed as Night, in dark-blue tulle covered with diamond stars. Her husband said to me, "Don't you think that Pauline looks well in her nightgown?" Countess Castiglione, the famous beauty, was dressed as Sallambô in a costume remarkable for its lack of stuff, the idea taken from the new Carthaginian novel of Gustave Flaubert. . . . My costume was that of a Spanish dancer. Worth told me that he had put his whole mind upon it; it did not feel much heavier for that: a banal yellow satin skirt, with black lace over it, the traditional red rose in my hair; red boots and a bolero embroidered in steel beads, and small steel balls dangling all over me. Some compliments were paid to me, but unfortunately not enough to pay the bill.

If only Napoleon III and Eugénie had planned their military campaigns as carefully as their costume balls, the Second Empire might have lasted longer. As it was, they provided Worth with repeated opportunities for practically unlimited fantasy. Not even a designer for the stage could allow his imagination to roam so freely, for Worth's commissions were not confined to a plot. On various occasions, Jean Worth attended balls dressed as the shah of Persia, an Indian rajah, and a photographic negative, black and white in reverse—white evening suit, black shirt and tie, black gloves. Originality was everything. Peacocks in gowns edged with swansdown at the bodice, with long feather trains, peasant milkmaids shouldering solid-silver pails, a hornet with diamond antennae—today's most outlandish Halloween parties seem pallid by comparison. On the morning of the big evening, women sent their family jewels—not set

in necklaces or brooches but loose stones—to the House of Worth, to be sewn into their costumes. The purpose of a costume ball, Lillie Moulton explained to her mother, was to provide an excuse for wearing so many of one's jewels at the same time; at a regular ball, such a display would be frowned upon.

There was only one stipulation, and it seems to have been unconscious: nearly all of these costumes, no matter what the character, were shaped along the lines of the prevailing silhouette—low décolletage, tiny waist, and a generous skirt cut to fall over a big-hooped crinoline frame. This was the emphasis fashion gave to a woman's figure during the 1860s; this was what the eye of the beholder found attractive, whether a woman was dressed as a peacock or in her own clothes. Even the exotic "Déesse Hindoo" came to one costume ball wearing a hoop skirt.

The Empress Eugénie, a classic beauty by all accounts, insisted on an active role in her husband's government. But in matters of fashion, she preferred to follow someone else's lead, usually the Princess Metternich's. Audacious, distinctively dressed, cultivated, cigar-smoking, the Princess Metternich sponsored both Wagner and Worth. Everyone who met her found her irresistible—"not beautiful but worse," said one man in her thrall. "A fashionable monkey" is how she described herself. Whenever Worth set

about launching a new style, it was she who took it up and made it the rage. Together, they managed to overthrow the hoop skirt, a style Worth himself had at one time vigorously promoted.

A birdcage-shaped skirt supported by a scaffolding of wire hoops, the crinoline had caught on for a number of reasons. Its width forced women to stand far apart, so that each was shown to greater advantage. Lighter in weight than the petticoats it replaced, it made a woman's skirt seem to hover around her, skimming the floor as she walked, as if she were on wheels. The crinoline was considered wildly sexy, since in a strong wind the hoops would tilt to reveal a woman's ankles and calves. It also kept men at their distance—the hoops were so wide that the old custom of a woman's taking her escort's arm had to be abandoned for the time be-



Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard at the Vanderbilt ball in a satin gown trimmed with glass pearls and gold-spangled tulle, 1883

ing. A woman was made to seem enticing and, at the same time, unattainable; it was a foolproof combination. The crinoline gave expression to the Second Empire's opulence, sensuality, and decorum. Of all the styles that came and went in the course of Eugénie's reign, the crinoline was in vogue the longest—for almost ten years.

When, in 1869, Worth succeeded in dissuading his clients from their hoop skirts, something more than the silhouette changed. In their narrow new dresses, women seemed suddenly to have grown thin. Money was tighter, the Mexican campaign had failed, Prussian troops menaced France from the east. Within a year, the Empire toppled. The Avenue de l'Impératrice was renamed the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The Prussians bombarded Paris in January of 1871. The Communards seized control of Paris in March, and in May burned the Palace of the Tuileries. A contractor appointed to clear the site in 1873 invited collectors to come and take away what remained. Worth hauled off Corinthian columns, statues, entire sections of façade with windows and balconies intact, and installed them in his garden at Suresnes, where he made his home for the rest of his life amid the Second Empire's ruins.

MEANWHILE, NEWLY RICH AMERICANS WERE BUSY outfitting their just-built mansions with French porcelains, Italian statuary, suits of armor, eighteenth-century sedan chairs, Gobelin tapestries, Rembrandts, Vermeers, marble fireplaces, bronze doors, staircases lifted from a doge's palace. They wanted the best of everything, not only of their own era but of all time. For clothes, they went to the House of Worth, where they could continue to buy into the glory of the Second Empire long after it had ended. Worth went right on designing gowns with an air of self-importance, in the aggrandizing manner that had served the Empress so well.

European acquisitions helped to solidify their owner's position, by implying that he was a person of considerable experience, well traveled, a citizen of the world. The an-



Annie Schermerhorn's wedding dress of ivory and gold satin damask appliquéd with glass pearls, 1878

tiques conferred a vague sort of pedigree: here was a family with direct access to the past, they said. Aristocracy was suggested by the trappings of ancestry. The Astors, Van Rensselaers, Schermerhorns, and Hamiltons who had banded together early in the 1800s were now the old guard; New York society was in its second generation. It was, according to Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, "a serene, simple, self-satisfied circle."

Worth's clientele included Caroline Astor and Alva Vanderbilt, from New York; Isabella Stewart Gardner, from Boston; and Edith Wharton, from both those cities, or maybe neither: New York, she said, thought her too serious to be fashionable, and Boston thought her too fashionable to be serious. At any rate, Boston women as a matter of course packed their new Worth gowns away for a year be-

fore wearing them, because the style was too advanced by local standards.

By the 1880s, the ranks of New York society were ostensibly closed at four hundred, which was all Mrs. Astor's ballroom would comfortably hold. No roster existed, just a guest list drawn up by Mrs. Astor and Ward McAllister, an arriviste nicknamed Ward Make-a-Lister who had elbowed his way to her side. Mrs. Astor received her guests standing under her portrait, painted by Charles Emile Carolus-Duran, in which she wore a Worth gown of black satin trimmed with diamond-set "wings" of lace. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, her challenger, soon followed suit, receiving beneath her own portrait.

The centerpiece of the current Worth exhibition is the dress he designed for Alva Vanderbilt in 1883, to wear to the Vanderbilt ball, a costume party for 1,500 guests conceived as a housewarming for her new Fifth Avenue "chateau." Called "The Spirit of Electricity," the gown is an amazing construction of artfully draped, geometric-patterned gold satin, decked with brilliant silver and gold tinsel and gilt fringe at the hem; Mrs. Vanderbilt held a lamp in her hand. It was a sensational idea, combining the advent of electricity (Manhattan had just been wired) with the advent of the Vanderbilts; from that night on, the family occupied a secure place in New York's highest circles.

The dress that Worth designed heralded a new age.

In America, anyone who dared could pretend to society's throne. Human nature had found a way around the Constitution, by turning the monarchy into an elected office. The election was nothing more than a popularity contest, and anyone with the money and ambition could enter—that was democracy. Each year, dozens of young hopefuls announced their social candidacy in a gilt-edged catalogue, wishfully titled *Queens of American Society*.

One of the few who made the steep social climb all the way to the top was Undine Spragg, the protagonist of Edith Wharton's novel *The Custom of the Country*. A ruthless, husband-hunting parvenue from Apex City, she succeeded where so many others failed primarily because she was gorgeous and highly skilled at mimicking the sort of people whose acceptance she craved. Social climbing was then (and perhaps still is) a career in itself, and Undine pursued it relentlessly, with all the means at her disposal—the most consistently effective of which was, predictably, her wardrobe. Wharton, in her memoirs, recalls in Old New York and Newport society “an almost pagan worship of physical beauty”; before it, the most impenetrable social barriers fell away.

America's ad hoc royalty also bowed to genuine royalty. When the young Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, came to the States in 1860, it was the grandest social event New York had ever seen. The Academy of Music on 14th Street was overhauled in his honor, transformed from an opera house into a ballroom, with the balconies turned into observation decks overlooking the dance floor and the backstage into a dining room. The Prince danced all night, while the most obsequious guests dogged his every step. “Of all the toadying that was ever exhibited,” one eyewitness remarked, “this occasion topped them all.”

SOMEWHERE ON THAT dance floor was Mrs. David Lion Gardiner, of Gardiners Island, in a silver gauze gown (the weft of silver threads, the warp of silk) from the House of Worth, which is also in the exhibition. The two-tiered hoop skirt is embossed with

coral cut-velvet flowers that fall in swags, as if they grow in hanging gardens. The scoop neck, cut low and as wide as the shoulders, is framed by a double ruffle. In the midst of New York's leading belles, all competing for Edward's eye, each in a dress calculated to upstage the next, Mrs. Gardiner must have been striking for her understatement. The quiet contrast of the two shades of coral against the background of silver-gray is riveting, like a whisper in a room full of people shouting to make themselves heard.

Not all Worth gowns were so simple, though his sense of color was usually inventive and slightly offbeat, as in a promenade dress of amber silk twill, from 1872, shirred at the side and caught up to reveal a pink silk underskirt, with a pleated flounce beneath. On the front of the skirt, horizontal stripes of amber and pink alternate with amber silk fringe; the ruffle that edges the train in back is faced with pink silk.

Throughout his career, Worth paid close attention to the play of light on fabric, and incorporated it into the design of a dress. In the case of Annie Schermerhorn's wedding dress, from 1878, the leaf-patterned satin damask is draped in such a way that it gives the impression of sunlight and shade, the shine of ivory satin seen through gold branches. In a reception dress for Mrs. William Storrs

Wells, Worth's skilled manipulation of light on fabric is even more subtle and ingenious: the vertical stripes—royal-blue moiré and black silk gauze—are underlaid with canary-yellow taffeta to heighten the moiré's grain and to give the black an elusive cast, a current of light moving just beneath the surface.

Looking at this exhibition, one begins to suspect that Worth designed, at least in part, to amuse himself. As a boy, he often visited London's National Gallery, where he would study a portrait of Queen Elizabeth wearing a gown embroidered with ears and eyes, a reminder to her subjects that the Queen was omniscient, hearing and seeing all that happened within her realm. He loved plays on words. A debutante's dress, made for Daisy Beard and included in the show, is patterned with gold ombré rose



Alva Vanderbilt as the Spirit of Electricity at the Vanderbilt ball, 1883

petals drifting across a dove-gray satin skirt; debutantes, or "debs," were also known as "buds," short for "rosebuds," and the name must have given Worth his inspiration. An evening mantle is trimmed with chenille fringe about three inches long, striped brown and white—like a caterpillar, which is the English meaning of *chenille*.

There are changes over the course of the years this retrospective spans, but they aren't drastic or, for that matter, very noteworthy. Charles Worth was already an accomplished couturier in 1860; there is nothing half-realized or clumsy about even the earliest dresses in this show. When Jean Philippe Worth took over the designing, in 1895, there seems to have been no perceptible break in the tradition, no real difference in the style. Over the years, the silhouette changed, but that was almost incidental: the design of a Worth dress is in most cases so intricate that its cookie-cutter outline is the least interesting thing about it.

In our century, Worth's designs have often been dismissed as too decorative. A list of all the elements at work in a single Worth dress is ridiculously long: Annie Schermerhorn's wedding gown features two rows of pleated tulle ruffles at the hem, lace filling in the décolletage, silk fringe on the train, bows on the sleeves, glass pearl appliqué on the bodice, strands of glass pearls tied in bows. . . . Worth's artistry lies in his astonishing ability to harmonize all these details in a single gown, to trim a dress lavishly without turning it into a Christmas tree, to convince us that every last furbelow is integral to the design.

Though he worked best without strictures, he could also be practical, as at least one gown in this show proves: Worth made its owner, Clara Howard, two different bodices to wear with the same bell-shaped nougat satin skirt trimmed with tulle—one, bared at the neck and shoulders, for balls; the other, more modestly cut, to wear at her wedding. Still, this dress, for all its versatility, is a far cry from



YWCA overseas uniform of blue-gray covert cloth with bengaline revers on jacket and cape, 1918

today's mix-and-match sportswear.

These dresses belong, irretrievably, to their own time, and yet they incorporate aspects of the past and future. One of Jean Worth's designs, a so-called medieval gown of celadon-green chiffon velvet, from 1908, looks ahead to the medieval-style dresses of Mariano Fortuny. The Spirit of Electricity, with its Art Deco-like patterns, uncannily prefigures the Chrysler Building. And, though Mrs. William Storrs Wells's gilt-patterned evening dress, from 1913, is undoubtedly a Worth—no one else would have veiled the glittery skirt with panels of black chiffon, or weighted such gossamer sleeves with tassels of glass pearls—it is also, unmistakably, in the prophetic unconstructed manner of Paul Poiret, who worked at the House of Worth before opening his own salon, in 1903.

Certainly, in the nearly sixty years these dresses represent, women changed. The demureness that seems sewn into Mrs. Gardiner's crinoline ball gown of 1860 is gradually supplanted by a more forthright attitude; by the turn of the century, the dresses look as if women were actually standing taller. The last exhibit in the show is dated 1918, a mannish, blue-gray covert-cloth uniform designed for a YWCA worker in World War I. Her shoulders are squared, her skirt pragmatically raised to mid-calf; she wears a white shirt and a navy-blue necktie. Next to all the satin wedding dresses and velvet tea gowns, which look poised and expertly molded to a woman's body, this three-piece uniform is awkward and ill-fitting—perhaps because there was no tradition of women's tailoring on which Worth could draw. The days when sleeves were latticed with pearls, moiré was underlaid with satin of another color, and costume ball gowns were copied from Velázquez paintings, were over. It seems cruel that Jean Worth, the man who had done his admirable best to perpetuate all that grandeur, should have been called on to make this outfit, which renounced it. □

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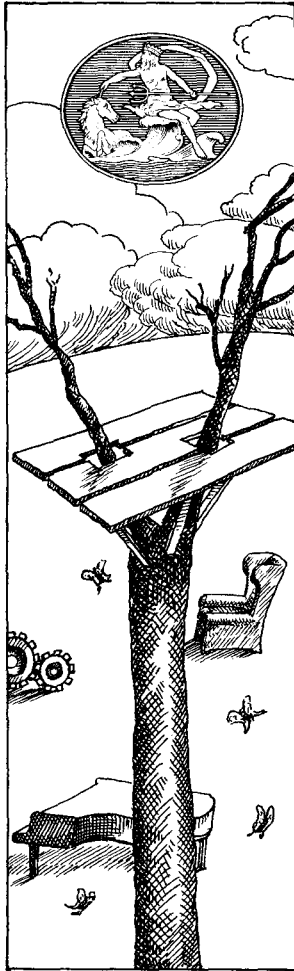
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MA BARKER: A WORD PORTRAIT

BY PINKIE BARKER-WATKINS AND
LYNN CARAGANIS



PERHAPS NO WOMAN in history has been as tragically misunderstood as Ma Barker, for the uniqueness of her life lies in its very ordinariness—the round of cheerfully accepted duties and the infrequent, simple pleasures that characterized woman's lot in the Missouri of those days. For if Missouri was no longer exactly frontier in 1872, the year of her birth, yet it was a land still rough around the edges, where a small girl in a calico dress might stand on the steps of her prairie home and thrill to the sight of Indian braves riding by in desperate packs, looking for “firewater” in their colorful war clothing; and where the long wagon trains (prairie schooners) trudged slowly west, drawn by patient mules and followed by the noisy, playing children whose names she would never know.

“Ma!” cried a stern voice. “Come in here and stop dreaming, you little no-good!” (Rough? Yes, yet if rough, there were ample reasons for it: years of futile scratching at the remorseless soil of Missouri.)

Reluctantly, the little girl, for she was only eight years old, turned away from the colorful scene, and, with the harsh discipline so common in the Show Me state, entered the dark cabin.

“Here!” exclaimed her mother, putting a basin of slops in the little girl's arms. “Slop the pigs now, or I'll tell your papa!”

“Yes, Mama,” said the little girl, and moved to obey, while a twinkling sparkled in the eyes of the disappointed Mrs. Clark, as she watched the girl walk carefully out to the pigpen, afraid of spilling a drop, “lest Papa find out!”

The years rolled by as irrevocable as the great prairie winds. Our little dreaming girl grew into a tall, willowy young Missouri woman, well known for her wholesome beauty and sweet disposition. Many a handsome rural lad ad-

mired her, but Ma was not conscious of this, or, if she was, didn't “do anything about it.” Why rush into adulthood, with its stern realities? she might have reasoned. For there was the range to ride, on her little wild pony, Trixie, on which, while she rode, she looked like “some fair Atalanta.” There were slumber parties, too, with her girlfriends from the village school, where more giggling and quilt-making was done than sleeping, I'm afraid! And on winter nights, after “chores,” young Ma would sing—lonely sad songs of a new nation in a voice that reminded friends of the great Lillie Langtry, whom a king had loved.

Deeply feminine, Ma made her own clothes.

In the year 1888, a young neighbor, Mrs. Guthrie, whose motherly instincts yearned toward young Ma, rode over with exciting news that was to expand Ma's horizons forever beyond the area bounded by the dirt path from the cabin to the pigpen and the turnpike fence.

“Ma, Mrs. Clark,” began the young woman as she got down from her ox. “There is goin' to be a dance this Saturday at the Grange. All the cowhands and itinerants will be comin'. That'll be fun, you bet!”

Ma's eyes sparkled with longing, but she dared not speak until her mother had given her consent.

“Well,” began the fifty-year-old, “sounds like a nice element of people. You kin go, Ma.”

Up jumped Ma at these words, threw her arms around her mother's neck, and then shook the hand of Mrs. Guthrie as if she would break it off.

All that afternoon and all the days following, Ma's young mind was teeming. What should she wear? Who would she meet? Would she have a good time?

The story of that May evening—how two young souls met and became as one—that story has been told and retold, becoming the most famous in the Ma Barker canon, as well as an enduring piece of Missouri social history.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM LULEVITCH

Lynn Caraganis lives in New York and is writing a novel.

It was one of Ma's nights, everybody said, one of those times when simple good grooming combined to make her something the whole state could be proud of.

But the first Ma heard of her greatest triumph came near the end of that magical evening. A stranger, a cowpoke, told her that somebody outside wanted to meet her. Ma peered out, trying to follow the stranger's pointing finger.

"Who? That big swarthy guy, ya mean?"

"That's him. G'wan out there."

Hesitating only a moment—for sensitive as she was, Ma was never timid—Ma joined the solitary man out under the stars. What he said, what she said, we can only speculate, but sure it is that George Barker, whose wife she was to become the very next day, was the one great love of her life.

And now commenced that happy period in the life of any young couple, the anticipation of their first baby. George Barker protected his wife as well as was in his power from the heavy work of their farm, but Ma strove to carry her load as usual. Though these were no doubt hard times, they must have been happy ones, too. For like generations of Americans always have, the Barkers believed they were as good as anybody and that with hard work they would soon be rich.

January, 1889. In an impenetrable snowstorm that was worse than anyone in Missouri had ever seen, a baby girl was born to Ma and George Barker. She

was christened Cheryl, but fondly called Pinkie by all.

Now work on the farm resumed. George Barker, always a quiet man, soon became obsessed with one thing: George Barker wanted sons. The couple prayed, but nothing happened. Pinkie was to be their only child. In the hard financial conditions of 1927, Ma and Pinkie were forced to move away, to Tulsa, Oklahoma.

There they were able to purchase a rooming house, of which Ma's efficiency and charm made an instant success. Pinkie soon met and married a young Tulsa merchant, yet still found the time to help her mother in the varied business pursuits that marked the later years.

With the rooming house now a profitable and smooth-running concern, Ma turned her mind to banking. Associates Lloyd, Freddie, Herman, and "Doc" Barker (no relations) describe the Ma of those years as follows:

Ma was always . . . a restless innovator, banking-wise. She was always thinking up new ways to . . . keep us busy.

Another who knew her, J. Ed. Hoover, put it this way:

Ma Barker never closes her doors to anyone, especially if they are in trouble and have the dough.

By now a rich woman, Ma invited George to come to Tulsa, but, reluctant, perhaps, to "live off" his wife, he decided to remain in Welch, Oklahoma, where he had founded a filling station.

In 1935, Ma Barker died while taking a secret vacation in Florida. She has been much misunderstood, and much maligned.

Some people seem to need to think badly of others, and to these people Ma's favorite response was always to pat the sidearm she wore as a protection against snakes and say mischievously, "Care to discuss it with my little friend here?" And then the room would fill with the echo of her great, fond laugh, and her blue eyes would sparkle and be, once again, the eyes of a lovely prairie girl. □

MUSIC

INTERPRETING GLENN GOULD

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN



THE GREAT CANADIAN pianist Glenn Gould, who died last fall at the age of fifty, had an avidly theoretical mind. Like many such people, he was strongly attracted to puns, coincidences, quirky bits of fact. Thus it would perhaps have amused him that the last of his recordings issued during his life—just before his death—was of the same work that he had chosen to inaugurate his recording career, twenty-seven years earlier: Bach's monumental *Goldberg Variations*.

No one who was listening seriously to music in the mid-1950s can forget the impact of that record. Gould, barely twenty-two years old, had made his triumphant New York debut at Town Hall in January of 1955, and had immediately been signed by Columbia Records. He recorded the *Goldberg Variations* the following June, the record was issued early in 1956, and within four years it had sold more than 40,000 copies. Still available, in a rechanneled-for-stereo version (CBS MS-7096E), it sounds today as fresh, as perfectly controlled yet perfectly effortless, as it did when newly minted. The playing, free of the eccentricities that were increasingly to mar Gould's work, combines passionate absorption, intellectual rigor, clarity of line, and tonal beauty. Through all the myriad subtle shifts of tempo, texture, and mood, the overall sense of unity is never lost for a moment, and when, after the last of the thirty variations, we end where we began, with the highly wrought but touch-



ing Aria that opened the work, the listener is overwhelmed by a sense of mastery and completion, the perfect closing of a great circle.

The circle of Glenn Gould's puzzling (and perhaps even tragic) career is, alas, far less satisfyingly closed by his new *Goldberg Variations* (CBS IM-37779). The first thing one notices is the extraordinarily slow tempo at which he now plays the Aria. Dreamy and yet ponderously insistent, with every point doggedly spelled out, it stands alone, a piece in its own right, and fails to create the sense of anticipation, of richer things to come, necessary to the theme of a variation set. Variation No. 1 also stands alone: instead of being fleet, clear, and buoyant, as in 1955, it is emphatically (and unattractively) hammered out. And similarly with many of the variations that follow: No. 4 is overly rhetorical, No. 7 lacks the touching simplicity it had in 1955, No. 9 is pedantic and fussy, No. 12 is also rhetorical, No. 13 is arch, No. 14 is overemphatic, No. 15 is slow and creepy, with none of the somber nobility it had in 1955. There are many dazzling things along the way, and the second half of the performance is distinctly less mannered. At no time can we doubt that we are in the presence of a master pianist and musician. But the mastery and control operate only locally, to create momentarily striking effects, not generally, to create, as in 1955, a compelling sense of overarching purpose and unity.

The eccentricities that I mentioned earlier set in immediately, with Gould's second recording, in 1956, of the last three Beethoven sonatas. Whole movements, the extremely fast slow movement of Op. 109, for example, are spoiled by what was perhaps Gould's eagerness to show his independence from the classic recorded performances of Artur Schnabel, the pianist and musical thinker he admired above all others. Yet the ebullient Beethoven First Concerto of 1958 (Odyssey Y-30491) is one of Gould's greatest recordings, and the Third and Fourth Concertos, recorded in 1959 and 1961, respectively, are also very fine, despite Gould's growing tendency to arpeggiate left-hand chords and to give undue prominence to innocent left-hand accompanying figures, elevating them to the full status of inner voices. (All five Beethoven concertos are available in Odys-

sey set Y4-34640.) The many Beethoven sonatas that Gould subsequently recorded are similarly marred, though always interesting and well worth hearing, and as late as 1974 he could produce a superb performance, very different from Schnabel's, of the Op. 126 Bagatelles (CBS M-33265).

Gould's annoying habit of activating his left hand, in spite of the sense of the music and even of the notes written by the composer, seems to have resulted from a growing conviction that the greatest music is contrapuntal music, and that if one does not find the counterpoint in music one believes to be great, one must supply it. Thus he felt less and less at home with classical (as opposed to Baroque) music, and especially with Mozart. This dissatisfaction was evident (though hardly disturbing) in his great 1961 recording of the Concerto in C minor, K. 491, but not yet in the fine 1958 Sonata in C major, K. 330. Both records are unfortunately out of print. Gould never recorded another Mozart concerto, and in his later recordings of all the Mozart sonatas (1967–1974), including a vastly inferior remake of K. 330, he simply gave up and played much of the music at breakneck speed, depriving it of all sense but at least keeping both hands constantly in motion. Haydn fared somewhat better. Gould's 1980–1981 performances of the last six sonatas (CBS 12M-36947), issued last summer, do make sense, but they are often pompous and overly rhetorical, like much of the recent *Goldberg Variations*, lacking the tonal and rhythmic flexibility, the structural cohesiveness, and the playfulness and wit of his fine 1958 version of Haydn's Sonata in E-flat (Hoboken XVI:49), originally issued on the same record as K. 330.

It was, understandably, Bach with whom Gould's love of contrapuntal intricacy led him to be increasingly preoccupied. His early versions of the Italian Concerto (CBS MS-6141), the Concerto No. 1 in D minor (out of print), and the six partitas (CBS M2S-693) are all superb, as are, despite their unevenness, many of the Bach recordings that followed: the complete *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, the other keyboard concertos, the French and English Suites, and assorted smaller pieces. Gould also found congenial the music of the Renaissance composers Byrd and Gibbons (CBS M-30825), as well as that of an odd assortment of twentieth-century composers:

Schoenberg, Berg, Sibelius, Shostakovich, Hindemith, Krenek, Prokofiev, and Richard Strauss. The most important of his recordings of twentieth-century music—Schoenberg's solo piano pieces, songs (which Gould accompanies brilliantly), Piano Concerto, and Fantasy for Violin and Piano; Berg's Sonata—are now out of print and should certainly be reissued.

GOULD SELDOM ATTEMPTED Romantic music, and often spoke scornfully of the entire nineteenth-century piano repertoire (including even Beethoven), which was associated in his mind with what he saw as the corrupting influence of the concertizing life: the powerful temptations to show off one's technique, to revel in piano sonority at the expense of musical substance, to give up experimenting and rely on a small, safe repertoire of familiar crowd-pleasers. As an adult, he never performed Chopin in concert or on records (though he did once play the Sonata No. 3 on a Canadian broadcast); and of Liszt he recorded only a couple of bravura transcriptions of Beethoven symphonies. But in 1960 he recorded ten Brahms intermezzi (CBS MS-6237). The performances are not, as one might expect, spare and streamlined, but very expansive, free, and improvisatorial, expressive without being at all sentimental. Even more interesting is his 1968 recording, with members of the Juilliard Quartet, of Schumann's Quartet in E-flat for Piano and Strings, Op. 47 (in CBS set D3S-806). We are accustomed to hearing strong, rather thick piano playing in Romantic chamber works for piano and strings, and so, at first, Gould's light, clear, at times almost recessive performance sounds odd. But as one listens and relistens, one realizes how perfectly he has shaped it to the demands of Schumann's ensemble writing. For once, the piano is heard as an equal voice rather than as the dominant one.

It was, in fact, a performance of a classic of the Romantic repertoire that provided the great scandal of Gould's concert career and may possibly have triggered his long-promised decision to bring it to an end. On the afternoon of April 6, 1962, he was to play the Brahms Concerto No. 1 in D minor with the New York Philharmonic. Just before the performance, Leonard Bernstein, who was to conduct, felt impelled to give a little curtain speech dissociating himself from what was to follow, calling attention to

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the unusually slow tempi Gould had imposed upon him but saying that he had decided to go ahead with the performance because he considered Gould "a thinking performer" and his interpretation worthy of a hearing. The critics, many of whom had been offended by Gould's refusal to play the standard repertoire and by his eccentric platform mannerisms, were ready: at last he had given them the performance they had been waiting for. Leading the pack was *The New York Times's* Harold Schonberg, who cast his review in the form of a monologue, in mock Lower East Side dialect, addressed to a mythical friend named Ossip. Schonberg concluded: "You know what, Ossip? The Gould boy played the Brahms D Minor Concerto slower than we used to practice it. (And between you, me and the corner lamp-post, Ossip, maybe the reason he plays it so slow is maybe his technique isn't so good.)" Gould's last concert performance was two years later, on March 28, 1964, and the music critic and pianist Samuel Lipman has perceptively suggested that "his decision to stop playing at the end of the 1963-64 season must have been made, given the customary lead time in booking and contract-signing, about the spring of 1962, the same time as the Brahms incident."

Whatever the facts of the case, the irony is that this much-abused performance was and is a great one. I heard the broadcast at the time, but remembered only the opening of the first movement, which struck me as very powerful

but quite un-Brahmsian, rather eerie in a way that for some reason suggested Mahler. But I recently acquired a tape of the broadcast, and was astonished to find that once one gets used to the unorthodox tempi, the performance is not eccentric but thoroughly convincing—in fact, one of the finest concerto performances of my experience. The first movement, which is, after all, marked *maestoso* (though most pianists play it *allegro*), is austere and very grand yet surging with life and energy; the second movement is expansive and poignant; the third, dour and grimly tragic. Though the orchestra at first has trouble staying together and cannot supply the long, powerful lines needed to support Gould, it gradually catches on, and the performance becomes cohesive, the piano not playing a starring role but functioning as an integral part of the ensemble, just as in the Schumann Quartet. I find Gould's approach thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of this deliberately unvirtuosic (though very difficult) work, which often sounds pompous and blustery when played faster but which emerges at Gould's slower tempi as the work of "unprecedented tragic power" that D. F. Tovey claimed it to be, one of Brahms's greatest utterances. The tape may be obtained for \$24 from Good Sound Associates, P.O. Box 263, Planetarium Station, New York, N. Y. 10024. If CBS wants to pay tribute to Gould's memory, it could not do better than to issue the performance, orchestral blemishes and all, on a record.

AFTER LEAVING CONCERT life, Gould withdrew to Toronto and became something of a recluse, emerging occasionally to make a record, write an article, or direct a radio or television documentary for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Several of these documentaries dealt with the isolated lives led by the inhabitants of northern Canada, with whom Gould strongly identified. For he saw such a life of isolation as the only alternative open to him if he was to escape what seemed to him the demeaning conformity necessarily imposed by a concert career. In a 1974 telecast, he said: "Solitude is the pre-requisite for ecstatic experience, especially the experience most valued by the post-Wagnerian artist—the condition of heroism. One can't feel oneself heroic without having first been cast off by the world, or perhaps by having done the casting-off oneself."

Of course, Gould, as an internationally acclaimed artist, could have remained in concert life without compromising himself, playing only when and where and what he wanted—just as Schnabel, in so many ways his mentor, had done before him. But Gould, unlike Schnabel yet like so many other musical prodigies, never grew up emotionally. Instead, he remained a rebellious adolescent, his view of the world shaped and controlled by the melodramatic absolutism so obvious in the statement just quoted and in the elaborate theories he constructed to explain his withdrawal from the concert stage.

These theories, embarrassing in their naïveté but touching, because of the powerful moral impetus behind them and because of the single-minded yet good-humored conviction with which Gould held them, have been amply expounded by Geoffrey Payzant in his interesting book *Glenn Gould: Music & Mind*. Very briefly, Gould, who since childhood had been acutely sensitive to human and animal suffering, saw modern life as dominated by vicious and intolerable competitiveness. The public concert seemed to him to embody this competitiveness in an especially virulent form, concert audiences being mainly motivated not by a love of music but by "blood-lust," the fervent desire to see the famous virtuoso make a fool of himself. Under the influence of the Canadian essayist Jean Le Moynes, Gould came to see technology as the great healing force of the future. As the technology of recording steadily improved, the public concert would cease to exist, and new

types of listener and performer, no longer alienated from each other but united as they had been in the golden age of the Renaissance, would arise. The new listener, able to control the way in which he heard music by adjusting the dials of his equipment, would become a participant in the creative process; the new performer, freed from the temptations and the hazards of public performance, would be able to communicate the structure of the music directly and flawlessly to the listener through recordings carefully assembled by splicing together the best portions of many separate "takes." Its destructive potential overcome, music would thus become a force for human betterment.

There is no need to belabor criticisms. The theories, for all their obvious sincerity, were merely a superstructure, and tell us little about what was really going on in Gould's mind. The reality is that he developed an obsession with the disembodied structure of music that carried him further and further into his private world, out of touch with normal ways of hearing and interpreting musical sound.

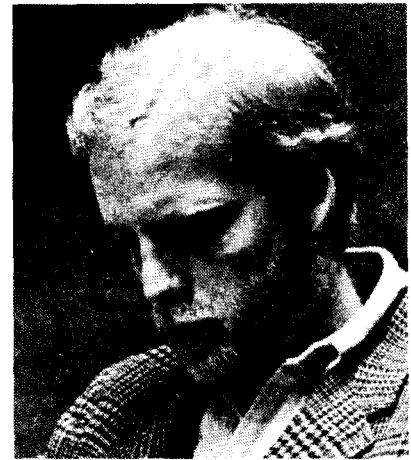
In a 1968 recorded interview, "Glenn Gould: Concert Dropout," originally issued by Columbia as a bonus disc but now out of print, he cites his own fine 1957 recording of Bach's Partita No. 5 in order to illustrate the damaging effects of concertizing on his playing. This recording, made just after a tour of Europe and Russia during which he had played the work on almost every program, he now feels to be "the worst Bach recording that I've ever made," as well as "the most pianistic." "It's full of all sorts of dynamic hang-ups," he tells us, his voice crackling with intelligence; "it's full of crescendi and diminuendi that have no part in the structure and the skeleton of that music, and defy one to portray the skeleton adequately." These "accrued bad habits," these "bits of business," as he harshly calls them, which were introduced in order to project the music to large audiences in large halls, "ultimately destroyed the fabric of the music." He then plays the opening of the Allemande as he remembers having played it on the record, adding that he may perhaps be "exaggerating just a bit" in order to present a horrible example of musical structure obscured through virtuoso mannerisms. To the listener's amazement, the performance, though beautifully full, round, and expressive, is utterly unman-

nered. Indeed, despite Gould's fear of "exaggerating just a bit," it is more rather than less straightforward than his actual recorded performance—which, however, did not obscure the structure of the music either. Gould then comments: "If I'd not managed to mess up my interpretation of that piece by giving so many public performances of it, I might have played it with some regard for the structure of the music, maybe something like this." Again the performance is very beautiful, and only minimally different from the first one: at exactly the same tempo, it is somewhat lighter and more transparent, delivered with a more staccato touch.

One is not surprised that Gould sees the small distinction between the two performances as a large one: we expect artists to be far more sensitive to these matters than we are. What is surprising and revealing is the violence and absoluteness of his language—in one performance the structure is "destroyed," in the other it is (he implies) clearly articulated—and his strange belief that the job of the performer is to "portray the skeleton" of the music. For what the composer provides and what the performer portrays is not merely a skeleton but a living form. Of course, the performer must, at some level, grasp the structure of the music he plays. But to lay bare that structure, to portray it by itself alone, as a diagram in an anatomy text portrays the human skeletal structure, is the job not of the performer but of the musical analyst.

Gould came increasingly to see structure and sonority, the skeleton of a piece of music and the sound in which the performer embodies it, as directly opposed to each other rather than as complementary aspects of the same artistic whole. He often found it pleasant to practice with a vacuum cleaner going nearby, making it impossible for him to hear the sounds he was producing at the piano and allowing him to concentrate on the disembodied vision in his mind. Increasingly, he confused any attention paid to tonal beauty with the kind of attention paid to it by a meretricious virtuoso—some might choose Horowitz as a convenient example—who uses his dazzling control of the sounds he can produce from his instrument as an end in itself, distracting attention from the structure and substance of the music he plays. What Gould wanted, finally, was to pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone. But of

February report on
**ATLANTIC MONTHLY
PRESS BOOKS**



Readers will find their way to a good writer even if he is no longer alive. **BREECE D'J PANCAKE** took his own life in Charlottesville, Virginia, when he was not yet twenty-seven. *The Atlantic* published four of his stories. Phoebe-Lou Adams tells us, "I cannot recall a response to a new author like the response to this one. Letters drifted in for months asking for more stories, inquiring for collected stories, or simply expressing admiration and gratitude. Whatever it is that truly commands reader attention, he had it."

And he still does. His literary executor, John Casey, and his good friend James Alan McPherson have written an afterword and a foreword, respectively, explaining the special fascination of **BREECE PANCAKE's** presence and attempting to understand, though no one ever will, the mystery underlying his suicide. Margaret Atwood writes of his "exceptional voice: gritty, mordant." *Publishers Weekly* describes it as "terse, laconic, tough, moving, and in its own unique way, incandescent." Jayne Anne Phillips says, "Breece Pancake's stories comprise no less than an American *Dubliners*."

Thank you, *Atlantic* readers, for encouraging us to print **BREECE PANCAKE's** work. (Yes, it is his real name.)

**THE STORIES OF
BREECE D'J PANCAKE**

Foreword by James Alan McPherson
Afterword by John Casey

\$13.50 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

course an instrumentalist cannot do this. He must make some sort of sound, and if he deliberately pays as little attention to beauty of sound as Gould came to do, the result will be not perfectly neutral, transparent sound but sound that is ugly and inappropriate, the sort of sound we hear in his recent Haydn sonatas and *Goldberg Variations*.

On these records, Gould seems to be fighting against the sound of the piano, insistently pounding out what he conceives to be the structure of the music as though he had to make it heard over, rather than through, his instrument. The cruel paradox is that his obsession with structure destroys the listener's sense of structure: the movements of the Haydn sonatas break into separate episodes, the *Goldberg Variations* becomes a chain of minimally interrelated effects. Though it was the percussiveness of the piano that originally bothered Gould, the playing is unattractively and distractingly percussive. Finally, Gould, who fled the concert stage because he thought it was forcing him into mannered playing, wound up with a set of very annoying, and very stagey, mannerisms.

Would things have turned out differently had he remained a part of the musical life around him? One is tempted to say they would. The Brahms concerto, in which his sound is very rich and fully pedaled, beautiful in a thoroughly traditional way that suits the untraditional grandeur of his conception perfectly, does seem a watershed. It was in the same year, 1962, that he recorded his first installment of *The Well-Tempered Clavier* (CBS D3S-733), in which, despite its many excellences, we can clearly hear, for perhaps the first time, the overcalculation, the unnaturalness, the highly mannered rhetoric, that were to spoil his last recordings and that are so much more troubling than his early, comparatively innocent eccentricities.

Yet Gould was never very much a part of that musical life but always a loner, and the move from his early eccentricities to his later downright perversities seems so clear and direct that one is also tempted to say that what happened was inevitable. Of course we can never know, and perhaps it is foolish even to speculate. But it is this haunting sense of a deterioration not only inevitable but also brought about by the same intensity that made his early recordings unforgettable that makes it seem not improper to call Glenn Gould's career a tragedy. □

BOOKS

MARGINAL MEMOIRS

BY JAMES ATLAS

MINOR CHARACTERS

by Joyce Johnson. Houghton Mifflin, \$13.95.

AUDEN: An American Friendship

by Charles H. Miller. Scribner's, \$12.95.

VOICES

by Frederic Prokosch. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$18.50.



THE GREAT CAN never count on how they'll be remembered. Proust was fortunate in George Painter's devotion, James Joyce in Richard Ellmann's, while Yeats has failed so far to inspire a gifted biographer. Sheer chance determines the nature of one's memorial. Obscure men have been celebrated by the famous—E. M. Forster on Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, Evelyn Waugh on Ronald Knox; famous men have been done in by unimaginative scholars whose thick, unreadable biographies clutter the shelves (the fate of Faulkner at the hands of Joseph Blotner). Boswell enlarged Dr. Johnson's celebrity, Lawrance Thompson diminished Frost's—or at least tarnished it. And biographers aren't the only ones to worry about. Acquaintances who merit perhaps a single reference in the index of a biography devote whole books to their association with genius.

Most of such testimony merely serves to publicize its author, but once in a while there appears a marginal memoir (to give the genre a name) so vivid that it acquires an independent life. My list would include Richard Hauer Costa's *Edmund Wilson: Our Neighbor from Talcottville*, Frank Budgen's *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses*, Mark Harris's *Saul Bellow: Drumlin Woodchuck*, and *Monsieur Proust: A Memoir*, by his housekeeper, Celeste Albaret. Proximity to the famous has prompted a whole library of memoirs by students, neighbors, servants, lovers, and hangers-on—the informal retinue of the great. The coming season will add three new titles to the shelf.

Joyce Johnson—née Glassman—was a Barnard girl in the 1950s who found

herself caught up in that over-chronicled phenomenon the Beats. A moody, sensitive adolescent whose parents expected her to become a composer, she fell in with what they would have called a bad crowd—Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and their scruffy cohorts—and made the familiar downward rite of passage of that era, from hanging around New York's Washington Square on weekends to living in cold-water flats in the East Village and going to parties that ended at dawn: the whole hip, druggy scene captured in Kerouac's *On the Road*.

Johnson, who was living with Kerouac when the novel that made him famous came out, has given us in *Minor Characters* a dispassionate portrait of a time that has since become a literary myth. But in 1957, when Kerouac called her up, at Ginsberg's urging, from the Howard Johnson's on West 8th Street (a poignant detail; why not some murky Bleecker Street bar?), he was just another youthful novelist and she was a Barnard dropout working on her own first novel—"A Jewess," Kerouac recalled in *Desolation Angels*, "elegant middleclass sad and looking for something." Johnson's recollection is more interesting: "I see the blue, bruised eye of Kerouac and construe his melancholy as the look of a man needing love because I'm, among other things, twenty-one years old. I believe in the curative powers of love as the English believe in tea or Catholics believe in the miracle of Lourdes."

This ironic note, at once forgiving and wry, is what gives Johnson's book its charm. To Kerouac, Johnson was his "little secretary," one of those vulnerable, anonymous girls in the background of so many writers' lives, but *Minor Characters* is her side of the story. More autobiography than memoir, it supplies a context for events reported elsewhere

James Atlas is an associate editor of The Atlantic.

without elaboration. The squalid pads; the lost characters who drifted in and out of her life; the longing for some world beyond the baby grand piano, the family photographs, and the slipcovered furniture in her parents' drab apartment: such details provide a sense of how sad and provisional the world of these "hostages to aspiration" really was before literary historians gave it a romantic patina.

There is a famous photograph of Kerouac standing on the roof of a Manhattan apartment building in a windbreaker, pulling on a cigarette—the James Dean of literature. He was really an American innocent, a boy with a "pure naive faith" in the value of his own experience, a provincial from Lowell, Massachusetts, who invented himself out of that poverty of circumstance that has managed to produce so many novelists. Yet he never quite knew who he was—and never had the chance to find out. *On the Road* made him an instant celebrity. He was besieged by reporters demanding to know where the term "Beat" came from and "what he was looking for" ("I'm waiting for God to show me His face," he told the host of a TV talk show); women pursued him; the mailbox in Johnson's vestibule was crammed with imploring letters. Fame was "a country with sealed borders," Johnson observes; the only way out was to head for his mother's house in Florida and start drinking himself to death.

For all her vulnerability, Johnson was sturdy enough to weather that strenuous era and record its pathos without self-pity. She's writing not literary history but a memoir of her youth, when "Joyce Glassman, twenty-two, with her hair hanging down below her shoulders, all in black like Masha in *Three Sisters*," believed that to hang out at the Cedar Tavern was to claim "her seat at the table in the exact center of the universe." Despite the hardships she put herself through in quest of "experience"—the shabby rooms in transient hotels, the grueling nights in basement clubs—she had a self-protective instinct; and though she insists that Kerouac discouraged her from following him to California and, later on, to Mexico, I suspect she was less eager than she remembers to go off on such uncertain adventures. She had a contract from Random House for a novel, and was determined to finish it.

Johnson's story of her life with Ker-

ouac reminds me of other literary liaisons I've read of lately: Elizabeth Hardwick's exhausting marriage to Robert Lowell as represented in Ian Hamilton's new biography, and Eileen Simpson's account of her equally exhausting marriage to John Berryman in *Poets in Their Youth*. Like Joyce Johnson, these women had strong wills and literary ambitions, yet ended up ministering to men famous for their incessant philandering, flamboyant nervous breakdowns, and perpetual hysteria. Johnson forgives Kerouac the "woman-hatred" that made him abandon her time and again, run off with other women, insult her when he was drunk, but there is a slight edge to her recollection of Kerouac and his "boy



gang." When Ginsberg returned to New York from a sojourn in Mexico, showing up in Greenwich Village in a beat-up car with luggage lashed to the roof, "It's Allen Ginsberg arriving at Finland Station." And why shouldn't she be sarcastic? Girls were "inconsequential" in those days, Johnson reminds us, "mere anonymous passengers on the Greyhound bus of experience." Still, these literary widows turn out to be a lot harder than the men they sacrificed so much to sustain. Or is it that the impulse to get even is a strong incentive to survival?

THERE'S NO SUCH impulse in Charles Miller's bizarre panegyric to W. H. Auden, which will be published in April. Miller was an undergraduate at the University of Michigan when Auden came

there to teach in 1940, and a year later, he ended up sharing a house with the poet, who needed companionship and "a cook"—as Auden was in the annoying habit of referring to Miller. (No sexual motive was involved, the author nervously stresses.) It was an unlikely friendship; Miller was a midwestern farm boy from a Faulknerian family rife with feuds and suicide, a sort of pre-hippie who later wandered the globe, rode the rails like a hobo, homesteaded in Vermont, opened a bookstore in rural Massachusetts, named his child Lark—hardly the sort of fellow one would have expected the cosmopolitan Auden to choose as a roommate. But though he earns only a single mention in Humphrey Carpenter's biography of Auden, and none in Charles Osborne's, Miller saw enough of Auden, then and later on, to sustain a memoir—barely. There is a good deal of vague meditation about Miller's "politico-poetical mentor" and digressive crackpot theorizing (watching Auden pop open a beer, he "shuddered to think of the American beer additives draining into his sickly stomach"); and Auden's impatience with his homespun disciple is clear from his ambivalent salutations: "What are you doing here at this hour?" "Luncheon? You came for luncheon? Uh . . ."

Still, Auden was desperate for companionship, and depended on the younger man; when Miller moved out of their Ann Arbor home, determined to go live on a farm, a sobbing Auden carried his belongings back in and refused to hear of it. The loneliness of the famous is a phenomenon hard for ordinary people to grasp; we imagine them fighting off admirers, interrupted by ringing phones, and pride ourselves on our restraint in leaving them alone—unaware that everyone else has been just as thoughtful, and that they really *are* alone. Miller marvels that Auden's phone seldom rang even when he was living in New York, and his portrait of the decrepit, solitary poet shuffling about his St. Mark's Place flat and trying to coax a mouse out of the kitchen—"Coo-oo-mme here, deah little mousey"—is pathetic.

Miller's Boswellian zeal is wearing at times. Even after knowing Auden for three decades, he can't get over the poet's absorption in the things of this world: "Once he looked up from a conversation and said abruptly, 'I found some decent kippers at a new fishmonger's,' in the same tone that he might have said, 'I

stumbled across an incredible Icelandic saga, whose existence I hadn't imagined." That Auden was a "sausage-loving, kipper-seeking commoner" amazes the wide-eyed biographer.

Still, for all his fatuity, Miller's fascination with his subject has paid off. There is a lot of lore in this book: how Auden lived, the way he talked, his finical habits of composition, the operas he listened to, what he drank and ate, the clothes he wore. Describing Auden's Manhattan apartment, Miller dwells on "the big familiar supermarket brown bag crammed and bursting with garbage," the coffee table littered with "books, periodicals, half-emptied coffee cups scummed over with cream, a dash of cigarette ashes for



good measure, and a heel of French bread," the ashtray filled with "cigarette butts, ashes, bits of cellophane from discarded packs, a few martini-soaked olive pits, and a final cigarette stub issuing a frail plume of smoke from the top of the heap . . ."—a sight offensive to this health-nut memoirist, but at least he noticed it.

There is nothing trivial about such details. "The business of the biographer is often to pass slightly over those performances and incidents which produce vulgar greatness," Dr. Johnson argued, "to lead the thoughts into domestick privacies, and display the minute details of daily life . . ." How the New Critics could claim that knowing about a poet's life sheds no light on his work is beyond me; Auden's loneliness, his eager—and

generally unsatisfied—quest for love, his tormented sexuality, inform his poetry in every line.

FREDERIC PROKOSCH'S portrait of Auden in *Voices* (forthcoming in May) is a lot less flattering than Miller's. In a Turkish bath on 42nd Street, he glimpses "the great hairless body . . . the soft pudgy hands and the pink streaming buttocks" of the famous poet, who fails to recognize Prokosch through the steam and makes his move: "He drew closer and touched me stealthily." Bad luck for Auden, running into this pitiless memoirist. To cover his embarrassment, Auden launches into an incoherent monologue about Dostoevsky and Kafka, but it's too late; Prokosch goes home and writes the whole episode down.

A prolific poet and novelist whose work had a considerable reputation in the thirties and forties, Prokosch has known or met virtually all the significant writers of the twentieth century, cultivating their acquaintance through what he himself admits were "fawning little letters" and transcribing their conversation verbatim, often in their presence. The result is a curiously stilted book in which Mann, Hemingway, Forster, Brecht, and others can be heard babbling away, their table talk interspersed with Prokosch's enigmatic reflections on his own life, offered up in a mandarin, arch prose that I found utterly bewildering.

Exasperatingly reticent about himself, Prokosch could hardly be more blunt about literary celebrities. He tracks them down all over the globe, bursting in on Virginia Woolf in her study, Gertrude Stein in her Paris salon, Nabokov in his Swiss hotel. There seems to be no point to these encounters beyond Prokosch's desperate quest for an audience, yet somehow he got his victims to talk—to their posthumous detriment. Pitted against an aggressive woman in a game of doubles, Ezra Pound serves an ace and crows: "That will teach that scrawny bitch." Serving tea in his Hartford office, Wallace Stevens ruminates: "Delicious tea, isn't it? A friend sends it from Peking. In a diplomatic pouch. I would love to sail in a pouch. If not in a diplomat's then perhaps in a kangaroo's." Visiting Sylvia Beach, Joyce is heard to remark: "These eclairs are excellent, but I shouldn't be eating them. Nora says that they make for flatulence."

Immortality is a mixed blessing. □

A USEFUL MIRROR

BY LESTER C. THUROW

U.S.S.R. IN CRISIS: The Failure of an Economic System

by Marshall I. Goldman.

Norton, \$15.00.



"AFTER SEVERAL DECADES of impressive economic growth and expanding political power, the Soviet Union faces a critical turning point. What seemed to work so well initially now seems to work poorly. Economic growth is negligible, if not negative. Citizens living within the Soviet bloc have grown increasingly restless."

With growth having stopped everywhere—North, South, East, West—the opening sentence of *U.S.S.R. in Crisis*, Marshall Goldman's book on the economic crisis in the Soviet Union, could describe any country in the world. In the United States, there has been no growth in the GNP since the first quarter of 1979. Adjusted for inflation, average cash wages are below what they were ten years ago. Unemployment has broken into the double-digit range. While no economist would trade the American economy for the Russian, it is not at all obvious that the crisis there is worse than the crisis here.

Since it is unlikely that any of the readers of this book are going to be charged with solving Soviet economic problems, the book may be most interesting as a mirror reflecting our own economic problems. The solutions to the Soviet economic problems are clear to any outside observer, according to Goldman.

Soviet problem: Too little food. Private plots constitute only 4 percent of the country's arable land, but they account for 60 percent of its potatoes and honey, over 40 percent of its fruits, berries, and eggs, and about 30 percent of its meat, milk, and vegetables. Solution: Expand the private plots.

Soviet problem: A lack of variety, quality, and quantity in consumer goods. One simply cannot centrally plan an advanced consumer economy. There are too many goods and services. Solution: Rely more on the market; decentralize planning.

Marshall Goldman is probably right on

his solutions, and he is certainly right as to why those solutions are unlikely to be applied. The Soviets wear ideological blinders. To expand the private plots and decentralize planning would be, in their eyes, to retreat from Marxism. Once any system has been put in place, it builds up vast bureaucratic vested interests (in this case, heavy industry and the military) that resist changes in the status quo, since changes would cause the interests to lose power and money. Change is impossible without admitting failure, and no one who has been in charge of the economy wants to admit failure.

American problem: Too little savings. Americans do not save, because we have built a "no-down-payment" society in which you can have everything you want without savings. Solution: Abolish consumer credit, insist upon a 50 percent down payment for homes, and eliminate the tax deductibility of consumer and mortgage interest.

American problem: Too few trained science teachers. Because higher wages and better working conditions are available in private industry, science and math teachers are leaving our schools. Many schools have few or no qualified science teachers. Solution: Pay science teachers their market wage (say, \$25,000), while paying other teachers their market wage (say, \$15,000).

To an outside observer, the solutions to the American problems are equally clear. Why don't we apply them? Because consumers do not want to postpone the day when they can have what they want, and producers of consumer durable goods, autos, or homes don't want savings increased at their expense. Less consumption means smaller profits and fewer jobs. Yet if savings are to go up, someone's consumption and someone's orders must go down. Americans also wear ideological blinders, when it comes to paying equal wages to teachers regardless of subject matter taught. Non-science teachers would feel abused if they were paid less. Making the change would entail an enormous bureaucratic disruption.

WE ARE NOT SOLVING our problems for exactly the same reason that the Soviets are not solving theirs. I would quarrel with Goldman's frequent assertion that "change has come easier to the United States." In a superficial way (the color of our shirts) this is true,

"Compulsively readable..."*

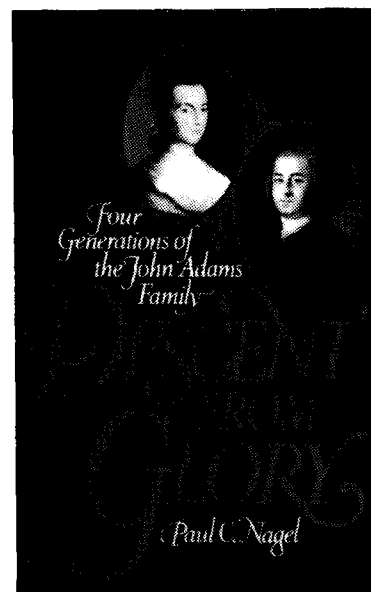
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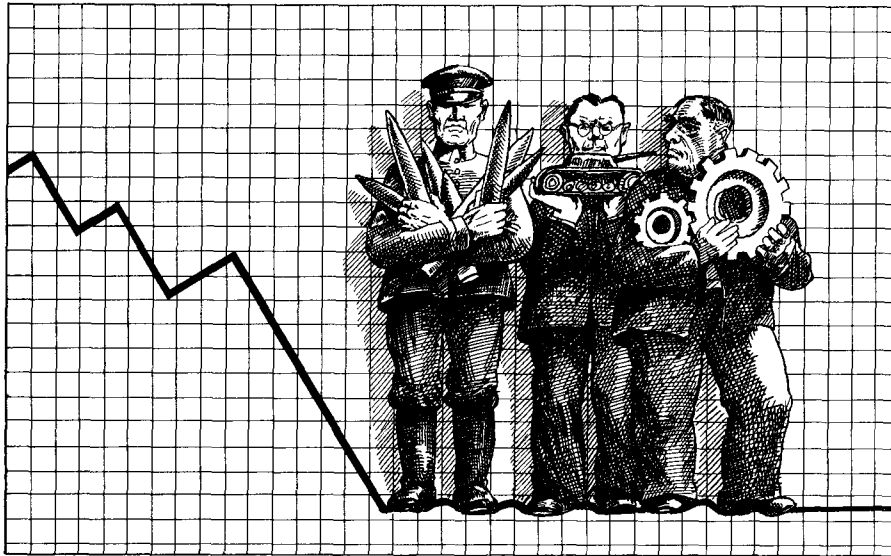


Answers to the January Puzzler, "BAR-HOPPING"

1	B	A	S	E	S	P	A	T	T	A	C	H
11	A	N	T	I	P	A	T	H	Y	Z	O	A
	L	D	A	S	A	U	C	E	P	A	N	S
13	S	I	L	E	N	C	E	R	O	L	E	S
15	A	R	E	A	S	I	D	E	R	E	A	L
17	F	O	R	M	A	T	E	S	T	A	T	E
21	A	N	T	O	N	Y	M	A	R	R	O	W
25	T	R	A	V	E	L	O	G	S	O	R	T
29	H	I	P	S	M	I	T	I	G	A	T	E
32	E	D	I	T	O	R	I	A	L	M	U	E
	N	E	N	U	N	C	O	N	C	E	R	N
34	S	A	G	G	E	D	N	T	P	R	E	Y

The extra letter in each answer is shown in italics.

Across. 1. BAS(E)S 6. PAT(TAC[k])H 11. ANTIPA(THY)-Z (*paint a* anag.) 12. ASAUCEPANS (anag.) 13. SILENCERO (anag.) 14. ROLES (double def.) 15. ARE(A)S 16. A(SIDE)-REAL 17. FOR-MATE 19. TESTATE (double def.) 21. ANTONYM (double def.) 23. Y(MA)RROW (*worry* rev.) 25. T(RA)VELOGS (pun) 27. G(S)O-RT 29. HIP-SM 31. S-MIT-I-GATE 32. EDITORIALM (anag.) 33. NUN-C-ONCERN 34. SAGGE(D)N (anag. + d) 35. T(P)REY Down. 1. BALS-AR (*slab* rev.) 2. AND-I-RON-R 3. ST(ay)-ALERT 4. SP(ANS)A 5. PAU(CITY)L 7. THERE'S-A-G 8. A-Z-A-LEAF 9. CON-EA 10. HAS-SLEW 18. SAN(EMON)E (*Nome* rev.) 19. DEMOTION (double def.) 20. ATORTURE (anag.) 21. FAT-HENS (pun) 22. R(TAP)ING 24. AROAMER (anag.) 26. A-GI-ANT 28. W(T)EE-NY 30. RIDE-A



but if anything fundamental is concerned, change is just as difficult here as in the Soviet Union. The “American way” has just as powerful a grip on us as the “Russian way” has on them.

The Soviets have an overbuilt steel industry (some think that Stalin had a fixation on steel mills) and, as the Japanese say, they need an orderly industrial retreat. Goldman says, “Any change, whether it involves shutting down the production of old goods or introducing new goods, is threatening.” Managers and workers have their careers and jobs tied up in the steel industry. They don’t want to see them disappear. America has the same problem, and in neither case—a market-reliant or a centrally planned economy—has the country been able to organize the necessary orderly retreat. Whether state or private, a bureaucracy defends itself.

In the Soviet Union, this takes the form of political pressure for a large military establishment, which will absorb steel production. Under similar political pressure, the public bureaucracy in the United States has just organized a European steel cartel to protect the private bureaucracy of its steel industry. Goldman implies that changes such as diminishing our steel industry are easier to make in a market system, but if you look at any of the market economies and their problems with orderly industrial retreats in steel, the assertion is not obvi-

ous. It is easy to do some things well in a market system—make minor changes in quality, variety, and delivery, which are all lacking in the Russian economy—but difficult to make major structural changes.

Goldman is on target when he says, “Even if a fundamental reform of the economy were gradual, it could unleash uncontrollable forces. The main problem is that the economy has made so little effort to serve consumer needs.” In any transition, “the result would be an enormous bottleneck and a scramble for capital resources that could generate immense inflationary and import pressures. At the same time, unemployment will likely be created all over the country as outmoded plants are closed and as unproductive workers are fired.” Written about the Soviet Union; equally applicable to the United States—or any other country.

Goldman finds a number of dangling mysteries. He points to the fact that the Russians are behind in computers, and implies that this failure indicates a fundamental deficiency in the Soviet system. Yet he also mentions that they lead the world in electrical transmission and high-technology welding. Why the difference? Goldman does not give us an answer, but there would be a mystery only if the Soviets were behind in everything. There is no reason to expect a country to lead the world in every technology. West Germany is far behind in micro-electronics. Does this imply some fundamental deficiency in its system?

Superiority in every area of technology is a peculiarly American assumption springing out of our enormous techno-

logical lead after World War II. Because our lead has already disappeared in some areas, we are going to have to come to grips with the fact that our system is inferior, if our definition of inferiority is failure to lead the world in everything.

Goldman mentions that the Soviet Union has turned from being a grain exporter prior to the Russian Revolution to being a grain importer in recent years. But he does not sufficiently explain why. While there are certainly failures aplenty in Soviet agriculture, the Soviets are producing more grain per capita than the czars. They, like everyone else, have discovered meat. Grain can be processed directly by human beings or indirectly through cows, pigs, and chickens. Indirect processing is economically inefficient—since a lot more grain is needed to give human beings the same nutrition—but we do it because the end result tastes good. The Soviets are not alone in having shifted from grain exporting to grain importing over the past hundred years. It has happened to some of the most advanced countries, and by itself does not certify that any economic failure has taken place.

Goldman frequently asserts, again correctly, that the Soviets could solve part of their problems by concentrating on the development of their raw-materials industries, exporting raw materials and importing consumer products. But he always couples the suggestion with a pejorative reference: the Soviet Union would become “a raw-material-producing colony for Japan”; it would serve “the usual subordinate function of a colony.” He asks, “Did the Russian people endure nationalization and five-year plans merely in order to turn their country into a raw-material colony?” It is not clear whether these are his views or whether he believes them to be the views of the Soviet leadership. But they are peculiar in either case.

An exporter of raw materials is not a colony. It is simply following the doctrine of comparative advantage and doing what it does best. To export raw materials is not to be without economic power, as we have seen with OPEC. The United States is now the world’s largest exporter of raw materials—grain, timber, minerals; we have not become a colony to the rest of the world as a result, and I know of few Americans who feel inferior simply because we are selling raw materials. Any feelings of inferiority spring

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from our failure to export manufactured products. The Soviets have many problems, but I suspect that fears about becoming a subservient raw-material colony are not one of them.

In the end, anyone reading the Goldman book—and I recommend doing so—is likely to find the similarities in the problems of the United States and the Soviet Union striking. A growing underground economy, a collapsing infrastructure, both described in Goldman's book—all of our problems are there. The solutions that seem so clear there become murky here. □

SHORT REVIEWS



THE KLAMATH KNOT by David Rains Wallace. *Sierra Club*, \$14.95. The Klamath Mountains, on the Oregon-California border, are peculiar in climate, shape, and content, and remain largely unmolested by human activities. Mr. Wallace, rambling observantly about the area, has found functioning examples from all of earth's evolutionary history, which he describes with authority, charm, and a discreet touch of imagination. It takes some imagination to see everything that exists as a living fossil, or to find the remote past wriggling energetically underfoot. Mr. Wallace uses his to make the reader recognize evolution as what is happening rather than what has happened.

ROBERT LOWELL by Ian Hamilton. *Random House*, \$19.95. Lowell suffered from a condition that bounced him in and out of mental hospitals through most of his adult life. His story would be intolerably depressing if a biographer confined it to such practical fact, but as a poet himself, Mr. Hamilton has devoted much of his book to examining Lowell's work and elucidating his methods, which he does superbly. He has also incorporated material from Lowell's many literary associates, accomplished writers whose styles and points of view provide a variety that counteracts the monotony of Lowell's illness. A fine biography of a fine poet who was, as one comes respectfully to realize, a brave and resolute man.

FREUD AND MAN'S SOUL by Bruno Bettelheim. *Knopf*, \$11.95. According to Dr. Bettelheim, translators of Freud have seriously distorted both his meaning and his purpose by converting a German artfully designed to appeal to the reader's sympathy and experience as well as to his intellect into an English that is coldly abstract. Such mistranslation, he finds, has led students of Freud to see a system intended to cooperate flexibly with individual need as a set of rigid rules to be applied by external authority. Certainly the examples of translation that he discusses support his brilliantly argued accusation, for while many might pass, individually, as harmless, when considered as a group they replace the couch with the bed of Procrustes.

LUSITANIA by David Butler. *Random House*, \$17.95. The exciting exploits of Kapitänleutnant Schwieger and his U 20, which culminate in the gruesome sinking of the *Lusitania*, are deeply submerged in the author's attempt to cram the whole Western world into one novel. Mr. Butler's *Lusitania* is overloaded with items such as women's underwear and the Kaiser's dog, and overmanned by an inordinate number of characters that the reader could well have done without.

THE PLANTATION MISTRESS by Catherine Clinton. *Pantheon*, \$18.95. Ms. Clinton has assembled many interesting quotations from old letters and diaries to support—as indeed they do—her belief that women in the antebellum South were generally overworked, often unhealthy, and little freer than their slaves. These facts are hardly unexpected news.

FINGERPRINT by John Sack. *Random House*, \$12.95. The pursuit of efficiency is bound to lead, eventually, to the extermination of the human race, according to Mr. Sack, because the human race is persistently, although unpredictably, inefficient by nature. He is both frightened and angered by this perception, which he elaborates by tracing the dire effects of efficiency throughout a frankly unreliable autobiography. Given its grim theme, the book is unexpectedly funny. Mr. Sack is the kind of writer whose roar of anguish somehow suggests a pratfall rather than Armageddon.

THE EYE OF THE HERON by Ursula K. Le Guin. *Harper & Row*, \$11.95. Ms.

Le Guin's fantastic novels are usually supported by a substructure derived from real social or ethical problems. In this tale, the problem—how to live peacefully in a violent world—lies openly on the surface. The world in question is not our own. It is a remote planet, which numbers among its fauna the wotsit. Once introduced to the wotsit, any reasonable reader will become incapable of disbelief in the author's subsequent inventions.

SUPERMEX by Lee Trevino and Sam Blair. *Random House*, \$12.95. Mr. Trevino's memoir reads like live conversation, and golfers will enjoy every hook, slice, and bunker, as well as every victory. Even non-golfers should be interested by the opening pages describing Mr. Trevino's penniless boyhood and the network of Texas gamblers and promoters who, recognizing his ability, shoved and wheedled a slapdash urchin into top-level professional play.

FORGOTTEN FOUNDERS by Bruce E. Johansen. *Gambit*, \$10.95. Dr. Johansen examines the influence of the Iroquois political system on Benjamin Franklin and, through him, on the American Constitution. Such a connection has been suggested in the past, but Dr. Johansen has hunted out evidence to prove that Indian principles did make an important contribution to the shaping of our government. His book provides a stimulating and unexpected view of history.

MRS HURST DANCING and Other Scenes from Regency Life 1812–1823 Watercolors by Diana Sperling with a text by Gordon Mingay. *St. Martin's*, \$25.00. Diana Sperling belonged to a sizable, moderately prosperous family living in the English countryside with the assistance of farmhands, horses, donkeys, and hospitable neighbors. She was also a watercolorist with a charmingly light, comic style and a quick eye for absurd contretemps, especially one provoked by recalcitrant wildlife. The family mounts, technically domesticated, must be counted as wildlife, along with spiders in the boudoir and the artist's sister Isabella, who could fall off anything and did. The paintings are a delightful record of what must have been a very likable family. Mr. Mingay's text explains details that might otherwise mystify a modern observer.

— Phoebe-Lou Adams

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REALISTICALLY learn French, French cooking and wines in comfortable French home in rural Burgundy. Small numbers. Adults only. For information: "Ytabo," Pailly 89140 Pont sur Yonne, France.

VIRGIN ISLANDS. PRIVATE YACHT CHARTERS! Offering 250 crewed sail and power yachts cruising the U.S. and British Virgin Islands. Seven days, gourmet meals, open bar, scuba diving, waterskiing and waterskiing; \$650-\$900 per person/week. Learn to sail, scuba or windsurf, or just relax for the ultimate get-away-from-it-all vacation. Toll-free: (800) 524-2005. Virgin Islands Scuba/Sail Charters, Box 10966, St. Thomas, USVI 00801.

NEW YORK CITY HOTEL BARGAIN. This ad, plus \$21.00 per person double occupancy, entitles you to real value in New York. Next time try Century-Paramount Hotel, 235 West 46th Street, New York City, 10036. Convenient theatres, everything. 650 rooms, bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles: \$38.00. Reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense. (212) 246-5500.

VACATION RENTALS

ST. THOMAS, WATER ISLAND. private home. Car provided. Two weeks: \$1,540. (201) 329-6309. Island Vacations, RD 4, Princeton, NJ 08540.

ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS. Beach cottage, tranquil setting. One bedroom: \$325.00 to \$395.00 weekly. Bailey Conaway, 14888 Triadelphia Road, Glenelg, MD 21737. (301) 442-2676 between 6:30 pm - 8:30 pm weekdays, anytime weekends.

ST. THOMAS, WATER ISLAND. Quiet, secluded studio apartments. One-week package for two from \$483.00, or combination package with charter yachting, Limestone Reef Terraces, RD 4, Princeton, NJ 08540. (201) 329-6309.

HIDEAWAYS GUIDE—NEW! Profiles unique escapes: vacation home rentals, exchanges, sales; country inns; yacht charters, throughout United States, Caribbean, elsewhere. Photographs + comprehensive descriptions. Save—deal direct! Free brochure. Contact: Hideaways, P.O. Box 1459A, Concord, MA 01742. (617) 369-0252.

TUSCANY. Large farmhouse. Also 3-room apartment. Both completely furnished. Convenient Florence, Sienna, Perugia. Tansey, CP4, Cortona AR/52044 Italy.

ADIRONDACK LODGES ON UPPER SARANAC LAKE. Available for two weeks or a month, July through September. Everything provided for comfortable living in the quiet woods. \$740-\$1,950 for two weeks. Please write: Bartlett Carry Club, RD, Tupper Lake, NY 12986.

D.C. SABBATICAL? Furnished townhouse near Archives, etc. Couples only. References. Security deposit. \$850.00. (717) 328-5504.

MOUNT DESERT ISLAND, MAINE. Three-bedroom cottage, Franklin fireplace, electric kitchen, bath. \$250.00 weekly. Kenneth Hutchins, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679. (207) 244-3831.

BEACH HOUSES: ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS. Three secluded homes, tranquil setting, beautiful panoramic ocean views. One-bedroom cottage - ideal for one or two persons. Three-bedroom houses with two baths each, including studio apartments. From \$280.00 to \$560.00 weekly. Bailey Conaway, 14888 Triadelphia Road, Glenelg, MD 21737. (301) 442-2676.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The *Atlantic's* new guaranteed paid circulation is now 400,000. Your classified ad will be reaching a greater audience than ever before. To reflect this circulation growth, our rates have been adjusted accordingly. Effective with the February issue, the following are the classified rates:

Non-Display	1-time	3 times or more
Cost per word	\$2.50	\$2.25
Minimum ad twenty (20) words		
Classified Display		
Per column inch	\$225.00	\$205.00
Minimum ad one column inch		

Classified Order Form

All advertisements must be accompanied by check or money order payable to *The Atlantic* and must be received by the 10th of the second month prior to issue; i.e., May 10th for July.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Tel. No. and Area Code _____

Signature _____

Please DO NOT send classified ads, payments or related correspondence to *The Atlantic's* publishing office in Boston. This causes needless delay and may result in missing an issue. Mail this form, your ad copy and payment to:

THE Atlantic

Classified Department
P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, Florida 33517
Toll-free 800-237-9851
In Florida 813-443-7666

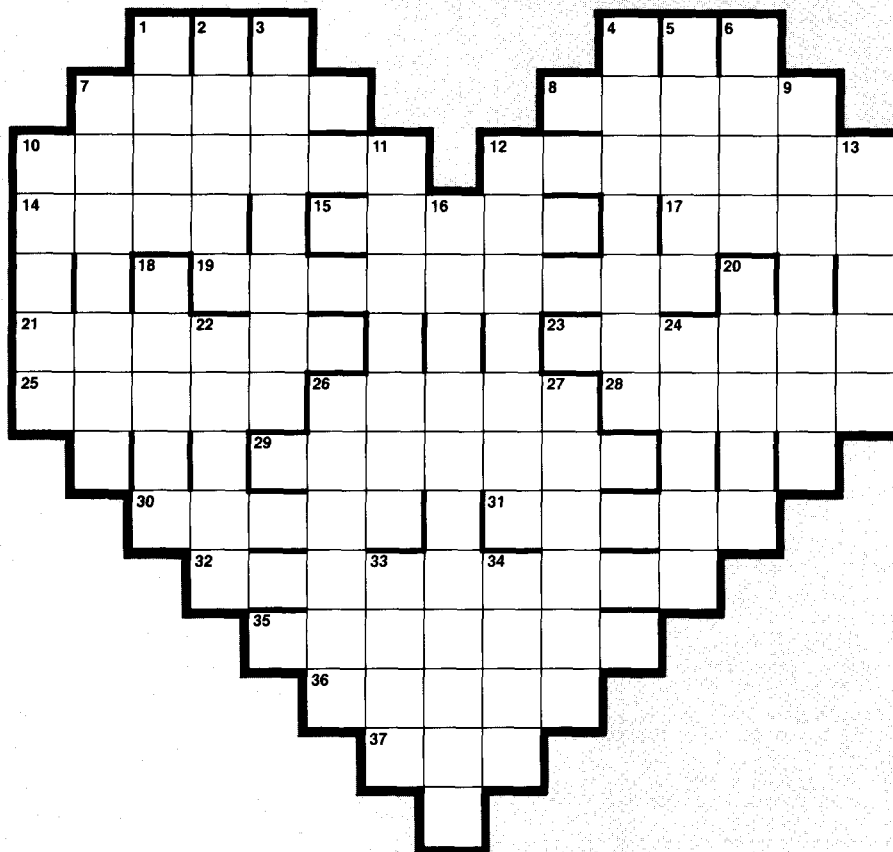
The Atlantic is represented by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising.

THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

FROM THE HEART

Six pairs of Across answers (7-8, 10-12, 14-17, 21-23, 25-28, 30-31), before being entered in the diagram, must exchange 16 Down. Answers include an unfamiliar word (8 Across) and three proper nouns.



*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 103.*

ACROSS

7. Passage from a mortal's heart (5)
8. Feels sick after eating unknown plant parts (5)
10. One-time partner in affair is acting like Mr. Universe (7)
12. Stews and scolds about umpire's call (7)
14. Once again, style is ruby ring (4)
15. Priscilla's suitor from a distance? (5)
17. Cowpoke's name on the front of the book (4)
19. Having eaten nothing, loudly express desire for a little chicken (9)
21. In musical number, Teddy Roosevelt's powerful (6)
23. Author Haley stands before one with a reading problem (6)
25. That guy canceled *Bewitched* (5)
26. Drinks that can pollute livers? (5)
28. Bumpkin has change of heart in mountain tune (5)

29. Birds spiral every direction but north (7)
30. Turned careless in *E.T.*'s praise (5)
31. Most inflamed, removes coat and comes back for fight (5) (*hyphenated*)
32. Peculiar things about container for birds (9)
35. Refute a poorly written magazine article (7)
36. Vehicles guided through curves (5)
37. Cook fish (3)

DOWN

1. Cut commercial receiving mark: "Excellent" (4)
2. Look for information about bovine's substitute (5)
3. Mail includes advice and allowance (7)
4. Buy logs chopped artificially (7)
5. Section of *Times* in this buggy (5)

6. Timeless wind instrument has air shaft (4)
7. Warned of broken treadle (7)
9. Kept hanging around one of legendary status (7)
10. Cheeky peasant's comeback to Henry (5)
11. Poet Pound eaten by wild tiger (7)
12. Makes home improvements after backed-up sewer gets dirt inside (7)
13. Sans tea leaves, offers palm (5)
18. Experts announced in writing (5)
20. Old manuscript (110) containing piece by Keats (5)
22. Upset nobody by having gas (5)
24. Sex—it rarely goes out (5)
26. Riding in public transportation, broken leg sticks out (6)
27. Department store keeps second of two promises (6)
33. Hit one to left field in one part of inning (4)
34. Punch partner in main part of martial art athletic club (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



Why drive an ordinary wagon when you can drive the Ultimate Wagon?

Any similarity between the Jeep Wagoneer and a conventional two-wheel drive station wagon is purely coincidental.

Because no conventional full-size wagon gives you the



Wagoneer's four-wheel drive traction and security, together with Wagoneer's two-wheel drive economy... better EPA estimated MPG than any full-size two-wheel drive wagon.

Add to that the comfort and luxury you'd expect to find only in the plushiest automobiles, and it's hard to call Wagoneer anything but *beautiful*.

Introducing Selec-Trac.

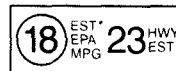
Now Wagoneer offers even more convenience: two-wheel drive or full-time four-wheel

drive at your fingertips. No wheel hubs to adjust. And no need to leave the driver's seat. Just flick the dash-mounted Selec-Trac switch, and you're on your way.



Two-wheel drive for improved fuel economy. Four-wheel drive for sure traction in rain, sleet or snow, either on-road or off-road... even at faster highway speeds.

So why drive a conventional wagon when you can drive the Ultimate Wagon. Jeep Wagoneer Limited.



Jeep Wagoneer Limited. The Ultimate Wagon.

AT AMERICAN MOTORS

*Use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage lower. Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation.

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Nothing Halfway About It.

**MERIT proven to equal the taste of leading
cigarettes having up to twice the tar.**



The cigarette that changed two million minds. The one that rewrote the book on cigarette-making.

The MERIT cigarette. Made by actually boosting the taste you get out of smoking. Boosting taste to equal leading cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

MERIT. The 'Enriched Flavor' cigarette. There's nothing halfway about it.

MERIT

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec '81